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MY RECOLLECTIONS

WORKS BY EUGENE STOCK

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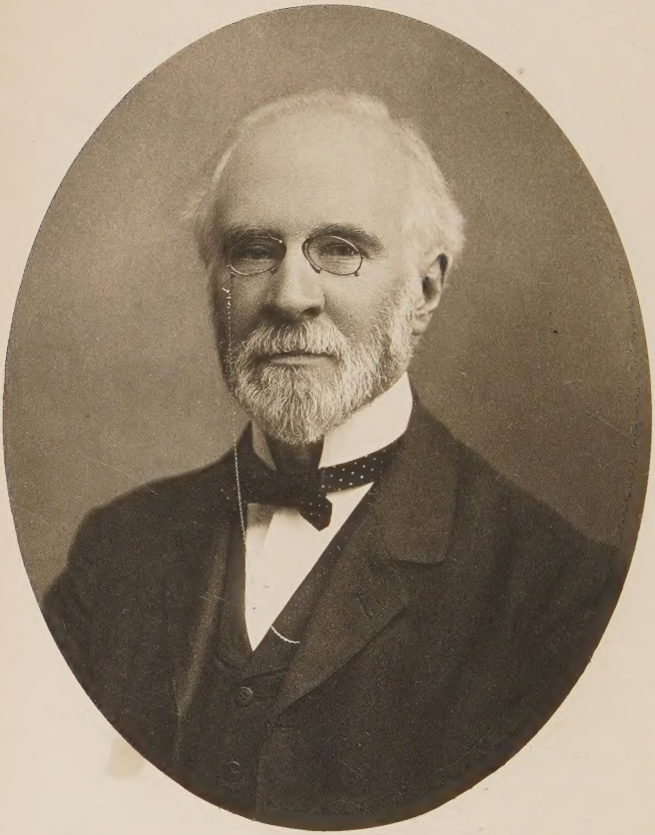

Eugene Booth

From a Photograph by G.P. Abraham, Keswick.

MY RECOLLECTIONS

BY EUGENE STOCK

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PREFACE

AFTER much hesitation and no little reluctance, I yielded to the wishes of Messrs J. Nisbet & Co., that I should publish my Recollections.

No writer of such a book as this can either escape the charge of egotism or plead to it "Not guilty." One can only hope for a merciful judgement. The present volume is probably not worse than many others that have appeared in the past few years. Perhaps, however, the first three chapters, and those on Church and other religious movements in the past half-century, may serve to remind the general reader of facts which he has forgotten, or which may be new to him. At least, the movements and agencies noticed are sufficiently diversified.

I regret the necessity, at the last moment, of dropping the five chapters in which I had related the chief incidents of my visits to Australia, New Zealand, India, Canada, and the United States. But the book would have been too large with them, and I have been obliged to substitute the condensed sketch of those visits in the 31st chapter.

I am sure that the many personal friends whose

names occur in these pages will forgive me for mentioning them; and I ought to add that in a few cases where it might seem that I had erred in publishing letters and incidents originally private, I have obtained leave to do so.

Although the book is not in form autobiographical, it notices most of the leading incidents of my life; and to myself, viewing them chronologically as memory looks back, they seem marked by unexpected change, unlooked-for privilege, and never-to-be-forgotten mercy.

I ought to add that some of the chapers, chiefly those dealing with Church movements, &c., have already appeared serially, though arranged in a different way.

E. S.

Glencairn, Bickley, Kent,
August 18*th*, 1909.

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A.D. 1840

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MY RECOLLECTIONS

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ALTHOUGH I was born in the reign of William IV. (February 26, 1836), my personal memories do not, of course, go back beyond the days of Queen Victoria, who came to the throne in the following year. In my possession there is a water-colour sketch of myself and my elder sister at the respective ages of about four years and eighteen months, holding in our hands a long ribbon picturing the procession at Victoria's marriage to Prince Albert, which took place February 10, 1840. I do not actually remember that event; but I do remember witnessing, in St. James's Park, another royal progress in 1844, when Her Majesty went to the City in state to open the Royal Exchange.

Of an event in 1841 I have a sort of collateral

recollection. I well remember sailing from Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, in a pleasure-boat to Spithead, to see the British Fleet assembled there. Lord Melbourne's Whig Ministry, which was turned out by Peel later in that year, had, through Palmerston's vigorous foreign policy, got into difficulties with France on the eternal Eastern Question, and the Fleet was ready to sail for the Mediterranean. It was no light thing for a little boy of five to be taken over a great "three-decker," as the battleships were then called. I think it was the *St. Vincent.* I can remember our boatman being asked what certain buoys newly laid down were for, and his answering that they were intended for the French ships that were going to be captured!

Earlier recollections of public affairs are only of pictures in the *Illustrated News*, then in its infancy. I can recall some sketches of the war in China, which must have appeared in 1842; and some of the Queen's visit to France in Louis Philippe's reign, which was in 1843. Those rough wood-cuts were wonderful things at that time; but the humblest illustrated print would toss them aside contemptuously now.

Then I remember being taken, as a boy of nine, to a gigantic bazaar in Covent Garden Theatre. This was in aid of the Anti-Corn-Law League, of which Cobden and Bright were the leaders. It was patronised by all ardent Free Traders, who were then agitating for the abolition of the duties on foreign corn, and thus for cheapening the price of bread. We are distressed now at the number of the "unemployed," but few have any idea of the grinding poverty of the people in those days. I have a

good memory for *Punch* pictures, and I have never forgotten one cartoon—I forget whether by Doyle or Leech—which represented Cobden as a tall man striding along in a direction indicated by a sign-post to be towards "Free Trade," and dragging with him a little boy (Peel) who cannot keep up with him. Some readers may remember that three or four years ago *Punch* produced a similar cartoon, only the tall striding figure was Mr. Chamberlain and the hapless boy Mr. Balfour, and they were going in the opposite direction, "to Protection"; and, for the benefit of modern readers who would not know of the old picture, a small reproduction of it was inserted in the corner.

Of the great event of the following year, 1846, I have a vivid recollection—the adoption of Free Trade, at last, by Sir Robert Peel. In those days there were no newspaper posters proclaiming every morning and afternoon the latest and most important news—nor were there for long years after; but now and then some enterprising bookseller or newsvendor would put up a great sheet of paper in his window with some startling event announced in large handwriting; and I seem even now to see in my mind's eye these words on such a placard: "Repeal of the Corn Laws by a majority of ten." Was "ten" the majority? I have written simply from my boyish recollection; but of that I am certain. The division must, no doubt, have been the one in the House of Lords which finally passed the Bill.

The next great events I remember were the French Revolution of February 1848, which ended Louis Philippe's reign, and the Chartist rising in

London a few weeks later. For half a century past, April 10th has never come round without recalling the terror we were all in during that day sixty years ago, and the screams of laughter that followed the absurd fiasco. But although we can laugh now at the fright of those old days, and smile as we reflect that some of the most audacious demands of the Chartists have long since been quietly granted—the Ballot, for instance,—yet the outlook at the time was serious enough for the Queen to be moved from Windsor to Osborne, and for the Duke of Wellington in his old age to assemble quite an army in London, though carefully concealed in order not to increase the general alarm. But the feature of the day was the enrolment of "special constables." Respectable citizens of all classes and grades were sworn in and provided with staves such as policemen carry, and had to perambulate the streets during the night. However, the Chartist demonstration never reached the Houses of Parliament, and its giant petition was eventually taken thither in a cab. Of course, *Punch* made fun of the whole thing; and I remember its depicting a street-boy brought before the Lord Mayor for shouting "Hurrah for the Provisional Government!" (a term borrowed from Paris), who, on being asked why he wanted such a Government, replies: "Why, sir, sure it's the Government that will give us provisions!"

From the year 1850 I regularly read the newspapers, and particularly the Parliamentary debates. One of the first debates I remember was on a motion by a Radical Member (was it a Mr. Hutt?) to withdraw the British squadron which was patrol-

ling the West Coast of Africa to seize slave-ships. Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, opposed it in a remarkable speech. He closed it with these words:—

> Sir, this country has been blessed with great mercies this year. More than once we have thanked God for them.[1] But if this nation were now to say that the unhallowed and cruel traffic in men should be revived, we could no longer have a right to expect those mercies. After all, it is the high Christian and moral character of the nation that is its main source of security and strength.

A more famous debate, of which I read every word, was that of June, 1850, on foreign affairs, when Palmerston's policy was vehemently assailed by both Gladstone and Disraeli, and severely censured by Peel, and when Palmerston (as it was said at the time) "spoke all night"—*i.e.*, rose about 10 P.M. and did not finish till 3 A.M., achieving the great oratorical triumph of his life. It was in this speech that he quoted the old Roman boast, *Civis Romanus sum,* to illustrate his contention that an Englishman in any part of the world ought to be able to rely on the support of his country. Peel's speech in this debate was his last. Only a few days later he was thrown from his horse, and died in a day or two, mourned by the whole nation. The sensation caused by this event is one of my most vivid recollections.

Two memorable sights of those days should not be left unnoticed. One was the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park—Prince Albert's pet project—which was to usher in universal peace and put an

[1] Alluding to the Day of Thanksgiving for the removal of the cholera epidemic.

end to standing armies. No one who wandered through that first original "Crystal Palace," with its astonishing collection of articles, both ornamental and useful, from all parts of the world, can ever forget it. Many larger and finer Exhibitions have been held since; but they have never emulated the fairy-like romance of that first attempt. The other was the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in November 1852. The "lying in state" at Chelsea Hospital was so thronged that three or four people (or more? I forget) were crushed to death in the attempt to get in on the first day; but I braved the crowd on the second day, boy as I was, and saw the great catafalque, and the silent Grenadiers standing round with bowed heads in their motionless and solemn watch. Then I stood on the roof of a house in Piccadilly, looking down St. James's Street, for two or three hours, while the immense procession passed that escorted the hero's body from Chelsea to St. Paul's; and to this day I never hear the "Dead March" in *Saul* without recalling the scene and seeming to hear the military bands—a score of them—that played it, the strains from one scarcely dying away before they rose from the next one.

In the following year, 1853, was opened the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, which was in substance the Hyde Park Exhibition building removed to the Surrey Hills, but enlarged and improved. After the Crimean War, when the French Guide Corps were fêted in England, an enormous multitude of people—of whom I was one—welcomed them at the Crystal Palace. The Pompeian House, and the beautiful Byzantine and Renaissance and Alhambra Courts, as well as the Greek and Egyptian

and Assyrian Courts, were resorted to for really educational purposes, and I for one certainly learned something from them.

Politics in the 'fifties were very interesting. Palmerston, having been virtually dismissed from the Foreign Office by the Queen, retorted by a clever move which turned out the Whig Cabinet of which he had been a member. Then came Lord Derby and Disraeli for the first time. Disraeli proved successful as a leader of the House of Commons, although most of his Protectionist followers (as the Conservatives were then called) deeply distrusted him. But after a few months his Budget was overthrown by Gladstone's eloquence, and the latter became Chancellor of the Exchequer in his stead in the new Coalition Ministry of Lord Aberdeen. A Cabinet which included Palmerston, John Russell, Gladstone, Sir James Graham, Sidney Herbert, &c., was the strongest imaginable ; and Gladstone in his great Budget speech of 1853 mapped out a grand financial scheme covering many years to come, which was enthusiastically welcomed, no one anticipating that a war with Russia would very soon utterly wreck it. Disraeli meanwhile never lost courage. He inspired a paper called the *Press*, which week by week contained the most brilliant satire on the new Government, a good deal of it, no doubt, from his own pen. Imaginary Cabinet Councils were reported at length, the Ministers being represented as utterly at loggerheads, and their respective peculiarities hit off with extraordinary skill. I was myself a Liberal, as most young men then were, and in particular an admirer of Gladstone ; but I read the *Press* with unfailing enjoyment.

I never was, and never could be, such a partisan as to read only and like only what I agreed with.

Then came the Crimean War, which not only turned Gladstone's surpluses into deficits, but destroyed the Ministry itself after a life of only two years. At the commencement of the war there was no telegraph to Turkey and the Black Sea, and the news of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman came slowly and in fragments; although before Sebastopol fell the cables were at work. We read the accounts of the fighting chiefly from official despatches; but the first, and in some respects the greatest, of our modern "special correspondents," W. H. Russell of the *Times*, quickly became our chief informant of what was going on. It was his courageous letters that exposed the frightful anarchy and confusion prevailing in the commissariat and other auxiliary departments of the British Army. "They're going to give us a medal," says (in a *Punch* picture) a soldier in rags, shivering in a Crimean snowstorm, to his comrade. "Oh, are they?" is the rejoinder; "maybe they'll also give us a coat to put it on!"

The maladministration of the Army revealed by the campaign aroused a whirlwind of popular indignation, and as Lord Derby declined the Queen's invitation to succeed to power, she was compelled, much against her will, to send for Palmerston, who, though a Member of the fallen Cabinet, was regarded as not personally responsible for the Crimean muddle, and was therefore a popular idol. Indeed, I well remember a curious illustration of this. A large body of sandwich-men appeared in the London streets with boards inscribed with the words in large

letters, "Palmerston for Premier." Who could have done that? I have no idea, and I suppose nothing at all like it was ever done before or since.

Popular idols are often victims, like the idols of heathendom, of popular caprice; and Palmerston was no exception. As the Crimean confusion continued, an Administrative Reform Association was formed to promote what Lord Rosebery would call "efficiency," with Mr. Layard, the renowned Assyrian explorer, as its leading spirit. I was present at a great meeting at Drury Lane Theatre to inaugurate it, at which Charles Dickens was the chief speaker. It was not his habit to speak at public meetings; I am not sure whether this was not the only time. Of course he had an overwhelming reception from an audience that thronged every corner of the building. A journalist whom I knew said it was by far the most effective public speech he had ever listened to. Amongst other things, I remember that Dickens likened the Government to a theatrical company acting the various parts in a play, and unmercifully chaffed Palmerston as "the funny old man."

Another striking scene of the same period which I recall concerned Lord John Russell. He had become temporarily unpopular on account of his conduct during the European negotiations which ended the war. At a Conference at Vienna he was supposed to have been too yielding to Russia, and what in after years would have been called John Bull's "Jingo" spirit was aroused. At the Lord Mayor's Dinner on November 9 (1855) he was hissed, and had to sit down, although he was actually M.P. for the City. A few days afterwards he appeared—I suppose, for the first and only time—

on the platform of Exeter Hall. In those days the Young Men's Christian Association used every winter to have a course of lectures on Tuesday evenings, chiefly by eminent clergymen and Nonconformist ministers, but occasionally by public men, at which the great hall was generally crowded. That year Lord John gave the opening lecture, on "The Obstacles which have retarded Moral and Political Progress." Now the Y.M.C.A. men were for the most part not infused with the "Jingo" spirit, and resented the treatment of the veteran statesman by the City magnates; and they received him with an enthusiasm I (who was present as a visitor) have never seen surpassed. Montagu Villiers, Rector of Bloomsbury, one of the leading Evangelical clergymen of London (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle and of Durham), moved the vote of thanks, and pronounced an eloquent eulogium upon (as he said) "the man who had spent a long life in the service of his country."

It must not be supposed that the question was one between the two great parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals. The City magnates with the "Jingo" spirit were not Conservatives, as they probably would have been twenty years later. They were Palmerstonian Liberals, and in some respects—strange as it may seem now—Lord John Russell was not Radical enough for them. At the General Election of 1857 they actually opposed his re-election, setting up four "Liberal and Commercial candidates" (the City then had four members). At a political meeting in the old London Tavern I myself heard Lord John argue against the Ballot, which the others advocated.

Peace with Russia was concluded in 1856, just two years after the declaration of war. Two events in connection with it I can never forget. First, the wonderful illuminations and fireworks on the day appointed for the celebration. At 10 P.M. in Hyde Park, after many lesser displays, 10,000 rockets were sent up simultaneously, covering the whole heavens with a sheet of fire. I do not know whether this has ever been done since ; but I always remember it as the most overwhelmingly grand sight I ever beheld, almost appalling in its splendour. Secondly, the Queen's review of the Fleet at Spithead ; a magnificent spectacle, though I suppose one modern *Dreadnought* could in a few minutes sink the whole company of three-deckers and frigates then assembled. I was on board the *La Plata*, one of the Royal Mail Steam Company's Liners which conveyed guests to the review. I recall the weariness of the home journey in a densely-crowded train, which reached Waterloo at 2 A.M., and how, no conveyances being available, I dragged myself across London to my home at the time, arriving, dead beat, after 3 A.M.

The Crimean War and the Crystal Palace together remind one of two books published in the 'fifties, which had a great circulation and a fruitful influence —The *Memoir of Captain Hedley Vicars* and *English Hearts and English Hands*, both by Miss Catherine Marsh. Hedley Vicars was a devoted Christian officer who was killed before Sebastopol ; and his Memoir, beautifully written, took for many years the place in Christian biography previously occupied by the Life and Letters of Henry Martyn. I never can forget the impression made on me by the

motto on one of the front pages: "*We* asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever" (Psalm xxi. 4). The other book described Miss Marsh's own Gospel work among the navvies who put up the Crystal Palace, laid out the grounds, and constructed the railway approaches. It was a new revelation of what a consecrated woman could do if it pleased God to use her; and it showed what true "English hearts" might be found among men with very rough and horny "English hands."

CHAPTER II

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF PUBLIC EVENTS

Submarine Telegraphs—Indian Mutiny—"Clemency Canning"—Palmerston and Gladstone—Italian Emancipation—Disraeli and "Bloated Armaments"—Penny Newspapers—The *Atlas*—Princess Alexandra—American Civil War—Disraeli's Reform Bill—Irish Church Disestablishment—Churchmen and Dissenters—Forster's Education Bill—Franco-German War—Tichborne Case—Guildhall Banquets—Disraeli and Gladstone—Gladstone and Gordon.

In the present day, when we get within a few hours details of battles fought at the other end of Asia, it is hard to realise a time when submarine cables were unknown. I well remember the excitement caused by the first connection of England and France by telegraph, which I think (but am not certain) was in 1852; and, still more, the breathless interest taken in the successive attempts to lay down the Atlantic Cable. The first was in 1858, and I have a particular reason for recollecting a wonderfully vivid account of it in the *Times* on July 15 in that year. A message or two actually passed between London and New York, the Queen and the American President exchanging congratulations; but the cables were more than once broken, and all through the exciting time of the American Civil War and the Lancashire Cotton Famine, 1861–64, there was no communication. Earlier than that, there was no telegraph to Turkey and the Crimea, as I mentioned in the previous chapter. In 1857, when

the great Sepoy Mutiny brought the British rule in India into imminent danger, there was no telegraph beyond Malta, and we only heard of the terrible events that were happening weeks after they occurred.

How could I describe the grief and anxiety of the summer months of that terrible year? The sickening suspense, as news kept dribbling in of the shocking massacres of English ladies and children as well as men, can never be forgotten. But let me recall one thing. A national day of fasting and prayer was ordered, and among the special Psalms to be used was the 79th. I can recall my own feelings in church as its verses were slowly and reverently read:

O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance. . . .

The dead bodies of Thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the air. . . .

Their blood have they shed like water . . . and there was no man to bury them.

We are become an open shame to our enemies, a very scorn and derision unto them that are round about us.

Pour out Thine indignation upon them that have not known Thee.

O remember not our old sins. . . .

Deliver us, and be merciful to our sins. . . .

Wherefore do the heathen say, Where is now their God?

O let the sighing of the prisoners come before Thee; according to the greatness of Thy power preserve Thou those that are appointed to die.

Let me refer to one matter, which conveys an oft-needed lesson. The nation cried out for vengeance. *Punch*, as usual, accurately represented the general feeling by its wonderful cartoon of the British lion leaping in merciless rage upon the Bengal tiger. Earl Canning, the Governor-General of India, suffered violent reproach because he distinguished between

the murderous mutineers and the unhappy people whom they had misled into revolt, and insisted on strict justice and not vindictive revenge. He was sneered at in almost all the newspapers as "Clemency Canning," and his recall was demanded. Charles Buxton, son of the great Sir Fowell, and father of the present Postmaster-General, stood almost alone in the House of Commons in his defence. The one London paper which took the unpopular side was the *Morning Star*, which corresponded nearly with the present *Daily News* (though far inferior to it), and I knew personally the journalist who wrote its leading articles on the subject, which is the reason I refer to the matter here. Now what is the reputation of Lord Canning at the present day? Is he not universally regarded as one of the greatest of Indian Viceroys? and is not his very nickname, "Clemency Canning," mentioned not infrequently as a title of honour? So we see that national panics and cries for the punishment of "niggers" are not always creditable, and that the "humanitarian" minority may sometimes prove to be right.

In my first chapter I told how the popular idol, Palmerston, was temporarily discredited. But he was soon set upon his pedestal again. He survived the criticisms of Layard and Charles Dickens; and when the Conservatives, the Peelites, and the Manchester Radicals combined against him in the great China debate at the beginning of 1857, and carried a vote of censure in the House of Commons, he appealed to the country, and a General Election not only repudiated the vote, but turned out Cobden and Bright and other of his opponents. Nevertheless, the honours of that debate, which I remember

reading with keenest interest, remained with his critics, though nearly half a century had to elapse before, in our own day, the Opium traffic was at last finally condemned. Gladstone in particular surpassed himself on that occasion.

In the following year, however, a similar coalition again defeated Palmerston, and this time he resigned, and Lord Derby and Disraeli came in for the second time. But only, again, for about a year; and then, in 1859, began Palmerston's uninterrupted reign of six years. Gladstone took no part in turning out the Conservatives and bringing him back; indeed, he voted against the resolution of non-confidence that did the deed—the mover of which, by the way, was the late Duke of Devonshire, then beginning his career as Lord Hartington. But when Palmerston's Ministry was formed, Gladstone accepted the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the next four or five years were the period of his brilliant Budgets.

The state of political parties in those days was curiously different from what it is now. If I said that all young men were then Liberals, I should slightly exaggerate; but certainly the Conservatives among them were a small minority. It did not depend, as to a large extent it does now, upon whether a man was a Churchman or a Dissenter. The *Record* mistrusted Gladstone on account of his High Church views, but it was still more opposed to Disraeli. It was, through Mr. Haldane, much influenced by Lord Shaftesbury, who was devoted to Palmerston. When that statesman died, in 1865, the *Record* published a poem of which each verse (I think) ended with the words "Patriot Palmerston";

and I myself heard an Islington clergyman close his Sunday morning sermon by reading those lines.

It will be said that Palmerston was not a Liberal. Certainly he was no Radical in home politics, but he was for ten years the acknowledged leader of the Liberal party; and when Gladstone and the other Peelites joined his Ministry in 1859, it was regarded as their final breach with any kind of Conservatism. But I frequently find that political writers of the present day, in allusions to that time, entirely ignore the influence of the foreign affairs of the period upon the public mind. It was the epoch of the liberation of Italy from the Neapolitan Bourbons, from the Pope's rule over what were then the Papal States, from the dull incompetence of the Dukes of Tuscany and Parma, and from Austrian tyranny in Lombardy and Venice. The British public was enthusiastic in its good wishes for the freedom of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi were its heroes. Now Lord Malmesbury, who was Foreign Secretary in the short-lived Conservative Government of 1858, was strongly pro-Austrian; and it was generally suspected that Prince Albert was also on that side. Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone, though they differed widely on many subjects, were at one in their sympathy with Italy; and this, more than anything else, brought them into office in 1859.

But while the nation was predominantly Liberal—in London boroughs, for instance, and even in the City, it was almost impossible for a Conservative to get in—the House of Commons itself was far more equally divided than it has been in more recent

times. Palmerston's majority throughout the six years of his uninterrupted reign, 1859–1865, was rarely over twenty, except in the case of Gladstone's great Budgets, against which some of his opponents dared not vote. It is often said that the Conservatives were so content with Palmerston's rule, and so afraid of future Radical developments, that they acquiesced in his continuance in office and made no effort to oust him. If so, they acted in a curious way. Again and again did Disraeli, with incomparable skill, lay traps to defeat the Ministry. When Mr. Stansfeld, as a leading Radical, moved a vote of censure on account of excessive expenditure, Disraeli backed him, and used the memorable phrase "bloated armaments." When the Danish Question was acute in 1864, a strenuous effort was made to upset the Government. I remember, on the morning after the crucial division, walking across Hyde Park at 8 A.M. to breakfast with Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., not knowing the result, and on reaching his house eagerly inquiring. "We escaped," he said, "by a majority of eighteen."

I may mention one famous Parliamentary debate of that period which I heard myself. There were dissensions in the Cabinet over Palmerston's scheme of fortifications at Spithead and elsewhere, and over the expenditure involved, which Gladstone deprecated. A violent attack was made on the Premier by Bernal Osborne, the chief wit of those days in the House. He raised a great laugh by putting into Palmerston's mouth the familiar quotation, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." Cobden then, in a tone that was almost earful, piteously appealed to Gladstone, who was

sitting next to Palmerston, to rise and disclaim all connection with the outlay objected to. Gladstone rose, amid a silence that might be felt. What would he say? Up to that time I had never heard him, and I smiled at my good fortune in at last having the chance of listening to one of his great speeches. But, alas! he simply said, in a dozen words, that he could not decline responsibility for the decisions of a Cabinet of which he was a member, and sat down again. Curiously enough, I find no reference to this dramatic incident, which was much talked of at the time, in Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*.

Gladstone's repeal of the paper duty started—or rather, perhaps, developed—the penny press. The *Daily Telegraph* was one of the first of the new ventures. It was an absolute worshipper of Gladstone for many years; and its ardent and gushing references to him used to be parodied in (I think) the *Standard* by means of imaginary extracts from the *Gaily Bellowgraph*. I was at this time myself a writer in a weekly newspaper, long since defunct, called the *Atlas*, and I remember writing a leading article entitled "The Two Heroes of 1860." These were Gladstone and Garibaldi, for it was, as above mentioned, the period of Italian emancipation. I drew a kind of Plutarchian parallel between the careers of the two "heroes," treating them rather satirically, despite my personal admiration of both men.

I have a pleasant reminiscence of one event of that period which, though non-political, was of great national interest. I saw the entry into London of the Princess Alexandra, our present gracious Queen, on March 7th, 1863, three days before her marriage.

I was at a first-floor window of a shop in King William Street, near London Bridge. I have never on any other occasion seen such overwhelming crowds; and just opposite where I stood, the military escort found itself scarcely able to force a way through for the *cortège*. The people had quite overflowed the narrow track which the police had vainly tried to keep for the procession. The enthusiasm was indescribable; and in every mouth were Tennyson's picturesque lines, just produced in his capacity of Poet-Laureate—

> "Sea Kings' daughter from over the sea!
> Alexandra!"

These years, 1861–65, were the years of the American Civil War, on which I also wrote in the *Atlas*, essaying to show from ancient and modern history that Federal Unions were not stable. In so far as I was wrong, I erred in company with the majority of thinking men at the time. It is hard, indeed, for people now to realise the intense feelings aroused by that war, especially the enthusiastic sympathy with which the struggle of the Southern States for independence was regarded by the educated classes in England. This is another illustration how wrong the educated classes may sometimes be, or how right the "Puritan faddist and fanatic" may prove to be. For the time, to avow oneself on the side of the North was to court what we should now call a "boycott" socially. The "Yankee" was despised and disliked; the Southerner was admired as a chivalrous gentleman. Naturally this was fostered by the brilliant exploits of the Confederate generals, Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and also by

their high personal character. They really were chivalrous gentlemen, and Jackson, as an earnest Christian, was ranked with Havelock and Henry Lawrence. On the other hand, the Federal (Northern) commanders were constantly laughed at in the comic papers. For instance, when McClellan had to retire day by day before the victorious Lee, one of them (not *Punch*) depicted him with his feet in a tub of hot water, the cartoon having under it the words, "Well, McClellan, and how are your poor feet?" this question being one of those ridiculous utterances which from time to time become popular street cries, no one knows how. *Punch* himself generally treated even Abraham Lincoln with sarcasm, I had almost said with contempt; but when that great man was assassinated in the theatre, a generous and noble *amende* appeared in its pages. By that time, indeed, people generally were beginning, not only to do justice to the Federal generals, Grant and Sherman, but also to see two important things to which they had been blind before, viz. (1) that the North was right in its resolve to maintain the unity of the great Republic, (2) that the question of slavery underlay the controversy, and that British sympathies ought to have been on the side of emancipation.

Palmerston's death in 1865 marked a turning-point in British politics. With Lord Russell once more as Premier, and Gladstone as Leader of the House of Commons, Liberalism in its more advanced form came to the front. Their Reform Bill, however, was defeated, chiefly through the extraordinary and previously unrealised eloquence of Robert Lowe, who joined the Conservatives in denouncing demo-

cracy, and drew fearsome pictures of the ruin it would bring on the country. Yet when, once more, Lord Derby and Disraeli came into office, they produced a Bill more decidedly Radical than the one they had just destroyed, which brought in household suffrage for boroughs. Disraeli, as he boasted in a famous speech, had "educated" his party; but Lord Derby confessed that he felt like taking a "leap in the dark." Then arose Fenianism, and the Irish question at once supplanted all others. At the General Election of 1868 a great majority voted to disestablish the Irish Church, and in the following year Gladstone, now Premier for the first time, carried his great measure. It was a time of the most bitter controversy, and Churchmen and Nonconformists were divided as they had never been before. Bishop Magee's speech in the House of Lords against the Bill was pronounced to be the greatest oratorical effort in the memory of living men; and, many years after, the old Earl of Tankerville, walking with me in the park of Chillingham Castle, told me that he had heard all the great speeches in both Houses during half a century, and that he unhesitatingly put Magee's first. The Disestablishment Act, as we all know, was eventually passed. Lord Salisbury, afterwards the great Prime Minister, persuaded a majority of the House of Lords to give the Bill a second reading; and although it was nearly wrecked in Committee, the Queen interposed, and, through Archbishop Tait, a compromise on certain points was arranged between Gladstone and Earl Cairns. *Punch* then came out with one of Tenniel's best cartoons, based on Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Glad-

stone as Prospero, with Ireland as Miranda leaning on his arm, says to the Church, represented by the pretty sprite Ariel, "Be free, and fare thou well!" That the good wish so pleasantly expressed by Mr. Punch has been more than fulfilled we all thankfully recognise.

I was intimately acquainted with a very earnest and excellent Congregationalist minister in this country who used to stay at my house when he came to London for Meetings of his denomination. We did not argue the question of Church Establishment; we agreed to differ; but I well remember his assuring me that it was the opinion of the most far-seeing men among the Dissenters that the Church of England would be disestablished, like the Church of Ireland, within ten years. Forty years have elapsed, and the Church is as yet untouched, and is indefinitely stronger; though I, for one, will make no attempt at forecasting the future. It is, by the way, an illustration of the honourable manner in which, upon the whole, controversies in England are conducted, that at the height of the conflict in 1869 no one of our public men was more highly esteemed by the Nonconformists than Sir Roundell Palmer, afterwards Earl of Selborne, who was one of the strongest opponents of the Disestablishment movement. He had refused the Lord Chancellorship offered him by Gladstone, with whom he was otherwise in political sympathy, rather than have any hand in disestablishing the Irish Church. This self-sacrifice was rewarded by the admiration of both friends and foes; and I remember that when my Nonconformist friend took me to a great Meeting of the Liberation Society, at St. James's Hall, that I might see and

hear their chief orators for myself, the name of Sir Roundell Palmer, casually mentioned, was received with the loudest applause of the evening.

Another subject that divided Churchmen and Nonconformists at that time was Education ; and here, too, I have a personal reminiscence ; for one of the most interesting occasions of my being in the gallery of the House of Commons was the introduction of the Education Bill of 1870 by Mr. W. E. Forster. His speech was the plain utterance of a plain man, without a *soupçon* of genius, but sincere, sensible, straightforward. One of the chief questions at the time was whether the Bible should be read in schools at all. The Nonconformists, or at least a large majority of them, led by Dale, of Birmingham, wished it to be absolutely excluded—as, in fact, it afterwards was by the Birmingham School Board. Forster, anxious as he was to meet the wishes of the Radical wing as far as possible, exclaimed in that speech that to exclude the Bible would be "monstrous." The Secularist party, with which I am sorry to say a great many of the most earnest men among the Dissenters did for a time ally themselves, never forgave Forster for the stand he made on this great fundamental question.

However distressing our still prevailing educational controversies may be, it is at least a cause of thankfulness that no one now, not even the party that advocates a Secular system, proposes to exclude the Bible from the schools altogether.

The next great historic event in my memory is the Franco-German War of 1870. On that, of course, I need not enlarge ; but may I remind my readers of a curious fact which many have forgotten, and many

more do not know? The special correspondents of the English papers with the German Army reported the easy mode of communication between the soldiers and their friends at home by means of post-cards, obviating the trouble of using paper and envelopes on the field of battle. Post-cards were then unknown in England; and the system we all now find so convenient is a result of the experience of that war. I was staying at a Norfolk rectory in the first week of September, 1870, when my host brought in a copy of a telegram just received at the local post office, the words of which I have never forgotten: "The war ended; the Emperor surrendered to the King." It was true that the issue of the terrible fight at Sedan had been the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon III. and his whole army to King William of Prussia (not yet acclaimed Emperor for all Germany); but alas! it was not true that the war was ended. The Siege of Paris had yet to come, and the frightful privations and sufferings it involved. And then, after the peace, the Commune! That word conveys little now to the mind of men under (say) fifty; but it was a never-to-be-forgotten experience to read telegram after telegram, "The Tuileries destroyed!" "The Hotel de Ville in ashes!" "The Louvre in imminent peril!"—(but fortunately it was saved)—"The Archbishop of Paris murdered!" It was as if the days of Robespierre had come back.

It is a curious instance of the terrible and the grotesque synchronizing that the same month, May, 1871, which witnessed the horrors of the Commune saw also the commencment of the first Tichborne trial. But the Commune, happily, was quickly suppressed; while the Tichborne case dragged its slow

length along, through the first action, in which "the Claimant," as he was called, sought to prove himself to be the lost Sir Roger Tichborne and entitled to his estates, and through his subsequent trial for perjury and forgery and I know not what else, until, under his real name, Arthur Orton, he was sentenced to penal servitude in February, 1874. Certainly no trial of modern times can compare with these in the extraordinary amount of interest excited. All the world tried to get into the court, if only once, just to see the man. Through the kindness of a high official whom I knew, I obtained one day a seat on the Bench during the first trial, and heard Sir John Coleridge, then Solicitor-General, cross-examining the Claimant. Twice within an hour did Coleridge suddenly interrupt his long and complicated cross-examination (it lasted many days) by putting the direct question, "On your oath, are you not Arthur Orton?" and twice the answer came, "On my oath I am not." I was one of the many fairly intelligent people who had at first thought he really was Tichborne, being much influenced by the fact that Sir Roger's mother believed he was her son; and the tone in which he twice swore that lie was the first thing that shook me.

In that year, 1871, I was present for the first time at the Lord Mayor's Guildhall Banquet on November 9. Gladstone was then Premier, and I remember being amused by the man sitting next to me, who was a strong Conservative, joining with voice and hands in cheering him. "After all," he said to me, "he's the Queen's Prime Minister!" The Ministry, however, which had begun three years before with flying colours, and had carried the Irish Church Bill

and the first Irish Land Bill and Forster's Education Bill, was already very unpopular, chiefly owing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Lowe) and the Commissioner of Works (Mr. Ayrton); and when in 1874 another General Election ensued they were utterly beaten, and Disraeli for the first time, after leading a party in a minority for nearly thirty years, came in at last with a real majority. Then it was that Tenniel's cartoon in *Punch*, parodying Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*, pictured "Dizzy" as the Peri floating upwards in the air, and singing

> "Joy, joy, for ever! my task is done!
> The gates are past, and heaven is won!"

So my next Lord Mayor's Dinner, in 1879, was eaten with Lord Beaconsfield—as he had now become—in the seat of honour. His star, too, was beginning to set. It is true that he had come back from the Berlin Congress bringing "Peace with Honour," and few then imagined that it was his own colleague, Lord Salisbury, who would confess, years after, that they had "put their money on the wrong horse." But the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria—which both *Record* and *Guardian* denounced, following respectively Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Gladstone—had not been forgotten; and the Afghan and Zulu Wars had helped to cause a great reaction, which culminated in the following year in the Liberal victory that put Gladstone again into office. But Beaconsfield's extremely clever speech, to which I listened, at the Guildhall gave no foreshadowing of the *débâcle* that was to follow within six months.

During Gladstone's second Ministry, 1880–85, I was only once in the House of Commons, in May,

1884. His popularity was again waning at the time. It was not on account of Home Rule: that question did not become acute till later. Nor was it on account of the Parliamentary reform undertaken in that year, although Mr. Chamberlain's ultra-Radical speeches frightened many, and repeatedly gave the Premier much trouble in trying to excuse his colleague's rashness. It was partly the introduction of new rules authorizing the Closure—for which Gladstone was perhaps more vehemently condemned at the time than for anything else in his life, although, when once adopted, the practice proved very useful to the Conservative Ministries. But it was still more on account of Gordon; and the debate I heard in May, 1884, was on Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Resolution of Censure on the Government for delaying an attempt to rescue him. Gordon had only gone out about four months—against Gladstone's personal wishes, indeed, and by order of other Ministers when the Premier was ill, in obedience really to a national demand—but he was already in peril, and the Cabinet were regarded as unduly slack in sending after him. I confess that neither Hicks-Beach nor Gladstone impressed me on that occasion. Both seemed to care less about British influence in the Soudan or about Gordon personally than about the coming division and its effect upon the opposing parties. As speakers there was, of course, no comparison. With all Sir Michael's ability he could not be a Gladstone in that respect. I, however, was never fortunate enough to hear the great orator at his best, although, I suppose, I read every one of his public speeches for nearly half a century, certainly from 1853 onwards. I think the most impressive

that I actually heard was not in the House of Commons at all, but in St. James's Hall, in the cause of Missions, at the S.P.G. anniversary in 1867. That was certainly an address worthy of a Christian statesman.

I have no intention of referring further to political events; but these two chapters in which I have recalled some of them—none less than a quarter of a century ago—may not have been without interest as an introduction to what is to follow.

CHAPTER III

LONDON HALF A CENTURY AGO

Changed Features of London: Buckingham Palace, Duke's Statue, &c.—New Streets: Holborn Viaduct, Queen Victoria Street, &c.—Railway Stations—Bridges—Thames Aquatic Processions—Thames Frozen Over—Railway Travelling—Lord's and the Oval—Theatres—Concerts—Crystal Palace—Oratorios—Panoramas, &c.—Albert Smith—Dickens's Readings—Exeter Hall Lectures—Spurgeon.

LET me now recall some external features of London half a century ago. My younger contemporaries will hardly believe that I have walked across fields from Kensington Gardens to Chelsea, from Kensington to Hammersmith, from Bayswater to Shepherd's Bush, from Paddington to Kensal Green, from Regent's Park to Hampstead, from Islington to Highgate and Hornsey. I remember Buckingham Palace without its present façade. It looked like a great trident, with three prongs coming out eastward; and in front of it stood the Marble Arch. The great Arch at the top of Constitution Hill stood in a rather different position at Hyde Park Corner, just opposite the central entrance to the Park; and I well remember seeing the colossal statue of the Duke of Wellington on horseback being conveyed down Park Lane on a huge trolley drawn by many horses, to be hoisted on to the top of it. The Duke looked a fearsome figure up there, and remained up for years, despite the incessant protests of artistic authorities.

Of course alterations have swept away many miles

of old streets. Among them was the one in which I was born—Duke Street, Westminster, one of several narrow and old-fashioned but highly respectable streets between Whitehall and St. James's Park, where the Government offices now stand. The houses were largely occupied by M.P.'s and others in London for the Session. Two still surviving streets behind the Abbey, Great College Street and Cowley Street, are not unlike those so long demolished.

In the 'forties New Oxford Street did not exist. Omnibuses going east, on arriving at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, had to turn down the narrow street to the right to St. Giles's Church, and then proceed along Broad Street into Holborn. Of course Holborn Viaduct was many years later, and, until it was built, Holborn Hill, the steep descent into the Fleet Valley (there was no Farringdon Road), was a most dangerous place. I have seen several fallen horses on the hill at the same time. I remember when there was no Cannon Street and, of course, no Queen Victoria Street. Old Broad Street (City) was the quietest of thoroughfares—if one could have called it a thoroughfare then, for it led nowhere; and I can recall going to Union Court, on its eastern side, to a small, old-fashioned house where lived a devoted Christian lady, Miss Sarah Hooper, who worked quietly and philanthropically among the poorer Jews of Houndsditch and its neighbourhood. Liverpool Street Station was much later, and the Great Eastern terminus (or Eastern Counties, as the railway was then called) was in Shoreditch. Broad Street Station was before Liverpool Street, but it, too, was late. To get to North London from the

City, one went to Fenchurch Street and travelled all round by Stepney, Bow, and Hackney, to Dalston and Islington. The new line from Dalston to Broad Street was a great boon.

The Great Western terminus, in earlier days than this, was a kind of series of vaults under Bishop's Road Bridge, and one went down a broad declivity facing it, which declivity was exactly where the station now stands. Of course the great termini at Victoria and Charing Cross, and the stations at Cannon Street, St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill, and Holborn, did not come into existence till long after. For Brighton or the Crystal Palace one had to go to London Bridge; for Dover and the south-east, to Bricklayers' Arms, beyond the Elephant and Castle. The South-Western Railway has never crossed the river; even Waterloo Station is modern, and before it was built the Portsmouth and Southampton trains only brought one to Nine Elms, now the goods station beyond Vauxhall. My own very first journey by rail was from Southampton to Nine Elms in 1844. The name of Nine Elms reminds me that for some years after it ceased to be a passenger terminus there was a small station there, in the Wandsworth Road, for the Royal Family and their guests only. The Queen used to drive to it from Buckingham Palace, and go to Windsor by the South-Western, as the Great Western had then no branch from Slough to Windsor. I remember this little private station because the station-master's son was in a cricket eleven which I captained at one time.

Of the Thames bridges, the present London, Southwark, and Waterloo bridges are the only ones that existed in the 'fifties. Blackfriars, Westminster,

and Vauxhall have all been rebuilt; Lambeth and Chelsea are new; and, of course, also the Tower Bridge. Where the Charing Cross Railway Bridge now stands, Hungerford Suspension Bridge spanned the river for foot passengers. (Part of it now hangs over the Avon at Clifton.) My impression is that the Suspension Bridge itself was comparatively new, and not there when I first saw the Thames, but of this I am not sure. On the Middlesex side it came into Hungerford Market, which presently gave way to a large coffee-house, in which, in the 'fifties, I repeatedly played chess over a cup of coffee. The river itself was a regular thoroughfare, for the steamers that plied on it were the easiest and quickest mode of conveyance between east and west. They have, unhappily, as a mode of speedy transit, been killed by the Embankment and the District Railway, which belong to a much later period.

But I never saw the Thames at its gayest, when the Lord Mayor went west, or Royalty went east, in State barges. I think, however, that this custom must have survived to the earlier 'forties at least, for the *Illustrated London News*, when it started, and long after, had across the top of its front page a standing picture of the river with an aquatic State procession upon it. Nevertheless, the Thames is a handsomer sight now than it was then. Modern Londoners cannot imagine the uncouth spectacle of the vast expanse of mud which at low water covered the whole area of the present Embankment gardens. On the other hand, at high water, the stream sparkled up to the foot of Adelphi Terrace, then the most conspicuous range of buildings between Somerset House and the Houses of Parliament, before the great hotels

were born or thought of. I have, however, seen a not very common sight—the Thames frozen over. In 1854–5, the "Crimean winter," when our troops suffered so dreadfully before Sebastopol, the river at Charing Cross was simply a mighty mass of great blocks of ice piled up into grotesque forms. I suppose that only a skilled Alpine climber could have negotiated them; but I myself walked across the river at Twickenham, where the ice was fairly smooth.

I have spoken of railway stations. I might say something of railway travelling in those days. Railway directors would indeed have stared at demands for third-class by all trains, or for third-class carriages that would protect the traveller from wind and rain; or at demands, even for first-class only, for dining-cars or sleeping-carriages or heating apparatus. Even foot-warmers were unknown then. I remember the luggage being strapped outside on the roofs of the carriages, as in the old coaching days, and the guard sitting up behind on a seat something like that of a hansom cabman. I more than once travelled third-class in an open truck, only differing from a coal-truck in having a bare wooden seat. When the first excursion trains to Brighton were started, the bills announced: "First-class, —— shillings; covered carriages, —— shillings." (I forget the fares.) "Covered carriages" meant trucks with a roof raised on iron rods, but with the sides open; and the fact that they were thus "covered" was considered a great boon. I have several times taken journeys of five and six hours in them. Second-class carriages, which were generally used by people unwilling to pay first-class fares, were much inferior to

our present third. As regards speed, I once went from London to Brighton second-class by "express train," which took two hours, stopping five or six times. All fares were much higher than now. Every railway was bound by Act of Parliament to run one train a day at a penny a mile (now the third-class fare by all trains); but they observed the law by starting the train about 6 A.M., making it stop at every station, and only putting on it the commonest carriages. Such a train was called "the Parly" (short for Parliamentary). The one for Plymouth left London at 5 or 6 A.M., was shunted many times in the day to let faster trains pass, and reached its destination about 10 P.M. We can understand the point of a riddle which appeared in *Punch*: "Why does the business of the country get on so slowly? Because it travels by a Parliamentary train."

Reverting to my recollections of London half a century ago, I bethink myself of two familiar places of resort, Lord's and the Oval. I remember seeing old Lillywhite, the first great round-arm bowler, playing in the middle 'forties, in a chimney-pot hat and white ducks. I remember the batting of Alfred Mynn and Felix and Pilch for Kent, and the wicket-keeping of Box and the bowling of Wisden for Sussex. Then Surrey came to the front with Caffyn and Julius Cæsar as batsmen, and Lockyer as wicket-keeper; and Notts, with George Parr (the Grace of those days) as the champion bat in all England, and Grundy and the Tinleys to bowl. Personal links with two brilliant gentlemen cricketers may be mentioned in passing. In one of the well-known Harrow songs, on the glories of cricket,

Harrovians are reminded of their ancient triumphs: "With Lang to bowl and Hankey to play." Both these became still more famous in University matches. Lang was the great Cambridge bowler, one of the fastest ever known ; and Hankey was a crack Oxford bat. Now, Reginald Hankey and I sat side by side in a City office for some months ; and Robert Lang, many years later, was a co-secretary with me of the Church Missionary Society.

"Play" suggests not only cricket but the theatre. For more than fifty years I have not been a theatre-goer ; but I was once, and a brief mention of it may at least illustrate the variety of my old experiences. As early as 1846, as a boy of ten, I saw several operas at Her Majesty's Theatre. The favourite composers of those days were of the Italian school —Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini ; and I saw the *Barbiere*, the *Lucia*, the *Anna Bolena*, the *Puritani*, and the *Sonnambula*. I can remember some scenes perfectly. The singers included Rubini, Tamburini, Mario, Lablache, and Madame Grisi. I also saw the famous ballet called the *Pas de Quatre*, performed by four celebrated *danseuses*, Taglioni being the chief. For a few years after this I was not at the theatre at all ; but in 1854–56 I saw many plays, among them Shakespeare's *Othello*, *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Twelfth Night*, Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, a version of *Faust*, &c. ; and actors like Charles Kean, Phelps, G. V. Brooke, F. Robson, Alfred Wigan, Charles Dillon, Mrs. Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, &c. My last night in a theatre was May 1, 1857, when I saw Verdi's opera, *Il Trovatore*, which was then all the rage. From that night I have never seen a play (except

the Westminster Play, once), and I have only been inside a theatre now and then for an evangelistic service.

Of music I was always fond. In the 'fifties there was an immense concert hall in the Surrey Gardens in Walworth, where popular concerts were given by Jullien, a famous conductor of those days. Some of the first singers and players used to appear there, and I particularly remember Bottesini, the wonderful player on the double bass, who used that unwieldy instrument almost as if it were a violin, certainly with more freedom than even some good executants display with the violoncello. This Surrey Gardens Music-hall was notable also for its use on Sundays by the young Spurgeon, before his great Tabernacle was built; also for Thackeray's lectures on the Four Georges, which were attended by immense audiences, and two of which I heard.

It was in the 'fifties and 'sixties that the Crystal Palace was at the height of its popularity. Although there was then no High Level Railway, while even the Low Level line was only open from London Bridge, immense crowds were continually assembled there. I frequently went to Sydenham when I took a holiday. I believe I was present at the first concert conducted by August Manns, then a young stranger, but who for many years did so much to popularise the choicest German music in England. But I remember better the great concerts in the transept, when Costa sometimes conducted, and Grisi, Albani, Sims Reeves, and Santley sang.

Then at Exeter Hall there were the Friday evenings of the Sacred Harmonic Society, at which I heard the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Elijah*, and other

oratorios, with Madame Clara Novello and Madame Sainton-Dolby rendering sacred music as only they could.

Among popular entertainments which I remember in London in those days—very different from the modern music-halls!—there were the Panorama in Leicester Square and the Diorama in Park Square (the latter building is now a Baptist chapel), which showed immense pictures of interesting places; the Colosseum in Regent's Park, where there were similar pictures and music and refreshments; and the Polytechnic in Regent Street, where the chief attractions were a diving-bell which conveyed enterprising visitors down under water in a big tank, and Professor Pepper's chemical lectures and experiments, which really did something to teach science in popular fashion. Then there was the Great Globe, in a building which occupied the whole centre of Leicester Square, and was supposed to teach geography in an attractive way; but as the staircases and platforms from which the studies were carried on were inside the Globe, the gigantic map was concave in form instead of convex, and the effect was curiously disconcerting.

There was one "entertainment" which was quite unique. This was Albert Smith's Mont Blanc. For many years, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, familiar afterwards to admirers of Maskelyne and Cooke, Albert Smith gave his lecture twice a day to crowded audiences. It was partly humorous, showing up the absurdities of raw English folk on Continental travel; and he introduced "patter-songs," the chief of them being an imaginary review of *Galignani's Messenger*, for which he continually supplied new punning verses noticing current events. I remember that

when Tait was appointed Bishop of London, two lines of this song were :—

"Of course, we know the head of the Church
Must always be a *Tête.*"

Each verse had a refrain, which I also recollect :—

"Beside our press,
We must confess,
All other sheets look small ;
For *Galignani's Messenger's*
The greatest of them all !"

But the second part of the entertainment was grave, and exceedingly impressive. Strong light was thrown upon a sheet which revolved vertically, and which pictured the successive stages of the ascent of Mount Blanc. As the sheet slowly went down, the effect was as if we spectators were ascending the mountain. Slow music accompanied the moving panorama, and as the successive halts were supposed to take place—at the Grands Mulets, for instance—the sheet stopped, and Smith described the situation. At that time he was looked upon as quite a hero for having made that almost impossible ascent. The days of lady climbers of the Matterhorn itself were not yet ! Nor was Mr. Cook ! and there can be no doubt that Albert Smith did much to promote and popularise the idea of foreign travel.

At a later period came another famous entertainment—Charles Dickens's readings from his own works. These were immensely popular, and seats in the old St. James's Hall (now pulled down to make room for the Piccadilly Hotel) had to be booked weeks beforehand. I once heard him, the

readings that night being the story of Steerforth and Little Em'ly from "David Copperfield," and the Trial Scene from "Pickwick." I thought his reading of the pathetic parts far more effective than that of the comic passages.

Reverting to Exeter Hall, let me not forget to mention the winter courses of lectures arranged by the Y.M.C.A. These lectures were of a high character, and were attended by large gatherings, consisting particularly, but by no means exclusively, of young men. Tickets for the course of twelve were 10s. and 5s. I went to a good many, and have pleasant recollections of them. The most popular lecturers were well-known preachers and divines, such as the great Evangelical Church leaders—Hugh McNeile, Hugh Stowell, Dr. Miller, &c., and distinguished Nonconformists like Morley Punshon, Henry Allon, Thomas Binney, &c. Mr. Punshon, who was a Wesleyan minister, was a real orator, and his historical lectures on the Huguenots, Admiral Coligny, and similar subjects, were very brilliant. Even the *Saturday Review*, then at the height of its reputation as the first of all periodical publications, had an article on "Mr. Punshon's Lectures," praising them highly, and contrasting them with what it called Spurgeon's "vulgarity." But, after all, Spurgeon was incomparable, and very few of the Exeter Hall lectures came near two of his for power. One was on "Counterfeits," and the other entitled "De Propaganda Fide"; and the latter was one of the most moving missionary addresses ever delivered. Here I might introduce one of Spurgeon's best hits, which I heard myself, though it belongs to a much later period. He was addressing young

men in Exeter Hall, and he said, "The young man of the present day is like a telescope. You draw him out"—and he raised his arms as if he were the captain of a ship preparing to scan the horizon; "you see through him"—and he pretended to lift the instrument to his eye; "and"—bringing his right fist down upon his left palm—"you shut him up!"

CHAPTER IV

PERSONAL

Parentage—Childhood—Isle of Wight—Education—Literary Beginnings—Boyish Religion—City Life—Captains Yule and Mann—Marriage—Personal Religion—C.E.Y.M.S.—Tait, Phillips, Ford—Working Men's Institute—Islington Church Extension—My Lectures—King's College—Plumptre—May, 1873—At Home.

THESE Recollections are not intended to form an autobiography, and I have no thought of putting into print the uninteresting details of my personal life. But to note a few leading facts seems necessary, in order to make the following chapters intelligible.

My father was a gentleman of position and wealth, who resided much in France, and whose fortune was entirely lost through speculations on the French Bourse. My mother was a highly educated and accomplished lady, whose own property almost wholly disappeared in the same wreck. When I was ten years old, that is, in 1846, my mother was left with my two sisters and myself, the remnant of her fortune barely sufficing for our maintenance.

Some of my earliest recollections are of the Isle of Wight. Four or five years of my childhood were spent at Ryde; and I can recall drives to Shanklin, Ventnor, Blackgang Chine, Carisbrooke, Freshwater, Alum Bay, &c. Of course there were no railways there in those days. Neither were there steamers in the earlier 'forties. Passengers were conveyed

between Portsmouth and Ryde in small sailing wherries. It was in such a one that I was taken to visit the British Fleet at Spithead in 1841, as mentioned in my first chapter. The church we attended was St. James's, of which a once celebrated clergyman was Incumbent—Mr. Sibthorp, a fervent Evangelical preacher who presently joined the Church of Rome. I can remember another well-known Evangelical preacher, Robert Montgomery of Percy Chapel, near Oxford Street (the same man whose poems fell under the lash of Macaulay's satire), coming to preach at St. James's. I cannot have been more than seven years old, yet I can recall his text, Ps. lxxxix. 47, "O remember how short my time is." I remember also learning the whole of the Sermon on the Mount by heart, one verse a day for (I suppose) one hundred and seven days, or three months and a half. This reminds me to observe how important it is for children to learn Scripture by heart, even if they do not understand it. What they thoroughly learn in their earliest years they will never entirely forget, and most helpful will it be afterwards. I learned, verse by verse, many chapters: Isa. liii., liv., lv., John xiv. to xvii., Rom. viii. and xii., Heb. xi. to xiii., all St. James, all 1 Peter, and other passages.

London, Brighton, and Lowestoft divided the years of my boyhood from eight to seventeen; and in subsequent chapters I shall mention a good many incidents of that period. My education was very casual. I began French at the age of six, but Latin and Greek not till I was eleven. I was set to learn the first Latin declension in February 1847, and in May of that year I was reading Virgil; so

I was not exactly stupid. That was at a capital school for day boys, at Bayswater. In 1851–53 I was at Arnold House, Lowestoft. But my self-education was at least as important. I delighted in history, and devoured Gibbon and Hallam and many other less-known historians. I remember that I knew by heart—not as a school lesson, but from my private reading—all the names and dates of the Dukes of Genoa and Doges of Venice. At one time I set about collecting names of battles, and succeeded in getting a list of two thousand names, entering in separate columns the name of the place, the names of the contending parties, the date, and the nature of the conflict, whether land-battle, sea-fight, siege, &c. I will even venture to mention that, much earlier than this, when I was nine or ten years old, I wrote an imaginary "History of Elegonia," out of my own head. The MS. turned up a few years ago among some old papers, and proved to be illustrated with coloured pictures, painted with the colours in my little paint-box.

It was at that time—that is, when I was ten, and before I began Latin—that I read my first novels, naturally historical ones, Scott's *Talisman* and *Quentin Durward*, Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, and several by G. P. R. James, a voluminous but now forgotten writer; also Disraeli's *Alroy*. Of course *Robinson Crusoe* and *Sandford and Merton* were already familiar. So was the *Arabian Nights*, which was read by most young people in those days. I am disposed to think that children are almost the only people who can read that book without harm. The innocent mind does not see the grossness.

I do not know how it came to pass that my boyish

interest in history was more particularly concentrated on Italy, but it was so; and I once wrote, with infinite pains and care, a long lecture on that fascinating subject, which I read to an audience consisting of my mother and two sisters; the lecture being read in instalments, as it occupied four or five hours. A year or two later, when I was fifteen, I actually gave a public lecture, though still wearing a boy's jacket and broad turn-down collar. My audience this time was the Lowestoft Mutual Improvement Society, a small institution got up for the benefit of the people by Mr. Daniel Henry Fry, who was the youngest son of the famous Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, one of "the Gurneys of Earlham." My topic was Pompeii, and I made some diagrams to hang up; which latter fact I had completely forgotten until I myself visited Pompeii in 1891. When I stood before one of the ancient wine-shops, I instantly recognized the ground-plan of one of my diagrams, copied forty years before from some book on the subject.

I ought not to omit altogether a reference to my boyish religion. Till I was thirteen, I just learned my verses, read my chapter, said my prayers, like any other ordinary "good boy"; but the first feeling of a personal responsibility to God came then in a curious way. I had two extremely vivid dreams on (I think) successive nights, both of them of the End of the World and the Last Judgement. I fancy that I had been seeing some picture which put the subject into my mind—perhaps one of Haydon's which was at that time at the Pantheon Bazaar in Oxford Street (now Gilbey's); but any way I have never been able to doubt that I was an illus-

tration of the view that it does sometimes please God, even now, to give men His messages through the medium of dreams. Just at that time, a lady who was giving me drawing-lessons gave me also a book—Jacob Abbott's *Young Christian*. What I owe to that book I can never adequately say. In after years I almost knew it by heart. I then began, in a simple boyish way, not merely to "say my prayers," but to *pray*. It was shortly after this that occurred my time of residence at Brighton, in connection with which I shall have to speak in another chapter of Mr. Vaughan, whose sermons made a deep impression upon me. When I hear men say that spiritual religion of a definite kind cannot be looked for in boys, I cannot help smiling, as I remember the books I valued, the hymns I was wont to repeat to myself as I walked, and generally the *appetite* I had for all teaching of a distinctly spiritual character. But I must add that all this only lasted two or three years. After that, I completely fell away, for about five years, from this condition of personal religion. I certainly ceased even to "say my prayers."

When my Lowestoft school-fellows went on to Eton or Rugby, and in one or two cases direct to the University, I went to London to seek employment; but it was not till I was nineteen that I actually obtained a seat in a merchant's office—the one in which, as I before mentioned, Reginald Hankey, the great Oxford bat, served for a short time. I was introduced by another man who was learning business there—Andrew Johnston—who had been in the same Lowestoft school as myself (but a little before my time), and had since been at Rugby and (I think) Oxford. In after years he became

M.P. for South Essex, and subsequently Chairman of the Essex County Council. I remember him in office days as an admirer of "beer, glorious beer"; but he became an ardent teetotaller, set up a coffee-house nearly opposite the gate of his brewer-cousin E. N. Buxton's park at Woodford, and called it the "Wilfrid Lawson"!

I served eighteen years in that office, being chief clerk during the latter half of that period, yet never really caring for mercantile life. Eventually, just when I was going to be a partner, the firm became bankrupt, the senior member, Mr. G. B. Carr, having died suddenly, and the junior partner, Mr. J. W. Hoare (of the Fleet Street banking family), being unable to retrieve a losing position.

During the whole of that time I lived in Islington: at first as a "paying guest" in the house of Commander James Yule, R.N., a member of the well-known Scottish family of which Sir Henry Yule, the author of important works on the travels of Marco Polo and other Asiatic subjects, has been the most conspicuous representative. Through him I came to know his friend Commander Adrian Mann, R.N., who had been Governor of Lewes Prison when the Russian prisoners taken in the Baltic during the Crimean War were confined there. When peace was made in 1856, he was sent by the Admiralty with these prisoners to restore them to Russia, and was then retired from active service. In 1862 I married his eldest daughter, Eliza.

Reverting to the subject of personal religion, the renewal of it in my life came in 1857, when I was twenty-one. I had been mercifully kept from vice, and that is all I can say of the preceding five years,

which ought to have been so different from what they were. Various influences were the instruments in God's hand of bringing me back, but I need not enter into details. Let me only say that I look back upon the change with deepest thankfulness.

I now threw myself into Sunday-school work and other branches of home missions in connection with two churches to be noticed more particularly by-and-by—Trinity and St. Thomas's—occupying in this way the whole of the leisure hours of my evenings, and Sundays. Of Sunday-schools I shall write in another chapter. Of other spheres of work I must say a few words here.

I was for some years an active member of the Church of England Young Men's Society. This was one of the organizations absorbed forty years later in the C.E.M.S.; but in the 'fifties and 'sixties it was exercising an important influence, particularly in Islington, being supported by all the clergy, and the Y.M.C.A. being weak. It occupied for a time Canonbury Tower, the picturesque old building which was once Queen Elizabeth's hunting-lodge (when, I suppose, the now populous neighbourhood was a forest), and in which, two hundred years later, Oliver Goldsmith is said to have written the *Vicar of Wakefield.* Among the Honorary Secretaries of the Society I may mention E. J. Tabrum, of whom I have more to say in another chapter, and Robert R. Resker, now Vicar of Purley, and well known for his active work for the Sunday-school Institute. But during the period of the occupancy of Canonbury Tower the Hon. Sec. was George Martin Tait, a civil servant under Government who gave his leisure hours to good works, and who in later years made

his wife's house—Suffolk Villa—a valued centre of Christian and missionary influence. He was the father (by a former wife) of the present Principal of Ridley Hall. Two other particular friends of mine among my fellow-members were T. Adams Phillips and C. R. Ford. Both in after years lived at Bromley, in Kent, and became influential men there. Phillips, who was a prosperous solicitor, died in 1893. His widow gave herself to good works till her death fifteen years later. His son, one of my godsons, followed his father's profession ; and his daughters are all leading active and useful lives, one being a C.M.S. missionary in Persia, and another an energetic member of the Christian Social Union, the Industrial Law Committee, &c. C. R. Ford has continued to this day, having been, at one time, Secretary of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, and afterwards having a business similar to W. H. Smith & Son. Besides a large amount of important local work, he has become in recent years a highly esteemed member of the C.M.S. Committee. He has been for more than half a century a Sunday-school and Bible-class teacher.

Another interest of mine was a Working Men's Institute at St. Thomas's, of which I was Hon. Secretary for three or four years. During the winter months I was generally there four evenings every week. I got up for the members several courses of lectures—scientific, social, biographical, &c., and gave some myself, particularly one on "Self-Made Men" (Humphry Davy, Hugh Miller, John Kitto, and Budgett of Bristol), and another on "The Curiosity Shop of Mr. English Language," based on Trench's *Study of Words*.

For another three or four years I was Lay Secretary of the Islington Church Extension Society, my clerical colleague being Mesac Thomas, afterwards Bishop of Goulburn, New South Wales. I had a considerable share in raising the funds for building St. Bartholomew's, Shepperton Street, and St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise. I shall by-and-by mention the inauguration of this Society by Bishop Tait, and his imitation of it in the Bishop of London's fund.

I was for a time much interested in physical science. I did not know very much, but what little I did know—as of other subjects—I was keen to pass on to others. It was only about 1860 that Spectrum Analysis came to the front, owing to the discoveries of Bunsen and Kirchhoff. Popular accounts of the wonderful new method of examining the constitution of the material world began to appear. About the same time Professor Tyndall was giving his lectures on Heat and cognate subjects, and these were published and widely read. In my customary way I prepared lectures on the Spectrum and on Visible and Invisible Rays, with diagrams and simple chemical experiments, and gave them at various local meetings. I did the same a little later with the discoveries at Jerusalem which set the Palestine Exploration Fund on its legs. Mr. George Grove's letters describing them appeared in the *Times* in November 1867, and excited the deepest interest.

Another subject on which I gave lectures introduces an episode which in its issues had a dominating influence on my after life. I was attending evening lectures at King's College, on the German Language

and on Commerce and Commercial Law—the latter by Professor Leone Levi—with a view to making myself more efficient in my City office, little as I cared for my daily occupation. Nothing came of these studies ; but my friend T. Adams Phillips was attending Professor Plumptre's Divinity Lectures on Wednesday evenings, and asked me to go with him. The subject of the Winter Session 1860–61 was Butler's Analogy. I had read the book, but only in a casual way. Now I became an enthusiast about it, and when the examination was held in April, I was bracketed third in a class of one hundred and eighty students. The first prize was taken by Edward Arber, since well known for his antiquarian and literary labours. I soon made use of my appreciation of Butler. I gave four lectures to the Young Men's Society, the titles of which may interest students of the Analogy: (1) Man's Place in God's Universe, (2) The Future Life and the Preparation for it, (3) Revelation: its Need, Evidence, and Authority, (4) The Mediator: His Work and its Results. I also wrote a series of articles for the Sunday-school Institute's Magazine, entitled "A Teacher's Gatherings from Butler's Analogy," in which I tried, by means of illustrations, to bring the arguments of the famous treatise down to the simplest understanding.

Then, in the next two Winter Sessions, Plumptre lectured on the Life of Christ and on the Old Testament Prophets. Both courses deeply interested me, and the former set me on the studies which led me afterwards to write my Sunday-school Lessons,—and *they* led me to the C.M.S., as will appear by-and-by. I became a keen admirer of Plumptre's writings,

both prose and poetry; and I still think his commentaries on Isaiah, Jeremiah, the Synoptic Gospels, the Acts, and II. Corinthians, in Ellicott's Commentary published by Cassells, the best for the average English reader. Before he became Dean of Wells, he was Vicar of St. George's, Bickley; and I was highly pleased when, in 1875, he invited me thither to give an address and training-lesson to his Sunday-school teachers. But I did not think then that I should myself become, thirty years later, a resident at Bickley.

It will be understood that these various occupations, and the Sunday-school Institute work, and the editing of *Church Bells*—to be noticed in other chapters—were leisure-hour employments; my days up till May 1873 being occupied with the City office work above mentioned. That memorable month ended my City life, and took me to the Church Missionary Society. The firm failed on May 29th, and threw me on the world at the age of thirty-seven, without a notion what I should do. On June 9th, to my utter astonishment, came the letter from the C.M.S. Was it a coincidence? or was it the gracious Providence of God?

I continued to live in Islington after joining the C.M.S.; and it is a curious fact, unknown to me at first, that the house I occupied from 1873 to 1884, No. 12 Milner Square (a good residential locality in those days), had been, with No. 11, the original C.M.S. Missionaries' Children's Home. My wife Eliza died in 1882. Within a fortnight of her death Archbishop Tait passed away, and I wrote to his chaplain, Randall Davidson, whom I knew, about it. In looking over old letters I have come

across the following, which it is interesting to read now :—

ADDINGTON PARK, 18 *Dec.*, '82.

DEAR MR. STOCK,—I have been intending every day to write to you to thank you for a very kind letter received from you the day after our dear Archbishop was taken from us.

I had not before heard of your own sorrow, in which you will perhaps allow me to express now a deep and respectful sympathy; and our fellowship in sorrow may be a link to unite us in prayer for the same strength from Above, though the circumstances are so different.

God *is* very gracious in times such as these, and our hearts are specially full of thankfulness to Him just now for all the comfort and help He has given us.—Ever yours very truly,

RANDALL T. DAVIDSON.

During the twenty years of widowerhood that followed, my house was kept by my wife's two surviving sisters, Maria and Fanny Mann. In 1884 we moved to 130 Haverstock Hill. Of course my home was the home also of my own two sisters; but Sarah for several years spent the winter at Bournemouth on account of her health, and Caroline lived and worked in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green as a member (an honorary member) of the Mission of which Miss Annie Macpherson was the head. Maria Mann was Secretary for more than thirty years of the Industrial Home for Boys, in Copenhagen Street, now belonging to the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society.

CHAPTER V

SOME CHURCHES AND CLERGY: BRIGHTON AND LOWESTOFT

Proprietary Chapels—Brighton: Vaughan and Robertson—Voysey—Lowestoft: the Cunninghams, Anna Hinderer.

I MAY begin by referring to the proprietary chapels in which, up to about half a century ago, most Evangelical clergymen in London had to minister. Very few parishes in those days had Evangelical Rectors or Vicars; and the Bishops, with a kindly good sense which may fairly be set against many of their shortcomings in those days, were wont to license these private buildings for Divine service. Few of them remain now, and some of these have been consecrated as district churches, like St. Paul's, Portman Square, and St. James's, Pentonville; while others have been superseded by regular churches, as Bayswater Chapel by St. Matthew's. Eaton Chapel has lately been pulled down; and I suppose the only real chapels of the old type remaining are Belgrave Chapel, Brunswick Chapel, St. John's Chapel at Hampstead, and Ram's Chapel at Homerton. I can well remember Robert Montgomery at Percy Chapel; C. Smalley, senior, at Bayswater Chapel; and Fisk at Maida Hill Chapel (now Emmanuel Church). These chapels had no schools attached to them, still less the modern

"Parish Room" or "Mission Hall"; indeed, they were little more than Mission Halls themselves in an ecclesiastical sense. So where could any congregational Meetings be held? One might almost say there were none; but small gatherings might be held in the vestry, and I remember a missionary Meeting in Bayswater Chapel at the time of the C.M.S. Jubilee, for which a temporary platform was actually put up in the chapel itself, in front of the communion table and pulpit and desk. It was at Park Chapel, Chelsea, I believe, that the very first children's service was held. The Rev. James Vaughan was curate there, and preached what I understand was the first sermon in London addressed directly to children. For this occasion he asked the clerk, Mr. Bilby, to compose a hymn; and the result was "Here we suffer grief and pain." This was at an earlier period, before my time, but I afterwards knew old Bilby as parish clerk of Islington.

This Mr. Vaughan was afterwards well known as Incumbent of Christ Church, Brighton; and no other preacher has ever been to me quite what he was. As a boy I simply drank in his words; I went home and wrote out his sermons from memory; and I possess some of those youthful attempts at reproduction to this day. He preached wonderful children's sermons, and I can never forget one on "Think on these things" (Phil. iv. 8); but I valued the ordinary sermons more. Christ Church was a fashionable church in those days, crowded by well-dressed people; but what would be said now of the service? There was, of course, a "three-decker." Mr. Vaughan would be in the pulpit; Mr. Hall, the curate (whose widow, not long deceased, had in recent

years so much to do with the building of St. John's, Boscombe), in the desk below ; and the clerk in the little box below that again. Cowper, in "The Sofa," says :

> "Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
> The tedious Rector drawling o'er his head,
> And sweet the clerk below, But . . . "

I may inject a different "but." *But* neither curate nor clerk was tempted to sleep at Christ Church ! This, however, is not my immediate point. It is that there was no organ in the church, and I fancy harmoniums did not then exist—certainly not American organs. The clerk had a flute concealed under his desk. When the hymn was given out he stooped down, out of sight, and blew on the flute the key-note of the tune ; and two or three young women sitting on a free seat close by then started the hymn. The musical effect was not great. We could not have taught the present choir at St. Paul's very much. But the fact remains that those hymns lifted the soul of one boy of fourteen towards heaven ; and he could now, after the lapse of more than half a century, tell particular hymns sung on particular occasions. For instance, he has never forgotten that on a certain Thursday evening, when the sermon was on David and Goliath, they were "Soldiers of Christ, arise" and "Oft in danger, oft in woe." Mr. Vaughan did not know that boy at the time ; but thirty years later the latter had the intense happiness of personal intercourse with the former.

Mr. Vaughan, however, was not the leading Evangelical clergyman at Brighton. The brothers E. B. and H. V. Elliott were certainly more conspicuous ;

the former the author of the great book on Revelation, *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, and father of (among others) the late Miss Elliott, of Mildmay, author of *Copsley Annals;* and the latter the father of the present Sir Charles Elliott; both of them brothers of Charlotte Elliott, who wrote "Just as I am."

But there was another Brighton clergyman of (eventually) much wider reputation—F. W. Robertson, at Trinity Chapel. I once went there and heard him. Every seat was occupied; many were standing; I sat on the floor. The sermon was one which I now know to have been one of his greatest, read all over the world since then, on Abraham's intercession for Sodom; but it did not touch or even interest me. I wanted real food for my soul; and my one experience of Robertson—great as he assuredly was—did not tempt me away from Vaughan.

Two other personal reminiscences of Brighton in 1850 have a certain interest—a wedding and a funeral. In the old Parish Church of St. Nicholas I witnessed the marriage of the Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton with the daughter of a clergyman who had been Robertson's predecessor, J. S. M. Anderson. That bride and bridegroom celebrated their golden wedding a few years ago; and soon afterwards I had the pleasure of telling them of my reminiscence. They were the late Bishop of Ely and his wife. The funeral was one the chief mourner at which was also still among us until three or four years ago—Prebendary Snowdon Smith, then Incumbent of All Souls'. The body laid to rest was that of the mother of the late Archbishop of Sydney. Mr. Vaughan preached the funeral sermon, and I went to All Souls' to hear it.

His text was Psalm xvi. 11: "The path of life"—the Christian's walk upon earth; "fulness of joy"—his state after death; "pleasures for evermore"—the resurrection-life to come. Preacher for next Sunday! remember that there may be in your church a boy, unknown to you, who will remember your sermon fifty years hence—and preach accordingly!

There is another clergyman still alive with whom I came into personal contact a year or two later, and whom I have never seen since—the Rev. Charles Voysey, the minister still in old age of, alas! the "Theistic Church." There is no harm in my saying that, although he was only my tutor for about two months, he won my heart as few men have ever done, and exercised a healthy spiritual influence over me of which I just then stood in sore need. I have not a scrap of poetry in my nature, but I actually did, when he left the neighbourhood where I came across him, write a poem as a farewell letter to him. I think the subject was Martin Luther—who was a great hero of mine after reading D'Aubigné. I suppose Mr. Voysey was even then beginning to sit loose to Evangelical doctrine, for he used to speak in enthusiastic terms of a teacher named (as I thought) Morris—really Frederick Denison Maurice. I remember that this shocked the headmaster of the school, Arnold House, Lowestoft, in which he was a tutor. That headmaster was Richard Hibbs, whose memory I revere as that of a scholar, a gentleman, and a true Christian, but who afterwards achieved a somewhat unhappy reputation as a persistent open-air speaker against the Poor Law, on account of which he was more than once summoned by the police.

Among the clergy I met in my younger days none have left a happier memory than Francis Cunningham, of Lowestoft. I only knew him, of course, in his old age. He and his brother, John Cunningham of Harrow, were in the front rank of the Evangelical clergy in the middle of the century. John was a prominent leader, a frequent speaker at Exeter Hall, and for a time editor of the principal Evangelical organ (next to the *Record*), the *Christian Observer*. But him I never met. Francis was a quiet country clergyman, universally beloved, but not much before the world. His wife was Richenda Gurney, one of the bright and brilliant sisters who live in the pages of Augustus Hare's *Gurneys of Earlham*.

What shall I say of these two lovely characters? Anything more perfect than their united life has surely never been seen in this world. Francis Cunningham was a tall, handsome, white-haired old man, grave and stately, yet with kindness beaming in his face. Richenda Cunningham was bright, vivacious, active, one might almost say (in a good sense) bustling. She was up with the lark, and I have seen her walking off briskly towards a neighbouring country-house to breakfast at 8 A.M. She had no children, and she gave herself to hospitality. Lowestoft Vicarage was an open house, and still more was the beautiful garden, laid out in terraces down the cliff side to the Denes, *i.e.* the open ground stretching to the seashore. Distinguished people were occasionally to be met. Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, had a house at Lowestoft for a time. Baron Alderson and his family came there in the summer, and his daughter, the late Marchioness of Salisbury, was one of the girls of the period. Of course, various members of

the Gurney and Buxton and Barclay and Fry clans were frequent visitors. But all sorts of people, young and old, rich and poor, were welcome, and among them moved the beautiful old lady with the brightest of smiles and the cheeriest of words.

One of the institutions of the Vicarage was the Sunday afternoon hymn-singing, following the five o'clock Sunday tea. I say "Sunday tea," for it was no modern "five o'clock" in the drawing-room, but a regular meal at the dining-room table. Then, in the drawing-room, Mrs. Cunningham sat down to the piano; the maid-servants, pupil-teachers, &c., who formed the church choir, came in; and all the guests—and that "tea" was open to everybody—were expected to join in the hymn-singing. I say "were expected to." It was not always voluntary. Mrs. Cunningham delighted to get in fashionable young men staying at the Royal Hotel—perhaps for the regatta; and very sheepish they looked, standing there with the hymn-books handed to them, especially when she turned to the group and said, "Isn't it sweet?" One of her favourite hymns was "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," sung to that wonderful, long-forgotten—but to me well-beloved—tune, "Calcutta." She occasionally got hold of a new hymn, and had it specially printed. One of these which I remember was "Through the love of God our Saviour, All will be well," and another, "Go when the morning shineth."

There are two books, published long since, which describe these scenes. One is a very clever novel called *Wheat and Tares*, by Sir Henry Cunningham, a son of John of Harrow. In that story "Westport" or "Westmouth" (I forget the name given to the

place) is Lowestoft, and "The Archdeacon" and his wife are Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cunningham. The picture drawn is an amusing one, and, of course, something of a caricature, without ill-nature; but it is a libel in one respect, for either "the Archdeacon" or his wife (I forget which) is represented as grim and severe—which is far indeed from the actual fact. No doubt, however, the author purposely refrained from making the likeness too exact; but it is unmistakable, nevertheless.

The other book is the Memoir of Mrs. Anna Hinderer, the missionary of Ibadan, in West Africa. Anna Martin was an orphan who lived with the Cunninghams as an adopted daughter. She was a graceful and attractive young woman, and most useful in the parish, superintending the Sunday-school, managing the parochial library, and so forth, and, in the house, acting as secretary and general factotum. David Hinderer was a German missionary of the C.M.S., who certainly was *not* handsome, though he was good as gold. Mr. Venn had sent him to various places during his first furlough, privately informing the friends he was sent to that he wanted a wife. Hinderer, however, did not take to anyone he met with until he came to Lowestoft, and there he fixed on Anna Martin—to the dismay of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham at the idea of losing one so identified with their daily life. In due course, however, the lovers were married, the wags describing them as "Beauty and the Beast." I myself was present both at the church and at the wedding breakfast—one of the old-fashioned, grand quasi-luncheons which have gone out of fashion since the law has allowed later hours for marriages. Speeches were made after the

breakfast, one of them by Mrs. Cunningham herself, in accordance with the old Quaker custom. The account of the wedding, and of the Vicarage life, which appears in the Memoir of Mrs. Hinderer, was based upon information supplied to the authors (the daughters of the late Archdeacon Hone) by myself, and is partly my own writing. That account is in part copied by Mr. Hare into *The Gurneys of Earlham*, and (unlike all other extracts in that book) without mention of its source.

CHAPTER VI

SOME CHURCHES AND CLERGY: ISLINGTON

Daniel Wilson—Hambleton—Mackenzie, Carpenter, Stuart—Calthrop—Trinity and St. Thomas's: Vincent, Allen, &c.—Billing and Julius—St. John's Hall: Boultbee and Waller—C.M. College: Childe Green, Barlow, &c.

TURNING to the Islington clergy in the 'sixties and 'seventies, one thinks first of Daniel Wilson, "the old Vicar," as he was called, the second of that name, who succeeded his father, the Bishop of Calcutta, in 1832, and held the Vicarage more than fifty years. In his prime he was a fine specimen of an English clergyman, "upright, downright, and straightforward," as a friend of mine once expressed it. He was not a great preacher, but he was a capable man of affairs, and an excellent chairman. He was a decided Churchman as well as a decided Protestant; and when he was examined before the Ritual Commission of 1867, the High Church members were surprised to find the strictness with which he observed rubrics that were pretty generally neglected by Evangelicals.

The oldest church after St. Mary's Parish Church was the Chapel-of-Ease, now St. Mary Magdalene. It had a highly respectable and well-to-do congregation, mainly Highbury residents. The Rev. John Hambleton was the Incumbent, a sound and solid theologian, quite the Nestor of the local clergy.

He was famous for his reading of the Lessons, and I remember being quite startled one Good Friday by his dramatic utterance of the words, "Now Barabbas was a robber."

The most popular church in Islington was St. James's, Holloway. Its first Incumbent was the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, and he had been there some years before my time. It was his first cure, and he held it for thirty-two years, until his death in 1870. He gradually built up a great congregation, who were devoted to him. The ground floor and a large part of the deep gallery were wholly occupied by pews, which were always let, and new-comers had to wait long for a chance of getting one. To obtain one of the few free seats people stood at the door before the hour of opening. In due course the church had to be enlarged, but how? for there was no more space upon its area. It was determined to enlarge it vertically. The roof was lifted up and a second gallery erected, partly suspended from the top. Moreover, another small gallery was opened out over the vestry, which was behind the east end (there was no chancel), so that people in it were actually sitting over the Communion Table—as, by the way, I did in Westminster Abbey at the Queen's Jubilee in 1887. The upper gallery quickly became crowded by some 400 genuine working people, which showed that they would come to church when they were not obliged to sit close to "the quality." The regular congregation comprised an unusual number of hard-headed men—lawyers and merchants and City men generally; and as for young men, it was long the regular fashion for Sunday-school teachers and others in neighbouring parishes,

while loyally attending their own churches in the morning, to walk in little companies to St. James's in the evening, and squeeze into the free seats somehow. Yet Mr. Mackenzie was not a powerful orator by any means, nor a genius in any way. All his sermons were read from the MS., and not specially well read either. There was nothing emotional about him. He was a plain, practical Scotchman. But he knew the human heart as few men did; he knew the real difficulties and temptations of business men, a knowledge constantly increased by his frequent private interviews with those who came to him for counsel—spiritual counsel no doubt, but often counsel respecting earthly concerns. He was, in fact, the great Evangelical "confessor." I was once talking about "confession" with a well-known advanced High Churchman, who was telling me how he was wont to take anyone who came to him about a sin or sins to his church, put on a surplice, and pronounce the Absolution over him (I presume the one in the Visitation Service), and he asked me, "What does Mackenzie do?" I replied, "He shows them God's promises in the Bible, prays with them, and points them to the Great High Priest, whose absolution is final and infallible." My friend was a really good man, for whom I had a high regard; but what a gulf between his method and Mackenzie's!

In 1870 Mackenzie became very ill, and he borrowed a curate from Blackheath, who was said to be a good preacher, to take the services for him for a few weeks. But that sickness ended in death, and Daniel Wilson appointed that Blackheath curate to the vacancy. It was W. Boyd Carpenter! The

result was that the church remained as crowded as ever; not entirely by the same people, for Mr. Carpenter soon attracted fresh disciples of his own. I was told by that same High Churchman to whom I alluded above that one Sunday evening Canon Liddon (whom he knew intimately) went up to St. James's, sat unseen in a distant corner, and went back to Dean Church, saying: "Carpenter would be the first preacher in England if only he were a good Churchman." When the future Bishop of Ripon was appointed to Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, he was succeeded by Mr. E. A. Stuart, and still St. James's continued as full as ever—though again with some little shifting of the congregation. Is it not an almost unique thing for a church seating 2000 people to be crowded under three successive Incumbents? And has it not fairly kept up even since then?

A church that by-and-by rivalled St. James's in popularity was St. Augustine's, Highbury. When substantial detached houses began to be built in that neighbourhood, a wealthy gentleman undertook to build a church. A spacious iron building, however, was first put up, and there came to it, from Cheltenham, the Rev. Gordon Calthrop. The temporary building filled at once. The handsome permanent church filled the moment it was opened; and for many years, until his death, Mr. Calthrop held a position second to none. He was perfectly fearless, and denounced without mercy fashionable foibles as well as fashionable sins. And yet "denounced" is not quite the right word. "Exposed" and "held up to contempt" would be better. I once myself heard him exclaim, describing the covetous

man, "There goes old Money-bags—a-a-a-h!" and then go on to picture him feverishly heaping up riches in the City all day, and coming home to a heavy dinner and a heavy sleep afterwards while pretending to read the *Times*. But if Mr. Calthrop was an Elijah, he was an Elisha too. He was personally the gentlest and most affectionate of men, and was deeply loved by his people.

My own churches were Trinity, Cloudesley Square, and St. Thomas's, Hemingford Road. Trinity was an "1830 church," which sufficiently describes its style; that is to say, it was a large church with great galleries, seating over two thousand people. In its early days it was quite full, and though the numbers fell off afterwards, they would have crowded an ordinary modern church. The Vicar of Trinity in the 'fifties and 'sixties was the Rev. William Vincent. He was an Oxford man who in his 'Varsity days had fought and beaten bargees on the river; but his fine physique covered, when I knew him, a singularly simple and gentle character. He was not a great preacher; indeed, it was rather the habit of Islington men, when they wished to depreciate a sermon, to say: "It was almost as poor as Vincent's."

His simplicity may be illustrated by an amusing sentence which I well remember in a sermon to young men. He warned them against reading "pernicious publications," "such as the *London Journal*, the *Family Herald*, *Reynolds' Miscellany*, and —*Punch*"! There was not much that was seriously "pernicious" in the first three; they were the sensational servant-girl literature of the period. But *Punch!* The dear man surely could never have seen that embodiment of British common-sense!

But, though Vincent was not great in preaching, he was great in prayer. Did any man ever equal his restrained and reverent fervour? He had a regular Saturday night Prayer-Meeting long before the Revival of 1860. After I had attended it a few weeks, he asked me to take one of the prayers. I said I never could do such a thing. "Mr. Stock," he rejoined, "that's pride." I fondly thought it was humility. But he was right; and I have always been thankful that he insisted on my finding my voice in extempore prayer. Moreover, if he was not an eloquent preacher, he was an earnest one. And he was, I believe, the very first London clergyman to preach in the open air. I could conduct any reader now to the place—a dead wall at the bottom of a poor street. Years after, I myself spoke from the same spot.

Mr. Vincent had a singular capacity for attracting men to him and letting them work in their own way. His Sunday-school was very efficient, and was superintended successively by two of the ablest teachers I ever knew—Henry W. Green, Secretary of the Infant Orphan Asylum, and W. T. Paton, well known in after years for his noble work at the Polytechnic as Mr. Quintin Hogg's second in command, and of whom I shall say more by-and-by. There was also a Sunday-school for boys of the "upper classes," which drew many from Highbury and Canonbury, where there were good houses and residents of some position. Such an agency is not uncommon now, but this was the first of its kind. There was also a large and flourishing Youth's Institute, founded by one of the curates, Arthur Sweatman, afterwards Bishop of Toronto. The educational machinery of

this Institute was admirable, and I believe I am correct in stating that Mr. Quintin Hogg derived from it his idea of a great institution of the kind, which issued in his purchase of the old Polytechnic and in the wonderful developments of technical education all over the land inspired by his enterprise. Trinity, Islington, therefore both started schemes and supplied men.

In 1860, a new church, St. Thomas's, was opened in a working-class district on the Caledonian Road, carved out of Trinity parish. It was a small building in superficial area, but a large gallery helped it to seat nearly 1000 people. A curate of Mr. Hambleton's at the Chapel-of-Ease was appointed to the new church, the Rev. George Allen. He had been trained for the ministry at King's College, London, which, with Dr. McCaul, the greatest Hebrew scholar of the day, and men like Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) and Plumptre (afterwards Dean of Wells) as its professors, gave a first-rate theological education. The church filled immediately, and was for some years a remarkable success. I sometimes wonder whether any congregation now ever gets the systematic teaching that Allen gave his people. His Sunday morning sermons were solid instructions on doctrine. Those of Sunday evening were often courses—on such subjects as the life of Abraham, or David, or St. Peter, or the parables of Matt. xiii., or the book of Judges—full of practical application. But most remarkable were the Thursday evening lectures, in which he expounded Epistle after Epistle, verse by verse ; so that numbers of people, especially young men and women, really knew the letters to the Galatians or Colossians, or to Timothy, or to the

Hebrews, or St. James's Epistle. It is a striking fact that for a few years that Thursday night service was regularly attended by an average of 300 people. Allen's latter years—he died in the prime of life—were clouded; but I prefer to recall his period of almost unique success.

Reverting to Trinity Church, Vincent had three or four successors, one of whom was C. R. Alford, afterwards Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong; and then, in 1873, the living was vacant. Dr. Boultbee, Principal of the London College of Divinity, St. John's Hall, Highbury, asked me to suggest names for the Trustees of Trinity to consider. I gave him three: W. Hay M. H. Aitken, then a vicar at Liverpool, but already known as an able mission-preacher; Samuel Thornton, Rector of St. George's, Birmingham, afterwards Bishop of Ballarat; and R. C. Billing, of Louth, in Lincolnshire. The Trustees chose Billing, and he was Vicar of Trinity four years, 1874–78. I have never known anyone who came so near to the ideal of ability to be in two places at once. He was indeed the most untiring of men. While he was at Trinity, I happened to be asked by Prebendary Auriol, the Nestor of the Evangelical clergy, if I could suggest anyone for St. Pancras, which Mr. Thorold was vacating on becoming Bishop of Rochester. I named Billing. "No," said Auriol, "I don't like a man who tries to be Vicar of London, and so fails to be Vicar of his own parish"—alluding to Billing's astonishing ubiquity and habit of having a finger in every pie. I protested that he was quite mistaken. Billing was indeed Vicar of his own parish, missing nothing and neglecting nothing. But he did

not get St. Pancras. In one respect I must acknowledge that he did fail. He was no preacher. Some who remember him in later years as Bishop of Bedford, and know how popular his sermons then were, will be surprised at this statement; but the fact is that when he was constantly preaching at different churches people only heard him once, or perhaps twice, and then he was very impressive; but as a regular and continuous teacher he failed, for the simple reason that his wonderful activity in or out of the parish left him no time in his own study. He used to mourn over "that great church" (Trinity) because it was not full. Well, the congregation would have quite filled an ordinary modern church with 500 or 600 sittings; but to fill a huge building with galleries seating 2000 could only have been done by a great preacher, and that he was not. However, in 1878, Dawson Campbell—an admirable young clergyman, who would have done splendid service had he lived—came to me on behalf of the Buxton family, and asked me to suggest a man for the rectory of Spitalfields, a total abstainer for choice, "but not bigoted, because the brewery was in the parish." I suggested W. E. Littlewood. "No, he *is* bigoted!" "Well," I said, "Billing." Billing was appointed; and there in the East End he gained the reputation which led to Bishop Temple submitting his name as one of the two for the Queen to choose from for the suffragan-bishopric.

Billing was succeeded at Trinity by Churchill Julius, a protégé of Canon Christopher's, and a man of rare fascination. The congregation had long been dwindling, but he quickly revived it, though

even his twelve hundred did not fill a church seating two thousand. Julius was an unconventional man, with no great respect for either stiff Churchmanship or stiff Evangelicalism, or indeed for old-fashioned ways of any kind. When Moody and Sankey were in Islington the second time in 1883, they had, instead of the Agricultural Hall, only a temporary wooden building holding five thousand people, put up on a waste plot of ground behind the Church Missionary College. Overflow services were therefore necessary, and some of these were held in a large Congregationalist church nearly opposite, officially known as Union Chapel, but popularly called "Henry Allon's Cathedral." These services Moody committed to Julius, and he conducted them with great success. He was a rare musical genius. He declared that he could not read a note of printed music; but he would now and then go to a good West End concert, and, on coming home, would sit down at his piano or small organ, throw his head back, shut his eyes, and pour out of his fingers good music which he had that day heard for the first time. He improved the singing at Trinity, but the congregation were not then ready for the choral service he longed to introduce. There was, at Trinity Church, a popular Annual Sermon to Boys and Youths. In 1884 it was preached by Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor. In the preceding year I suggested to Julius that I should ask an old friend of mine, Bishop Samuel Thornton of Ballarat, who was in England at the time, to preach it. He came, and stayed with me for the week-end; and Julius dined with us on Saturday evening to meet him. His

sermon, let me say parenthetically, was a quite admirable one, on an unexpected text for such an occasion—Eph. ii. 18, "Through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father." "Boys!" he began, "do you know the name of this church? Holy Trinity! What does Trinity mean?"—and he proceeded to expound the great truth of the Three in One in the simplest language, and with the most practical application. But the whole incident had a remarkable issue. One day, two or three months after Thornton returned to Australia, Julius received a letter from him inviting him to go out there and be Archdeacon of Ballarat. "Will you go?" I asked. "I've got to go," he replied, meaning that so unlooked-for a call was clearly providential, and he had no right to hesitate. He went, with his wife and six young children. He quickly became one of the leading preachers in the Colony. And by-and-by the Diocese of Christchurch elected him its Bishop. There he has worked ever since; and there he received me when I visited New Zealand in 1892.

Many other Islington vicars might be referred to, but I must forbear. I must, however, briefly notice the Principals of St. John's Hall, Highbury, and the Church Missionary College. When Mr. Peache and his sister purchased the buildings at Highbury, added largely to them, and planned an Evangelical Divinity College, Dr. Boultbee, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, became Principal. He was emphatically a learned and thoughtful theologian, and a wise ecclesiastical counsellor; and he and Mrs. Boultbee made St. John's Hall quite an important social centre, not only for the clerical circles of Islington, but to some

extent for London Evangelicals generally. One of the most interesting functions I remember was a farewell gathering for Lieutenant Shergold Smith, the leader of the first missionary party to Uganda in 1876, who left the Navy and entered the College with a view to holy orders, but went to Africa instead. It was interesting that the man chosen to represent the students in the farewell speeches had also left the Queen's service—the Army—to prepare for the ministry—Nevile Sherbrooke. Lord Shaftesbury was present to give a veteran layman's benediction. Dr. Boultbee was succeeded in the Principalship by the Rev. C. H. Waller, who had been his second in command. Mr. Waller was a ripe scholar and an able teacher, and well known for his strong antagonism to modern critical views of the Old Testament. I have not known the College in more recent times.

The Principal of the Church Missionary College in my earliest Islington days was the Rev. C. F. Childe. He was almost an ideal man for such a post, but as I never personally knew him in that capacity I will say no more about it. But I knew him as a preacher. I was temporarily in Islington in boyish days, in the winter of 1850–51, the period of the excitement caused by the "Papal Aggression"; and I heard a course of masterly sermons by Childe on the Roman controversy. In his preaching he emulated Richard Baxter (*vide* the *Saints' Rest*) in the number of his divisions and subdivisions—beautifully clear, lucid, logical. I came to know him long afterwards, and was thus able to express to him my grateful memory of his teaching. I said he was "almost" an ideal Principal of a Missionary College; but the union of him and his successor,

Thomas Green, would have been quite ideal. Childe was very strict, and, with his family, lived almost an ascetic life. Green was gentle and tender, and was wont to make much allowance for the imperfections of the students, though in his own way quite as strong. I knew him well, and deeply valued his friendship. He was a delightful expositor of Scripture. To him succeeded A. H. Frost, a Cambridge wrangler and ex-missionary, whom I did not know personally. But in 1875 came W. H. Barlow, and I, being by that time a C.M.S. official, came to know both him and the College well. Under him it took a much higher position than ever before ; and the students began to distinguish themselves in the Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Theological Examinations, and in the Bishop of London's Examinations. Mrs. Barlow, too, exercised a particularly genial influence ; and during their time the College rivalled the Highbury College, under Boultbee, as a centre of social intercourse.

Barlow retired in 1882, after seven years' most successful work ; and after a few years at St. James's, Clapham, returned to Islington as Vicar of that great parish and Rural Dean. He proved a thorough man of business and a sagacious counsellor. When Bishop Creighton came to London in 1897, he soon felt the value of Barlow's advice, and often consulted him. As, indeed, did many others, particularly touching patronage. Barlow had a knowledge that was quite unique of the qualifications—and disqualifications !—of living men for particular posts. But he liked to hear the opinions of others ; and he often came to me for mine. He also, year by year, took me into counsel

in arranging the annual Islington Evangelical Conference, which, under his guidance, expanded from almost a private gathering to a great public function, the attendance rising from about three hundred clergy to a thousand. I valued his friendship, and Mrs. Barlow's, highly, and missed them when he became Dean of Peterborough. It was a mournful pleasure to be invited by his surviving son, Dr. Montague Barlow, to be one of the pall-bearers at his funeral.

Going back to his retirement from the C.M.S. College, I must lastly mention his successor, T. W. Drury, with whom I quickly became intimate, and during his Principalship I was often at the College. But this brings me down to a date much later than these earlier chapters are supposed to include, and I must only now add that Mr. Drury's appointment to Ridley Hall when Handley Moule became Bishop of Durham, and his subsequent elevation to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man, were steps in his career at which I rejoiced heartily.

CHAPTER VII

SOME CHURCH DEVELOPMENTS

Palmerston Bishops—Tait in London—St. Paul's Special Services—The Revival of 1860—Prayer-Meetings—Broad Church Books—Lambeth Conference—Mid-day Services—Kempe's Conferences—Dean Stanley.

In my judgement the appointment of Dr. Tait to the Bishopric of London was a great epoch in the history of the Church of England ; and not only was it so in itself, but it synchronized with movements not connected with it which themselves would suffice to make that year, 1856, an important one.

I once saw and heard Tait while he was yet Dean of Carlisle. This was at the C.M.S. Anniversary of 1855. I well remember that Meeting, though I have no recollection of Tait's speech. It was very different from modern missionary Meetings. It began at 10 A.M., ladies being in their seats by 9; and it lasted till 4 or 5 P.M. The speakers included two Bishops, the Dean, and two Anglo-Indian laymen. I do not remember any missionary, but there may have been one or two. The great orator of the day was Francis Close, of Cheltenham, afterwards Dean of Carlisle. He delivered a grand harangue, loudly applauded, upon Russia, Turkey, and the Pope ; scarcely a word about Missions ! It was the period of the Crimean War, and he was discussing its possible effects on Continental Protestantism.

It was in the following year that Dr. Tait was appointed by Lord Palmerston to the Bishopric of London. Palmerston had already, under the inspiration of Lord Shaftesbury, raised three prominent Evangelical clergymen to the episcopate: Montagu Villiers to Carlisle, Charles Baring to Gloucester, and Robert Bickersteth to Ripon; and they were presently succeeded by two others, Pelham appointed to Norwich, and Waldegrave to Carlisle. There is an absurd belief current that Shaftesbury got Palmerston to deluge the Church with Low Churchmen. The fact is that the Palmerston Bishops were fourteen in number, and only these five had the smallest connection with the Evangelical party. Longley (twice promoted), Wigram, Philpott, Thomson, Ellicott, Harold Browne, Jeune, Jacobson, were also distinguished men, but not one of them would have answered to the name of Evangelical. Three or four were definitely High Churchmen, as the phrase was then understood; others were non-party men. But almost everyone did admirable work, and the Church owes a debt to Shaftesbury which she is slow to recognize. Certainly Tait was in no way identified with the Evangelical party. He was regarded as belonging to the school of Arnold, and one of his first acts was to appoint Arnold's biographer, A. P. Stanley, an Examining Chaplain. But his accession to the See of London marked an epoch in the history of the Church of England for which we may well thank God.

I had an early opportunity of seeing Bishop Tait. Within a week or two of his consecration he astonished everybody by presiding over a local Church Meeting. Such a thing had never been known. It

was one sign that the old days of coach-and-six Bishops were over. The occasion was one of some interest, the inauguration of the Islington Church Extension Society. There was already an organization in that parish, called the Islington Church Home Mission, to provide additional clergy and Scripture readers, and to arrange for services in Mission Rooms and for the visitation of the Cattle Market, the omnibus yards, &c.; and the work of that Mission among a rapidly-increasing population had led to the conviction that a further agency was needed to provide more churches. The new Society was accordingly projected, the plan being to build ten churches in six years. There was then no public hall for Meetings in Islington, and the large schoolroom in the Liverpool Road was used. The crowds that came to see and hear the new Bishop quite overflowed the limited space. I myself clambered on to a window-sill and sat there through the proceedings. Wise and weighty were Dr. Tait's words, and deep was the satisfaction expressed at his presence by the leading Islington clergy. The issues of the Meeting were far from being merely local. The Bishop was content to follow as well as to lead. The two organizations he heard of that night were not forgotten by him; ere long the London Diocesan Home Mission was formed, to do for the diocese what the Islington Church Home Mission was doing for the rural deanery; and anon came the Bishop of London's Fund, corresponding with, and eventually absorbing, the Islington Church Extension Society.

It was a period of movement and advance in the Church. It was so among High Churchmen, but I scarcely at all came into personal touch with them.

Among Evangelical Churchmen there was distinctly an awakening, and Bishop Tait fostered it in London by what some of his clergy called his "undignified and almost Methodist proceedings." He preached in ragged schools, in omnibus yards, in the Docks, in Covent Garden Market, in the very streets themselves, and so greatly encouraged those of the clergy who were active in evangelistic work. Popular week-night services for the working classes had already been begun by Dr. Miller of Birmingham. The day of Parochial Missions was not yet. The idea of one man conducting continuous services for ten days had not yet been borrowed from the Roman Church. The services were merely ordinary Evening Prayer. The distinguishing feature of them was that all the seats were free and open, and that special preachers were engaged, one for each evening. A week of such services was arranged in Islington Parish Church in May, 1857, at which men like Hugh McNeile and Hugh Stowell preached the sermons. I went to one of them, and found the church packed with genuine workmen. Of course, after-Meetings, and other devices for what is called "drawing in the net," were then unknown.

I did not go to any of the famous Exeter Hall Sunday night services in that same month of May, 1857, when two of the new Bishops, Montagu Villiers and Robert Bickersteth, took the first and the last —"in full canonicals," as Lord Shaftesbury wrote. But it was those services that suggested to Bishop Tait the plan of opening St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey on Sunday evenings—a proceeding denounced by Archdeacon Denison and others in Convocation, Dr. Jebb affirming (truly enough!) that it was

"subversive of the ancient order which had obtained in our Cathedrals"! All London went to see the beautiful circle of gas-jets which for the first time lit up the great vault of the dome of St. Paul's. On the first Sunday—Advent Sunday, 1858—Ludgate Hill was thronged with people unable even to approach the doors. On the second Sunday I contrived to get in. The Cathedral was not then open from end to end as now. The choir, in which alone services had hitherto been held—the old "charity children's festival" excepted,—was quite cut off from the great space under the dome. To accommodate the voluntary choir of men and women (in ordinary attire) provided for these special Evening Services, a great structure like an orchestra filled the south transept. The present pulpit was erected on purpose, though it had been occupied a fortnight before by the Bishop when delivering his first Charge. In after years I often went to those services, which long continued "special"; that is, they were only held from Advent to Easter. On Sunday, April 17, 1864, I heard Liddon, on what, I believe, was the first occasion of his appearance in St. Paul's, long before he was a Canon. His text was Acts i. 8, which suggests a missionary appeal; but his sermon was a magnificent vindication of the real risen life of Christ, against the then recently published *Vie de Jésus* of Renan. I heard also Magee and other famous preachers; but I have always regarded as the greatest of all the sermons one of a somewhat later period, by Mr. Moorhouse, then Vicar of Paddington, afterwards successively Bishop of Melbourne and of Manchester. It was just at the time when Professor Tyndall and others affirmed the uselessness of prayer.

The text was Acts ix. 11: "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus; for, behold, he prayeth." "The Lord," said Mr. Moorhouse, "knew the man's name, the name of his city, the name of the man he was lodging with, the name of the street: did He not hear the man's prayer, and could not He answer it?"

But this was long after the period I have been dwelling on. That period was marked by a religious Revival of a kind unlike anything that we have seen since—until three or four years ago, when Wales seemed visited in much the same way. It came from America to Ireland, and from Ireland to England. So far as human agency was concerned, it was chiefly fostered by the preaching of lay evangelists, particularly Brownlow North and Reginald Radcliffe, the former a grandson of a Bishop of Winchester and presumptive heir to an earldom, and the latter a Liverpool solicitor. It was Radcliffe who first conducted a Sunday evening service in a theatre—a movement which led to a great debate in the House of Lords, in which Archbishop Sumner and Bishop Tait supported Lord Shaftesbury's eloquent defence of it against some caustic criticism. Stevenson Blackwood, better known afterwards as Sir Arthur, came forward to preach to the "upper ten"; and a series of addresses by him and Captain Trotter at Willis's Rooms drew such crowds that King Street and St. James's Square were blocked with carriages, as I saw with my own eyes. I with difficulty obtained a ticket for one of Blackwood's Meetings, and heard a powerful address on St. John iii.

But the most striking feature of that Revival time

was the Prayer Meetings. By this time there was a large hall in Islington, and I can never forget January 9, 1860, when at 9 A.M., on a bitterly cold morning, that hall was densely crowded for nothing but simple prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Vicar, Daniel Wilson, presided, and clergymen and Nonconformist ministers prayed with a fervour rarely heard. The smaller gatherings, however, were even more significant. The vestries of churches were used for little open Prayer Meetings between 1 and 2, when business men gathered in little bands to pray together. I used to go on most days to the vestry of a church in Thames Street. The movement as a whole, however, was not taken up warmly by the Evangelical clergy. They feared irregularity and excitement. The one man of some mark who threw himself into it with all his heart was Samuel Garratt, of Trinity Church, Little Queen Street; afterwards Canon Garratt, of Ipswich, whose memoir has lately been published. There was, it is true, Mr. Pennefather at Barnet; but he was still almost an unknown man. I have always felt that if our clergy had more heartily welcomed the Revival, its effects within the Church of England would have been much greater.

The 'sixties were a decade memorable for three great Church developments: the Church Congress, the Diocesan Conferences, and the Lambeth Conference of Bishops. Of the Church Congress I have something to say by-and-by. The Diocesan Conferences I need not touch until the London one is established, which was much later. Of the Lambeth Conference only Bishops could speak from personal knowledge, and it would be beside my purpose to

notice here the controversies that waged around that first meeting, or at least around such of its features as became public. But I have two reminiscences connected with it which may be of interest.

Dr. Cowie, afterwards Dean of Manchester and then of Exeter, was at that time Rector of St. Lawrence Jewry, the church close to the Guildhall. He arranged a series of short special services at mid-day (1 o'clock) and in the evening, the former with a view of attracting business men in their lunch hour. The addresses were almost all given by colonial, missionary, or American Bishops. The service consisted (when I was present) of the Te Deum and a few prayers, with processional and recessional hymns. Dense crowds thronged the building, and it was with difficulty that the clergy and choir (a large voluntary one impressed for the occasion) could make their way from the vestry to their seats. I went three or four times, and each time had to stand in a crowd through the service. It is impossible to give an idea now of the stirring and moving character of these functions. The hymns sung at the beginning and end were overwhelmingly impressive. They were the same every day, "The Son of God goes forth to war" and "O Paradise!"—both sung to tunes which I had never heard before, and which I have never heard since except on certain occasions (not in church) when I introduced them myself. They were not, so far as I know, in any of the regular books, but the two hymns have never since then seemed to me right when sung—as they always are—to other tunes. Possibly they came from a Roman source! and they

may have been as familiar to the more fervent section of the then rising party of young High Churchmen, though unfamiliar to me, as the modern "Keswick tunes" have become familiar to some of us now, though totally unknown to *A. & M.* or the *Hymnal Companion.*

The other reminiscence connected with the Lambeth Conference is an amusing one, but is, in fact, only one of a whole series which must now be noticed. In those days the late Prebendary Kempe, Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, used to hold what were called "Monthly Church Conferences" at the Burlington School at the top of Savile Row. The members met at 8.30 P.M., drank a cup of coffee, and then listened to a half-hour's paper, and discussed it until 11 o'clock. It was a strict rule of membership that no allusion was to be made in print to the Meetings. The reader of a paper might publish it if he pleased, but was in no way to indicate that it had been read there. I do not, however, think that I am infringing this rule now, seeing that most of the members or visitors of those days whom I remember are dead. Members of later times, like Bishop Barry, Mr. Sydney Gedge, and Chancellor P. V. Smith, did not attend at the date I am now referring to. Whether they were actually members I am not aware. The leading speakers then were Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Gladstone's intimate friend; Mr. Benjamin Shaw, one of the leading ecclesiastical lawyers of the day; Dean Stanley, Dr. Irons, Prebendary Humphry, Professor (afterwards Dean) Plumptre, Professor Stanley Leathes, Mr. Oakley, afterwards Dean; and (representing the oldest-fashioned "dry" type of

clergy) Mr. Buckley, Vicar of the old Paddington Parish Church. Less distinguished outside, but much appreciated in the debates, was that remarkable young man, George Warington, of whom I shall say more hereafter. In after years Bishop Perry became one of the most regular members, and the unfailing advocate and defender of Evangelical principles, but at the time I am writing of he had not yet come from Melbourne. Among the papers I recall were two on the Athanasian Creed, by Lord Lyttelton and Dean Stanley; on Bible Revision, by Prebendary Humphry; on Positivism, by Canon Westcott (a visitor); on Confession, by Mr. Maclagan (afterwards Archbishop of York); on the Twelve Days' Mission of 1869, by Mr. R. M. Benson, the Cowley Father; on Jewish and Christian Ritual, by George Warington, whose paper drew the fullest room of all.

But the particular occasion which I shall specially mention was when a paper was read on the Lambeth Conference and its significance, shortly after the first Meeting. The reader, I think, was Chancellor Massingberd; but the incident I want to mention occurred during a speech by Dean Stanley. I must explain that Archbishop Longley had wished the episcopal gathering to be followed immediately by a special service at Westminster Abbey. To his suggestion Stanley replied that if such a function at the Abbey was to be regarded as a kind of official endorsement of the Conference as an authoritative synod or assembly, he must decline to be a party to such an arrangement; but if it was to be merely a friendly gathering of Bishops and others round the Lord's Table, then he had great pleasure in cordially

inviting them. In the event, the service did not take place. Now, in his speech at the Burlington School that evening, Stanley severely criticised the whole principle and procedure of the Lambeth gathering, and declared that only four persons came out of the affair with credit—viz. first, the Archbishop, who had presided with dignity and grace; secondly, the Bishop of London (Tait), for the strong stand he had made in the Conference against the ecclesiasticism of Bishops Wilberforce and Gray; thirdly, Mr. Cowie, of St. Lawrence Jewry, for the services I noticed above; "and fourthly," he proceeded—and I well remember his exact words—"the Dean of Westminster, who offered the use of the Abbey"—Loud cries of "No, no!" arose from all parts of the room. He waited a moment and then quietly resumed, "Who offered the use of the Abbey"—"No, no, no!" "Who offered the use of the Abbey"—"No, no, no!" "Who offered the use of the Abbey"—A perfect storm of "No's." But the Dean was not to be beaten. He went on repeating the words till his opponents got tired, and allowed him to finish his sentence. Bishop Tait himself was present as a visitor, and, though it was well known that he had not been an enthusiastic advocate of the Lambeth Meeting, he loyally defended it when he arose on Stanley's sitting down; and I recall to this day the almost scornful tone in which he exclaimed, "It's all very well for the Dean of Westminster to——" To what? Ah, that I have forgotten!

CHAPTER VIII

SOME EARLY CHURCH CONGRESSES

Southampton: Devotional Meeting, Body, Ryle, Magee, Working Men's Meeting—Leeds: Bishop R. Bickersteth, Goe—Brighton—Plymouth —Croydon.

LET me just jot down some recollections of Church Congresses. Although I read all the debates as reported, the first Meeting to which I actually went was the tenth, at Southampton, in 1870. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, best known as the great Bishop of Oxford, but who had only a year previously been translated to Winchester, was the President. His incomparable personality of itself insured the success of the Congress; but there were other individuals who were almost equally heroes of the week. One of these was the Rev. George Body (now Canon of Durham), who appeared for the first time before a general assembly of Churchmen, and whose fervid eloquence roused meeting after meeting to enthusiasm. Then Mr. Ryle (afterwards Bishop of Liverpool), though I think he had been at one Congress before, laid the foundation at Southampton of the remarkable popularity he enjoyed for many years as a Congress speaker, his *bonhomie* making his hard hitting agreeable even to those whom he vigorously but good-humouredly (may I say?) pommelled. And then Bishop Magee, of Peterborough, delivered two or

three speeches which were masterpieces of both logic and rhetoric.

This Congress was memorable for being the first to devote one session to a devotional subject. From that year onward it became a regular practice to do so, and after a few experiments the present method of having only papers or addresses, and no volunteer speeches, and no applause, was permanently adopted. At Southampton the subject was "Agencies for the Kindling and Revival of Spiritual Life." Observe, not "revival" only: it was recognized that "spiritual life" needs "kindling" also; not "re-kindling," but "kindling"; in other words, that some baptized Christians are "spiritually dead." That year 1870 was an interesting epoch. The "Twelve Days' Mission" in London—the first of its kind—had been held in 1869; and the Parochial Mission movement had begun. As the movement had been started by the younger school of advanced High Churchmen, among whom Mr. R. M. Benson and Mr. Body were conspicuous, these two men led the discussion; while on the Evangelical side were Mr. (now Sir) Emilius Bayley and the future lay Chairman of the Keswick Convention, Mr. H. F. Bowker. I see that, noticing other speakers in an account I wrote at the time, I classed "the Rev. E. Jacob"—*i.e.* the present Bishop of St. Albans—along with Mr. Benson and Mr. Body, which is curious enough. I also mentioned Mr. Maclagan, the late Archbishop of York, as representing the *via media;* and this was very precisely correct, because for many years he was constantly called upon by successive Presidents, towards the close of any angrily controversial debate, to rise and pour oil on the troubled waters—which

he was wont to do with singular skill and sweetness. But no "oil" was needed on this occasion. The "unity in diversity" was a new thing to many hearers. Mr. Benson and Mr. Body might be called "Ritualists" in a popular sense, but they were manifestly quite different from those imitators of Rome whose minds were set upon a particular posture or a correct colour or the right number of lighted candles. With them "spiritual life" was really the first thing; and Mr. Body's chief point was that we must "preach Jesus."

But the most interesting of the debates was one on Home Reunion. Mr. Ryle had lately been making the flesh of the older-fashioned Evangelicals creep by his letters in the *Record* advocating radical reforms in the Church; and these, in his paper on this occasion, he summarized in his usual incisive language, almost every sentence being loudly applauded by "High," "Low," and "Broad" alike. "Repeal the Act of Uniformity," he exclaimed amid tremendous cheering; "Shorten the services"; "Use the laity"; "Treat the Dissenters kindly." The Church of England, he complained, had adopted Talleyrand's motto: "*Surtout, point de zèle.*" "Over and over again she has poured cold water on zeal, jumped on it, kicked it, heaped wet blankets on it, shut the door in its face." The great audience screamed with delight; and when he ventured to think things would have been different if John Wesley had been made Archbishop of Canterbury the shouts of applause seemed as if they would never stop. When he said "Join the Bible Society" there was a cry of "No"; upon which, reminding them that Dissenters had just been asked to assist Churchmen in making a

Revised Version—for it was planned in that very year, on Bishop Wilberforce's motion, too—he exclaimed: "If we may unite to revise our Bible, why not also to print and circulate it?" At which rejoinder the cheering broke out again. I do not remember a more successful speech at any subsequent Congress.

Mr. Body followed Ryle, with an ecstatic rhapsody that moved the audience in quite a different way. "Thank God for the Methodists!" he exclaimed, "and their teaching on conversion." "Thank God for the Plymouth Brethren! They have taught us the spiritual meaning of our Bible." "Do you want to check Dissent?" he asked; "preach Christ yourselves, and don't leave it to them to do!" Then arose Bishop Magee, and with remorseless logic threw "a pail of cold water" over the Meeting. "You talk about re-uniting Dissenters to the Church. They don't want union; they want alliance. Union and alliance are totally different things. England and Scotland are united; England and France are allied." He confessed that Ryle's speech had been to him like the sun's rays which had compelled the traveller in the fable to yield up his cloak; but he remembered another traveller in Homeric story, to whom Æolus committed a bag of winds, which, being unfastened, let loose wild storms upon the fleet. Did they want to repeal restrictive laws and get more liberty? It was law, after all, that was the safeguard of liberty. Without it either the pastor imposed his law on the congregation or the congregation imposed their law on the pastor.

To one more feature of the Southampton Congress I must refer—the Working-men's Meeting. I wonder whether there has ever been one since with such a

galaxy of brilliant speakers: Bishops Wilberforce and Magee, Charles Kingsley, W. R. Clark (now Professor at Trinity College, Toronto), and James Moorhouse (afterwards Bishop of Melbourne and of Manchester). I contrived to get one of the few tickets allowed for ordinary members of the Congress, and I do not hesitate to put the Meeting first of all I have ever attended for splendour of oratory. Working-men's Meetings at Church Congresses, effective as they often are, have rarely resounded with the clash of rejoinder and retort. Mostly the men listen, appreciate, applaud. It was different at Southampton. Again and again did some incisive word from the body of the hall interrupt the speaker. "You are working men," said Bishop Wilberforce; "so am I a working man." "How about the pay?" shouted a voice. Deafening applause rang through the hall, and was again and again renewed. "They had him there!" whispered I to my next neighbour. "Wait a bit, he hasn't answered yet." The Bishop stood waiting till the cheering died away, and then quietly said: "My friend over there asks about the pay. Let me inform him that whether I work hard or not, my pay is the same. How much work would he do in those circumstances?" The men roared with delight. The British workman is generous after all! Then, when Bishop Magee was speaking, he referred to a complaint he had heard that the Church of England did not care for a man to rise in the world, because she taught him "to do his duty in that state of life unto which it *had pleased* God to call him." "Quite true," cried a voice; "so she does," and again prolonged applause. "No," at last rejoined Magee, "that man doesn't know his Cate-

chism! The Catechism says 'in that state of life unto which it *shall please* God to call him'!" This, of course, is a correction familiar to most of us; but it seemed an absolute revelation to that Meeting. For a moment they were dumb with astonishment, and then they burst into louder cheering than ever.

Canon Kingsley was not an orator like Magee; but he gave admirable counsel to the men whom Disraeli's Reform Bill had admitted to political power only two years before, beseeching them so to use it as not to incur the terrible calamities at that very time falling upon "poor unhappy France" (Sedan had occurred a few weeks previously, and Paris was just being besieged). The closing speaker was Mr. Moorhouse. He was criticised in some of the papers for sermonizing; but to my mind few men have ever more splendidly used a great opportunity. "Is the Christian religion true? *Try it!* Try it for yourselves, and you'll see." That was the gist of it. He spoke with intense earnestness; a hush of solemnity pervaded the hall. As he sat down, Bishop Wilberforce, with characteristic tact, simply pronounced the Benediction; and the Meeting dispersed in a silence more impressive than the loudest applause.

In 1872 the Congress was at Leeds. The Chairman was the Bishop of Ripon, Robert Bickersteth. He was probably regarded by a good many people as the least distinguished of the Bishops recommended to Lord Palmerston by Lord Shaftesbury. The *Saturday Review*, then the chief literary organ, and at the height of its reputation, was wont to declare that the "Palmerston Bishops," being mostly Evangelicals (which the majority were not!) of course knew no Greek. Now as all of them

except Robert Bickersteth were men of considerable University distinction—some of them even brilliant —it was supposed that this reckless statement was based upon his pass degree. But in his own diocese he was popular and successful, and when at last the Congress gave him a chance of showing his power he rose to the occasion. I remember how, at the opening session, after the hymn and prayers, he thrilled the audience that thronged the great Town Hall by the unexpected invitation, "Let us all rise and recite the 'Apostles' Creed'!" It had never been done before, and it has never been omitted since; but I suppose few, if any, are aware who introduced the custom. The Leeds Congress was one of the noisiest—I won't say rowdiest—on record. The loud Ritualistic curate was there in force, and the Northern Protestant, though in a small minority, made his voice heard too. But Robert Bickersteth ruled the Meetings with a strong hand and with unchallenged impartiality, as all the newspapers afterwards acknowledged.

One incident of this Congress has often been told. In a discussion on (I think) Church Courts, the late Lord Salisbury was the spokesman for the High Church party. In his slow caustic manner he said, "I recommend my friends not to be too much afraid of the Privy Council," which remark, of course, delighted them much. Mr. Goe (afterwards Bishop of Melbourne), who represented the Evangelical side, referred to this, saying, "Lord Salisbury advised *his* friends not to be afraid of the Privy Council. *We*, my Lord Bishop, need no such advice. *We* are not afraid of the Privy Council. I read in an old book" —here he quietly opened his Bible and slowly turned

to the Epistle to the Romans—"I read," he repeated, "these words: 'Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to——'" He could not go on. The hall rang with shouts of applause at the brilliant rejoinder; and Mr. Goe's dialectical reputation was made once for all.

My next two Congresses were in the immediately ensuing years, at Bath and Brighton. The former was bright and practical; the latter very hotly controversial. I need only mention one incident at Brighton. The Public Worship Regulation Act had just been passed, chiefly owing to Mr. Disraeli's support of it; and the late Dean Fremantle, of Ripon (uncle of the present Dean), congratulated the Church on the nation at last having "a Protestant Premier." Loud shouts of "Question!" rang through the Meeting, and the old veteran could not go on. "Question! Question!" cried his opponents persistently, until at length the aged chairman (Bishop Durnford, of Chichester), rose and said, "I think Mr. Fremantle is now coming to the question"—which at once brought the Meeting back to good humour.

The Plymouth Congress in 1876, over which Bishop Temple presided, was not a large or important one, but I have one recollection regarding it. The debate on the Church and the Press was notable for a brilliant paper by Mr. Gilbert Venables, who, if I remember right, was one of the Editors of the *Standard*. He referred to complaints of newspaper men favouring Roman Catholic contributors unduly, and drew a most amusing picture of the sub-editor's office, with the terse and businesslike report of some Roman function telegraphed the same day by a man who knew his business, contrasted with the verbose rigmarole received three or

four days late, in which the national schoolmaster had essayed to describe an Anglican function ; the sub-editor, anxious not to appear partial, trying to edit and compress the latter, although so belated in time, and presently giving it up as a hopeless job, and tossing the MS. into the waste-paper basket. And then the verdict of the unconscious and jealous Churchman, "That Editor is obviously in the pay of Rome!"

The last Congress I will now mention was the one at Croydon in 1877, under the presidency of Archbishop Tait. The popularity of Ryle as a Congress speaker was especially manifested. Again and again his vigorous and yet good-humoured speeches won applause from all parties. On the last day he moved or seconded one of the final votes of thanks, and made a kind of jocular apology for some hard things he had said of the Bishops—little thinking he would within three years be a Bishop himself. "I am afraid," he said, "I have been rather severe upon them, but I meant it for their good!" whereat the Congress fairly exploded, the Bishops on the platform laughing as loud as any. Perhaps the other most applauded speaker at Croydon was the convert from Mohammedanism and Cambridge graduate, the Rev. Jani Alli. Such an impression was made by his simple and straightforward testimony to the power of Divine grace that when the bell sounded that his time was up, the audience shouted "Go on!" until the President was compelled to concede another five minutes.

Of later Congresses I have less to say ; and when I return to the subject by-and-by, it will be merely to notice my personal part in them, including the last four above mentioned.

CHAPTER IX

SOME PERSONAL FRIENDS

Haig Miller—J. F. Serjeant—George Warington—E. J. Tabrum—C.E.Y.M.S. Men—W. T. Paton.

I DEVOTE this chapter to my recollections of some men whom I knew well in the 'sixties and 'seventies.

A very interesting personality was that of W. Haig Miller. He was Manager (I think) of the National Provincial Bank, but I knew nothing of him in that capacity. Nor did I personally know him as a leading member of the Religious Tract Society; but it was as such that he rendered unique and important service to the Church and the country. For he was the inventor, founder, and first editor of the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home*. It is hard for us now to realise the blank there was before their time in regard to popular periodical literature. There was, in fact, nothing at all between the old half-crown monthlies, *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, and the common penny weeklies alluded to in a previous article—the *Family Herald* and its rivals—with one healthy and honourable exception—*Chambers's Miscellany*. Subsequently *Macmillan's Magazine* appeared—the first periodical of the modern type—and then the *Cornhill;* and, in a weekly form, Charles Dickens's successive ventures—*Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. But Miller's *Leisure Hour* preceded

these ; and its immediate success probably suggested the development of its idea to other publishers. As for Sunday reading, there was no periodical at all of a really popular character, and the *Sunday at Home* filled a distinct void. The most striking imitations of these two, but some years later, were *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, brought out by Alexander Strahan, and edited respectively by Dr. Norman Macleod and Dr. Guthrie. They, no doubt, aimed somewhat higher and depended much upon great names on the list of contributors ; but the *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home* held their position as magazines absolutely safe and yet really attractive.

How Haig Miller managed to conduct both these magazines out of business hours was a puzzle to many people ; but, for my own part, I know by experience how much work of that kind may be done between eight P.M. and two A.M. if persevered in month after month and year after year, without in the least neglecting one's daily occupation. And this reminds me of Miller's advice to me about forty years ago. He was the revered counsellor of many young men ; and one day, walking with him to the City, I asked what steps I ought to take to get literary employment in my leisure hours. He at once assured me that there were hundreds of people asking the same question ; that the market was quite overstocked, and that I had better abandon the idea. No doubt it was judicious counsel to one whom he had no reason to think likely to produce anything worth reading. Moreover, I followed it ; and though in the event I became a somewhat voluminous writer, I never in my life offered anything to an editor or publisher. It is literally true that whatever I have

done has been done in response to spontaneous requests.

Miller was a widely read man and a scholar. He had profited by the thorough education of young Scotchmen. He had an extraordinary fund of anecdotes, gathered from all kinds of literature. Like Thackeray, his interest had been specially fastened on the Queen Anne and Georgian periods of English history. His lectures, speeches, articles, &c., were mostly strings of anecdotes and illustrations, carefully selected to support his argument or to point his moral. His chief book—*The Culture of Pleasure*—not only is full of sanctified common-sense, but is a perfect storehouse of apt illustrations. I use the words "sanctified common-sense" deliberately. With Miller everything was "sanctified." Earthly things were not necessarily sinful; they could be, and were to be, used for the glory of God. There could be a right and useful "culture" of "pleasure."

Next I will mention John F. Serjeant. He was Assistant Chaplain under Dr. Forbes at the Anglican Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau at Paris, and there I first met him in 1869, though I had known him before as a writer for Sunday-school teachers. He was a middle-aged bachelor, and had many of the natural tastes, not to say eccentricities, of a bachelor. For one thing—which is *not* an eccentricity—he loved boys and girls; and I remember with what gusto, while I was at Paris in that year, he took a party of young folk for a picnic to St. Cloud, passing the palace there where Napoleon III. was lying ill at the time. He was my companion and guide on my first visit to Switzerland in 1875. He was summer Chaplain that year at Lucerne, and used there his

remarkable gifts as a preacher. I remember his referring in one of his sermons to the familiar use of Pilatus as a barometer. "As that august mountain across the lake," he said, "gathers to itself the rain-clouds, so that when they conceal his peaks we expect clear and sunny weather, so has Christ taken upon His own devoted head the sins and sorrows of humanity, leaving no cloud to come between us and the sunshine of God's face." Serjeant afterwards became Vicar of St. Mary's, West Kensington, and quickly drew thither, by his striking sermons, a large and attached congregation. Let me mention another of his illustrations. I heard him preach on the first verse of Psalm lxv.: "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion." "Like a great orchestra," he began, "waiting for royalty to arrive"; and he drew a graphic picture of the conductor standing still and silent with uplifted bâton, and the instrumentalists all ready to start together at its first beat. He published a small volume of sermons entitled *Sunday Echoes from Paris*, which had the unique feature of a prefatory note to each sermon stating the places where it had been preached and any special circumstances that had led to its being prepared and used.

Serjeant took no interest in the controversy with agnostics, deists, theists, and the like. He had unbounded confidence in Evangelical religion, and his *rôle* was to expound Scripture to believers, not to argue with unbelievers. I recall as I write an odd illustration of this. He and I were dining at Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Moorhouse's at Paddington. After the ladies retired, the conversation turned on the great question of the efficacy of prayer, and Mr.

Moorhouse held forth upon it with immense power, sitting at his own table with an audience of three, just as if he had been in the pulpit of St. Paul's, from which he had, as I mentioned in a former article, preached so splendid a sermon on the subject. But Serjeant fell fast asleep, leaving me and one other guest to enjoy the rich feast of dialectic. I wrote afterwards, and asked how he could have allowed himself to miss it. He replied, "I need no long and laboured arguments to persuade me that God answers prayer."

Next I will notice George Warington, whom I have already mentioned as a welcome speaker at Mr. Kempe's Conferences. He was chemical operator at Apothecaries' Hall, and he had little general education, but he taught himself Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and German, with a view to the Biblical studies in which he took so deep an interest, and if possible to ordination. Eventually he did go to Cambridge, took a First Class in the Natural Science Tripos, and was about to be ordained for the Natural Science Mastership at Charterhouse, when his health failed through overstrain, and he was sent to Natal to save his life, but died there at the age of thirty-three. He would assuredly have made his mark in the world if he had lived. Indeed, he did make his mark temporarily. His books have fallen out of sight, though I for one do not think some of them out of date. His first work, published when he was twenty-three, was a reply to Bishop Colenso, entitled *The Historic Character of the Pentateuch Vindicated*, and the *Edinburgh Review* pronounced it "by far the ablest book on the subject." A second book, in reply to Colenso's further volumes, had a preface by Archbishop Thom-

son. *The Week of Creation* is, to my mind, distinctly the best book on the first chapter of Genesis. Two small volumes published by the S.P.C.K., *Can we Believe in Miracles?* and *When was the Pentateuch Written?* are admirable, but the latter would not be accepted by the "Higher Critics."

Warington was a speaker as well as a writer. How he could hold his own at Mr. Kempe's Conferences with men like Lord Lyttelton and Dean Stanley and Professor Plumptre I have before mentioned. At the Church Congresses he achieved quite a reputation; and at the Liverpool Meeting in 1869, when he was a selected speaker on the Bible and Science, and the inexorable bell cut him short, the shouts of "Go on" from all parts of the Hall compelled the President, Bishop Jacobson, to give him a little more time—a most unusual honour, as all Congress-goers know. I myself have been at about twenty Congresses, and have not seen it half-a-dozen times. As a lecturer he was admirable, whether his subject was scientific (as "Bottled Sunshine") or historical (as "Gustavus Adolphus") or Biblical (as "Types"). When he went to Cambridge he was elected President of the Union in his third term—I suppose a very rare honour.

But before all things George Warington was a Sunday-school teacher. He had a large class of infants at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, teaching them Sunday morning and afternoon, and conducting a service for them at noon. They actually asked him to take them also on Sunday evening, but this he wisely refused. What his teaching was like may still be partially gathered from his delightful *Infant Class Lessons*, published by the Church Sunday-

school Institute. I once heard him teach a class of some seventy infants before a large room-full of teachers on this subject—"The Resurrection a Pledge of Justification." Is such a thing possible? asks a reader, very naturally. I can only say that the theme was perfectly taught, and evidently understood by the children. But I doubt if any other man could have done it.

There is nothing that so reveals a man's mind and heart as his utterances about hymns. Now Warington and I were two members of a Committee of four commissioned to prepare a new hymn-book for Sunday-schools, and as the other two could not attend regularly the work actually fell to us. We spent many hours together over it, and I came to perceive the real personal religion of the man as I could scarcely have done in any other way. Subsequently, when I was writing my *Lessons on the Life of Our Lord*, he read all the proofs, and gave me many valuable suggestions.

In noticing the Islington churches in Chapter VI., I mentioned that Holy Trinity had both initiated good plans and supplied good men to carry them out. One of these I am now going to introduce. This was Edward James Tabrum, a young man of unbounded energy and resource, a clerk of some status in the Public Record Office. I first knew him as Honorary Secretary of the Church of England Young Men's Society in 1857. Later he superintended the "upper class" Sunday Bible classes, also before mentioned; he conducted the Youth's Institute, projected (as I said) by Arthur Sweatman, the late Archbishop of Toronto, and had on Saturday nights a Bible class for its members, with an average attendance of 150;

and he started, and for years carried on, a branch for North London of Mr. John Macgregor's Shoeblack Brigade. He used to say that it was pleasant thus to touch three grades of boys and youths—the middle or "upper" class, the junior clerk and working-lad class, and the slum class.

But his great move was yet to come. When Mr. Forster's Education Act was passed in 1870, the London School Board had to be elected, the members to represent the old London boroughs. Islington was a part of the old borough of Finsbury, which was to have six members; and Tabrum determined to be one. He set the members of the Youth's Institute, some five hundred in number, to canvass the borough. The result was that he stood second in all London in the number of his votes. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, in Marylebone, was first with (I think) 47,000 votes; Tabrum second, with 23,000; and nobody else got so many as 10,000. This remarkable success gave him at once a position on the Board; and when Professor Huxley moved for a Committee to consider the whole question of the management of the new schools, he paid the young member the high compliment of nominating him to serve upon it. Tabrum threw himself with all his might into the work of the Board, having obtained special permission from the heads of his office to do so; and he soon became the personal friend of all the masters and teachers in the new schools established in the borough of Finsbury. What was the result? He utterly overstrained his constitution. He went into a decline. And he died, within a very few years, a true martyr to the cause of popular education.

I have already mentioned two or three other friends in the old Church of England Young Men's Society, Phillips, Ford, Tait. I might also just name Thomas Rutt, who has for many years been Vice-Chairman of the Sunday-School Institute, who was admitted a Diocesan Lay Reader at St. Paul's, along with me, at the first admission service in 1891, and who in recent years has been well known at St. Margaret's, Westminster; J. Maughan, a vigorous and clever young man who represented the (very mild) High Church interest among the members, and was afterwards an Evangelical clergyman near Leeds; H. E. Russell, a prominent debater, who went to Australia, became a prosperous merchant, and received me at his elegant house at Sydney; A. Cluny Macpherson, who afterwards kept a good preparatory school at Clifton, in connection with Clifton College; George Barrett, a clever young literary man, one of whose papers I well remember, which expounded "The House that Jack Built" as an allegory of social conditions in Mediæval England; W. T. M^cCormick, representative of militant Hibernian Protestantism, afterwards Vicar of St. Matthew's, Brighton; and A. Bredin Delap, also an Irishman, afterwards Vicar of Canning Town, in "London over the Border." Delap died in Holy Week (I forget the year) from a three days' illness caught while visiting a case of infectious disease. His death was so mourned in the diocese (St. Albans) that Bishop Claughton himself came and took the funeral, and a great many of the Essex and East London clergy attended.

But my most intimate friend for many years did not come to me through the Young Men's Society.

W. T. Paton and I met in a Ragged School, in which we both taught one evening in the week. He was a big cheery Manxman, and one of the most generous and lovable men I ever met. I knew him also as a first-rate Sunday-School teacher, and he was for a time a member of the Sunday-School Institute Committee. I well remember a very clever and most practical paper read by him at a meeting of teachers, with the significant title, "A Few Directions how to Spoil a Sunday-School." Paton was a merchant with a good business in connection with West Africa, and he used to receive into his house Negro merchants from Sierra Leone. One of these on one occasion could not find his hat. At last, after a long search, it turned up; and he called out, "Rejoice with me! de dead am 'libe again; de lost am found!" One day Paton was at a Wesleyan missionary meeting, and one of the speakers from Africa implored Christian men not to export rum and gin to that West Coast. Paton's conscience told him that some of the orders from his native correspondents included considerable quantities of spirits; and he at once determined to wash his hands of that part of his trade. His partner pointed out that this would ruin their business; whereupon Paton retired from the firm, and remained a poor man for the rest of his life.

He afterwards started the now famous Polytechnic under Quintin Hogg, the idea of which (as I have before said) was derived from Sweatman's Youth's Institute as worked by the energy of Tabrum. Quintin Hogg opened the Polytechnic on Sunday evenings for evangelistic services, and these Paton conducted for several years. The congregation con-

sisted partly of the boys and youths of the Institution and partly of "Bohemians" out of Regent Street. I have myself taken that service twice, and a striking scene it was. He afterwards became private secretary to Lord Kinnaird for such part of that active nobleman's interests as were religious and philanthropic. In particular, he did much for the Young Women's Christian Association and the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, of which two organizations two of Lord Kinnaird's sisters have long been secretaries.

Paton's death in 1899 was to me a heavy loss and deep sorrow, although we had latterly not often met, as our paths, though really separated by a very small space—we being occupied in such kindred enterprises—were like parallel lines, which, however close, never meet. I had the mournful privilege of addressing the friends gathered at a Memorial Meeting at Morley Hall, and also the girls of Mrs. Paton's Young Women's Institute at Barnsbury. But the blank was not yet complete. Paton died in March. Mrs. Paton died in the following October; and their one child, my special protégée, Alice, in February of the next year! There had been a curious succession of dates nearly forty years before. Paton was married in September 1860; Alice was born in September 1861; I was married in September 1862. And now, three times within twelve months was I driven from Highbury to Abney Park Cemetery to see the remains of father, mother, and daughter successively laid to rest; but, in all three cases, in the surest and most certain hope of everlasting life.

CHAPTER X

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND THE INSTITUTE

My first Sunday-school—Teachers and Scholars at St. Thomas's—The Sunday-School Institute—The Magazine and my Lessons—Meetings in Town and Country—Lord Hatherley and Archdeacon Farrar—The Institute Committee—Randall Davidson—Centenary of Sunday-Schools—John Palmer—American S.S. Notes—Trinity Bible Classes.

I BEGAN Sunday-school teaching in 1857, at All Saints', Caledonian Road. After three years I undertook the senior Bible class at the neighbouring new Church of St. Thomas; and after another year and a half I became Superintendent of the school there, and served that office fourteen years. For part of that time I taught the Bible class as well; but when large new buildings were opened for the National School, and we also moved into them, I could not fulfil both functions. The first stone of the new school was laid by Sir Roundell Palmer, afterwards Earl of Selborne; and Earl Granville, as Lord President of the Council, came and presided at the opening. The buildings were considered exceptionally good at the time; but this was before the London School Board began its career, and covered London with far more imposing erections.

The Vicar of the parish, Mr. Allen, of whom I have before spoken, was devoted to his Day School, and left the Sunday-school almost entirely to me. With two or three exceptions, my teachers rose from

the ranks; that is, they were boys in the school before they taught in it. I may mention a method we had for training them. Besides a weekly meeting for the study of the next Sunday's lesson, we had a monthly meeting at which one of the teachers gave a lesson to his own class before the rest, and then we all criticized it. These "model lessons" were often anything but models!—but they did much good. Not only did the teacher who was the victim of the evening profit by the experience he gained, but the others saw where and why he succeeded or failed. I must say that they became in time very expert critics, and very good teachers, as Sunday-school teachers go; but of course almost all the fraternity are untrained amateurs, and have none of the technical skill of their professional brethren. But I always regarded the value of the Sunday-school as lying not so much in the instruction given, as in the personal influence of the teacher; and certain it is that some of the least efficient of the teachers as instructors were among the most effective in influencing the hearts and lives of the scholars. I encouraged them all to visit the boys' homes, and I frequently did so myself. With the inside of many of the small houses in that neighbourhood did I become familiar. I confess that in the case of a large family of boys and girls attending our school, I used to wonder how the parents liked the occasional visits of so many teachers. There was a family of Colemans, for instance; and about once a year a new little boy or girl would be brought by an elder brother or sister for enrolment in the Infant Class. I remember saying several times, "What! another Coleman!" In their case

the excellent father and mother gladly welcomed all the teachers of the different classes in which their children of different ages had their places. But I rather think that my first literary venture in connection with Sunday-schools was an article sent to the Church of England Sunday-School Institute for its magazine, entitled "What do the Fathers and Mothers think of us?"

Among the boys and teachers in my Sunday-school there were some whose after careers I have watched with much interest. Three became missionaries. One of these, after working in the C.M.S. Telugu Mission some years, went to New Zealand, and has now long been a much-esteemed parish clergyman there. A second did excellent service for a time in East Africa. The third eventually joined the London Missionary Society, and has worked many years in India. Another, a youth of great ability, rose rapidly in the commercial world, and became one of the leaders in the new electric light industry. He took an active part in getting Cheapside lighted as a preliminary experiment, and his own residence in the suburbs was, I believe, the very first private house in or near London to be lighted by electricity. Another, a scholar but not a teacher, became an expert in Assyriology and Egyptology, and now occupies a high position; and his numerous works have a reputation which is European. Another, who grew to be a bank manager, may be mentioned by name, Mr. T. G. Hughes, who has long been so well known for his zealous labours as Hon. Secretary of the C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union, and who was a member of the Pan-Anglican Congress Committees, General and Executive.

One teacher should be mentioned who was not a scholar, W. R. Cooper. He was a very strange and eccentric man, who nevertheless left his mark in the world. He was Assistant Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and became, under the auspices of Dr. Birch of the British Museum, the founder and first Secretary of the Society of Biblical Archæology. I myself, by way of encouraging him, was present at the inaugural meeting of that Society; and he gave me with the utmost glee the first volume of *Records of the Past.* But it was his special delight to interest a little band of our Sunday-school boys in Assyrian and Egyptian lore; and the remarkable career of one of them, above alluded to, was a result of his influence. Cooper died of consumption, leaving the greater part of his little property in legacies of £100 each to several of his boys; and I as his executor had to distribute the money as they came of age.

My own Bible class of youths, to which most of those above mentioned belonged, numbered forty at one time; and about half of these were keen to attend week-night lectures also, and to write papers for examination. The one who afterwards became the great electric light authority wrote, I remember, admirable papers on the Life of Christ and on Church History, after courses of lectures which I gave the class. When I committed the class to another man, they gave me a handsome present which is worth mentioning. It consisted of the following books (suggested to them by the Vicar, Mr. Allen): Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul, Bishop Harold Browne on the Articles, and Sir R. Palmer's Book of Praise.

The Sunday-school, as a whole, was a good contributor to the Church Missionary Society, raising generally £30 a year by farthing-a-week subscriptions. My senior teachers and I gave missionary addresses from time to time, and I never dreamed of asking the Society for a deputation! But this was before I went myself to Salisbury Square. Only a few weeks after I went there, I got Bishop Sargent to come and talk to the school, which he did in his incomparable way. Our contributions always went to the General Fund. I never believed in "supporting a boy" in a mission school. Whatever Mission we told about in our addresses, I liked to say to the school, "*Your* money goes to help *that*."

We had in Islington a Local Association of Church Sunday-school teachers in connection with the Church of England Sunday-school Institute. I regularly attended its meetings, and gave addresses and model lessons from time to time; and this led to my being invited, in 1865, to join the Central Committee of the Institute itself. I suppose I was then the youngest member of the Committee. The Secretary at that time was Mr. H. G. Heald, whose genial personality was well known all over the country. The chief Committeemen were F. Norton, F. Sandby, S. B. Power, H. W. Green, and J. F. Reid. J. G. Fleet, who had founded the Institute twenty-two years before, had lately retired. These were all laymen. There were two or three clergymen, but the only one who did much was J. F. Kitto, afterwards Rector of Stepney, and then of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and for many years the valued Chairman. These men edited the publications, wrote the Lesson Notes, went about addressing teachers'

meetings, and generally managed the business. All were engaged in professional or mercantile pursuits, and had only their leisure time for the Institute, and all were honorary workers.

No sooner was I on the Committee than, with the "cheek" of a newcomer, I began to criticise the publications, especially the Magazine and the Notes of Lessons. The reply naturally was, Try your own hand at them. I did begin at once. I contributed a short course on "The Life of Christ" in the Magazine of 1866, and at the end of that year I took the working editorship of the Magazine, though Mr. Green was, for the first year or two, associated with me. I held this post for nine years, during which time the circulation rapidly increased. The price was fourpence, and we gave from sixty-four to eighty pages each month; so a circulation of 8000 copies a month was creditable.

Sunday-schools were at that time a subject of controversy in the Church, and on important occasions it was necessary to defend and explain the system. In 1867, Samuel Thornton, Rector of St. George's, Birmingham, afterwards Bishop of Ballarat, and now Vicar of Blackburn, asked me to read a paper at a great gathering of teachers in the Town Hall, then chiefly associated with the eloquence of John Bright. The Bishop of Worcester presided, and there was much enthusiasm. My paper was published, and was at once attacked in a series of letters in the *Guardian* by the Rev. J. B. Sweet, to which the editor allowed me to reply. About the same time Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, severely criticised, but with much reason, the old custom of massing children in distant galleries in

church; only he identified this hateful practice with the Sunday-school system, though the only connection between them was that teachers were expected, much against their will, to sit with the children and keep order. The first letter of mine that ever appeared in the *Times* was a reply to the Bishop. I may here add that my first speech in Exeter Hall was at the Institute's anniversary in 1869. The Committee now asked me to undertake a more complete course of Lessons on "The Life of Our Lord," extending over the two years 1870–71; and it was mainly their popularity that ran up the sale of the Magazine, although they were also issued separately in monthly Parts. These Parts had a sale of 12,000, making 20,000 copies of the Lessons monthly. This course was followed by that on the Acts in 1872. When the first twelve months of the Lessons on "The Life of Our Lord" were nearly complete, the question arose whether they should be reprinted and issued in volumes. This had not been done with previous magazine courses, and some thought that as these had sold so much more largely than their predecessors, all teachers who wanted them had already got them, and it was useless to republish. However, eventually it was decided to issue 2000 copies of the first volume as an experiment. These were taken up in a few weeks, and from that time to the present—nearly forty years—neither "The Life of Our Lord" nor "The Acts" has ceased selling. The total number exceeds 250,000.

Subsequently, my sister and I prepared a year's series of lessons called "Steps to Truth," a sort of very simple course of elementary theology. She wrote the outline lessons, and I prefixed to each

an introductory note "to the teacher." In my judgement, these are the best things we ever did; and they still sell, although naturally, not being on Bible narratives, they never attained the popularity of the others. The book has proved useful in the mission field, and has been translated (of course with local adaptations) into several languages of Africa, India, and China.

All these years I took an active part in all the committee meetings of the Institute, and I also helped to organize local associations in different parts of London, and gave addresses and "model lessons" at their meetings, as well as at many provincial towns. Some of the old members above-named had retired, and very few of the new ones were able to give the time to the work that I did. Even after I entered the service of the Church Missionary Society in 1873, I continued doing much for the Institute. I edited the Magazine until the end of 1875, but had the unselfish and energetic assistance in these last two years of Mr. A. R. Pennefather (now Receiver-General of Police and C.B.). In my last year as editor, I had the honour of introducing to the Sunday-school public a new lesson-writer, whom I chose out of a large number of competitors for the authorship of lessons needed on the historical books of the Old Testament. This was the Rev. John Watson, a young Yorkshire clergyman. He wrote three years' courses, and after that wrote several others for the National Society. He has now long been Canon and Sub-dean of York Minister. And the Magazine was not my only literary work for the Institute, for I took an active share in editing two successive Sunday-school hymn-books.

My journeys to address gatherings of Sunday-school teachers took me to most of the great towns, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Blackburn, Oldham, Norwich, &c. Naturally, most of these invitations were from Evangelical clergymen, but there were notable exceptions. At Dean Cowie's request I addressed the teachers attached to Manchester Cathedral. At Swinton, a suburb of Manchester, I found my name on a poster coupled with that of Canon Knox Little. I was invited to Leeds by Dr. Gott, afterwards Bishop of Truro; to Halifax by Dean Pigou; to Taunton by Prebendary W. R. Clark; to Stratford-on-Avon by a Vicar whose name I forget; to Lewisham by Canon Legge, now Bishop of Lichfield, &c., &c. On two occasions I spent a whole Sunday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, in G. H. Wilkinson's time, addressing teachers and scholars.

Two small incidents at meetings of this kind may be worth mentioning, both occurring at St. Margaret's, Westminster. When Canon Conway was Rector, I gave a training-lesson at a meeting presided over by Lord Hatherley, the Lord Chancellor in Gladstone's first Ministry, who gave an interesting account of his own Bible-class, which he had carried on for many years. He warned the teachers present of the need of explaining even simple words, saying that one day, teaching on our Lord's invitation in Matt. xi., "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me," he had said to his class, "Of course you know what a yoke is?" "Oh yes, Sir, it's the inside of an egg!" At the other meeting, I gave a lesson with Archdeacon Farrar, then Rector, in the chair. In introducing me he said it was a treat to him to revert for an

hour or two to work similar to that in which he had so long been engaged—the teaching of boys,—and thus to get away for a little while from "the stupidity of adult humanity"! In fact, Farrar rather fretted under the burden of petty parochialities. At another meeting, about the same time, I heard him speak scornfully of "the fuss, and fret, and fume which some people euphemistically call organization"!

I ought to explain that my work, like that of all the old members of the Committee, was entirely honorary—not only the travelling and organizing, but also the literary and editorial work, including the writing of my Lessons and their original publication in magazine and monthly parts. But I retained the copyright of the Lessons, and when the volumes were produced I received a royalty on their sales. In this one respect, I was the only exception to the old rule of members of Committee giving to the Institute's service time and labour and talents freely without remuneration.

And most valuable and untiring have been those labours of my old colleagues. During the later years of my Institute work—for I continued on the Committee many years after that—the leading members were Mr. Kitto, who was permanent chairman; Mr. Thomas Rutt, vice-chairman; Mr. A. Sherman, chairman of the Finance Committee; the Rev. C. A. Jones, chairman of the Publication Committee; Mr. A. R. Pennefather; Mr. C. R. Ford; the Rev. T. Turner; the Rev. C. H. Turner, now Bishop of Islington; the Rev. F. F. Goe, afterwards Bishop of Melbourne; the Rev. G. H. Stanton, afterwards Bishop of Newcastle, N.S. Wales; and the Hon. and Rev. A. Legge, now Bishop of Lichfield. Of these,

Mr. Rutt, Mr. Ford, Mr. Sherman, and Mr. T. Turner continue to this day. Great is the service which all these men, and many others, have rendered to the Sunday-school cause.

One other active member for three or four years I must also mention, the Rev. Randall Davidson, now Archbishop of Canterbury. He was then Chaplain in succession to Archbishops Tait and Benson. He came very much to the front when the Centenary of Sunday-schools was celebrated in 1880. That was a great occasion. There was an imposing united meeting in the Guildhall, presided over by the Lord Mayor, at which Archbishop Tait spoke ; there was a service at St. Paul's, at which Archbishop Thomson, of York, preached ; there was a meeting in Exeter Hall, at which I had the privilege of being one of the speakers ; above all, there was a gathering of 20,000 Sunday scholars in the grounds of Lambeth Palace, which was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, our present King and Queen. This last was mainly planned by Mr. Davidson ; while the by no means easy task of getting so many boys and girls into and out of the grounds, in proper order under their different banners, was successfully accomplished by Mr. Pennefather, although the *Spectator*, in an alarmist article, predicted confusion, panic, and loss of life. Those who were present will not soon forget the *Te Deum* sung by the twenty thousand children to Jackson's setting (now gone out of fashion), led by the Band of the Life Guards.

The Institute had at that time enjoyed for some years the great advantage of Mr. John Palmer's services as Secretary. Mr. Heald had retired from the General Secretaryship, and gave his whole

time to the work in the country, in which he was so highly valued ; and Mr. Palmer had brought uncommon business capacity to the management of the office and conduct of the committees, &c. He continued many years longer, and at length resigned in broken health, the result of his incessant labours. But I had retired from the Committee some time before that, and am not qualified to speak of his later years.

Two other pieces of Sunday-school work have yet to be noticed, one literary and the other personal.

Just as I finished the Acts of the Apostles, and thus completed the three years' Lessons, an unexpected request came to me. Dr. J. H. Vincent, a leader in the American Methodist Episcopal Church (and afterwards one of its Bishops), called on me, and asked me to write some short Notes on the New International Lessons just then planned in America, which he could publish in *The Sunday-school Journal*, of New York, a magazine with a circulation in the States far exceeding that of all similar periodicals in England put together. I began at once, and for nine years, 1873-81, I wrote from month to month what were called "The English Teacher's Notes." The subjects were, of course, not of my choosing, but were arranged by an interdenominational Committee, and covered the Bible from Genesis to Revelation (that is, the passages selected) in seven years. I wrote, therefore, on the whole of the first cycle of teaching, and on two years of the second cycle. My Notes were not elaborate sketches like those on the Life of our Lord, but merely familiar "talks" on the subjects, with hints how to teach them. At the end of nine years, my work in the

C.M.S. (which had begun almost simultaneously with the Notes) had so increased that I was compelled to give notice of writing no more; and I asked Dr. Vincent whether he would like me to find some other English writer to continue the series. He wrote back, Yes, provided it was some one named Stock. He had, in fact, noticed some Lessons which my sister Sarah had written for the Sunday-school Institute on the Journeyings of Israel; and he presently engaged her for the purpose. She wrote for five years more, completing the second cycle on the whole Bible.

I have before mentioned that my superintendentship of St. Thomas's Sunday-school ceased at the end of 1875. For two years I had no regular Sunday work; but from 1878 to 1884 I superintended a small Sunday-school in Trinity Parish, for boys socially above the average Sunday-scholar.[1] It had long borne the uncomfortable name of "Young Gentlemen's Bible Classes," and I did not alter this, though I did not like it. My chief helper, and my successor, was Ernest Anderson, now well known for his excellent work in connection with the C.M.S. and the Gleaners' Union.

[1] See also pp. 68 and 103.

CHAPTER XI

"CHURCH BELLS"

Erskine Clarke—*Church Bells*—Its Writers—John Oakley—Maclagan's Hymn—National Club Breakfasts.

ONE of my leisure hour occupations during the years immediately preceding my joining the staff of the C.M.S. must have a short chapter to itself.

In 1871, Canon Erskine Clarke, the inventor and editor of the first localised parish magazine (of which *Home Words*, the *Church Monthly*, &c., are imitations), and also of the successful juvenile periodicals, the *Children's Prize* and *Chatterbox*, started a penny weekly paper called *Church Bells*, appealing to moderate Church people who cared neither for the *Church Times* nor the *Rock*. Finding, however, the work too much for one who, having a parish at Derby, had to come up to London every week to see the paper through the press, he presently invited me to be the assistant editor. I hesitated, because I doubted whether, as an Evangelical Churchman, I could give satisfaction on a paper appealing mostly to other sections. But there chanced to be staying with me at the time the Rev. W. E. Littlewood, brother-in-law of Bishop Samuel Thornton, and he, strong Evangelical as he was, urged me to accept the offer, for the sake of the experience it would give me. And I did so, and have often been thankful that I did. Mr. Clarke was to find the contributors

of original articles, and I to provide both articles and current news, and generally arrange the paper. This work I did for two years and a half, and a great privilege it was to be in touch with the principal writers. Among them were Walsham How, afterwards Bishop of Bedford, and of Wakefield; W. D. Maclagan, who became the revered Archbishop of York; W. R. Clark, of Taunton, now a Professor at Trinity College, Toronto; George Venables, afterwards Vicar of Great Yarmouth; Evan Daniel, Principal of Battersea Training College; Berdmore Compton, a leading man on the S.P.G.; S. J. Stone, author of "The Church's One Foundation"; H. T. Ellacombe, of Devon, who supplied a page weekly about bell-ringing; and Dr. A. Weir, of Edmonton; while one of the most brilliant writers, John Oakley, afterwards Dean of Carlisle and of Manchester, I myself introduced to the paper.

Oakley was then Vicar of St. Saviour's, Hoxton, a parish adjoining the eastern border of Islington. Some members of the Church of England Young Men's Society who did not appreciate Islington Churchmanship used to attend St. Saviour's. There was a local newspaper called the *Islington Gazette*, which, by the way, was edited by no less a person than the present Sir Edward Russell, now the brilliant editor of the *Liverpool Post;* and in its columns some of the young men used to air their ecclesiastical opinions. One of them dated a letter which was printed, "Assumption of the B.V.M.," and we orthodox leaders of the Society were scandalized. A general meeting was called, and I moved a resolution condemning this little bit of Romanism; and John Oakley came to the meeting to throw his shield over the writer, not

defending the objectionable phrase, but pleading his young friend's youth and inexperience. My resolution was carried, and of course, "no one seemed one penny the worse"; but it led to a friendship between Oakley and myself. Indeed, I approached him, as I like personal intercourse with men I have to fight.

Oakley was a man somewhat of the type of Canon Scott Holland; a strong Liberal in politics, and combining "High" and "Broad" views in Church matters; also a hearty friend of Dr. Henry Allon and other leading Nonconformists. Moreover, he really appreciated the good and earnest work done in the Islington parishes. What he thought of Mr. Pennefather of Mildmay, and of Moody the American evangelist, will appear in future chapters.

Oakley was an ardent Gladstonian, but he was not always a true prophet, and an illustration of this is worth recording. It may be remembered that after passing the Irish Church Bill and an Irish Land Bill, Gladstone brought in an Irish University Bill in 1873. Tenniel, in a *Punch* cartoon, pictured him as a steeple-chaser, riding hard over rough Irish country. In the distance were two stone walls (the low walls so familiar over there), which his horse had jumped successfully, marked Church and Land; and he was approaching a stiffer one in the foreground marked University. The title was "Will he clear it?" Oakley began an extremely able article in *Church Bells* with the words, "Mr. Gladstone will clear his third fence." But he didn't; the Bill was defeated by a combination of Conservative Protestants and Irish Romanists; and *Punch* came out

with another cartoon entitled "Come a Cropper," showing the horse and rider down, the top stones of the wall knocked away in the attempt to clear it, and a party of Irish priests, who had put some obstacle in the way, taking to their heels. This is worth recalling when, after a lapse of thirty-five years, a not very dissimilar Bill has been passed by general consent.

When Gladstone came into power again, in 1880, two deaneries were vacant, or became so immediately—Carlisle and Wells. It occurred to me that if he chose for them men devoted to himself, he might appropriately appoint Oakley and Plumptre. In a few days the papers announced that the Rev. John Oakley was to be Dean of Carlisle. I wrote to congratulate him, and mentioned what I had thought. He replied, "You are indeed a true prophet; I have just heard that my friend Plumptre is to go to Wells!"

One contribution to *Church Bells* in my time has proved to be a real gift to the Church. In 1872 Mr. Maclagan sent me a hymn for All Saints' Day, which he had just written. It was "The Saints of God! their conflict passed," now so familiar and so frequently sung all over the world.

Mr. Erskine Clarke used to entertain his contributors to breakfast about once a month; but where? At the National Club—of all places! I wonder whether the Club Committee knew who were discussing Church affairs within their immaculate Protestant walls! These were my own first appearances in a building very familiar to me now.

Mr. Clarke and I parted when I went to Salisbury Square, with mutual regret; and certainly, on my

side, with the most grateful appreciation of his unbounded kindness. As I have said above, he was, when I joined him, Vicar of a church (St. Andrew's) at Derby ; but within a few months he was appointed Vicar of Battersea, and there he has lived and worked for eight and thirty years. He has been a great builder of churches and organizer of parishes ; great also as a school manager ; great also, if the adjective is not inappropriate, as a Church Congress member, for up to (I think) last year he had attended all the forty-eight Congresses except Dublin. He surely has deserved more of the Church than only to be an Honorary Canon of Southwark.

CHAPTER XII

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Early Links with C.M.S.—The Jubilee, 1848-9—Krapf's Valedictory Meetings, 1851—Annual Sermons—Day of Intercession—Young Men at Salisbury Square—Henry Wright—My Summons—My Appointment—My First Committee—The Periodicals—The Secretaries and Committee—Period of Expansion—Clouded Years—Death of Wright—Islington Association.

I NOW come to my connection with the C.M.S. I had been genuinely interested in its work from an early age. In October, 1848, when I was twelve years old, certain little papers and tracts came into my hands, which were printed in connection with a coming event, the Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society. These papers quite fascinated me, particularly one which gave an account of four leading founders of the Society—Thomas Scott, Charles Simeon, John Venn, and Josiah Pratt. The Jubilee Meeting was held in Exeter Hall on November 2, and I had the privilege of being present. It was my first missionary meeting, and I can never forget it. I can recall the faces and voices of the chief speakers—Sir Robert Inglis (M.P. for Oxford University), Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, of Oxford, and Edward Bickersteth, the veteran ex-Secretary. How little could the serried ranks of clergy and leading laity on the great platform have imagined that an unknown schoolboy down there in the body of the

hall would one day be the historian of the Society! And how little could the boy himself anticipate such a miracle! From that day I often wondered whether it were possible that I should live to see the Centenary, when I should be sixty-three; and in God's gracious providence I have already outlived the Centenary ten years!

On one other memorable occasion in C.M.S. history I was present in my boyhood. This was the valedictory meeting for Dr. Krapf, on January 2, 1851. Krapf's researches and discoveries in East Africa had already excited keen and general interest. He and his colleague Rebmann had been the first to see the mighty mountains Kenia and Kilimanjaro, and the first to hear of the great lakes in the interior. He had now proposed a pioneering missionary journey into the heart of Africa; and this meeting was the farewell to him. Henry Venn read the Instructions, a splendid state paper, as any one may now see in the "C.M.S. History." Krapf modestly replied; and the Rev. Lord Wriothesley Russell, brother of the Prime Minister (Lord John Russell), and one of the royal chaplains, brought a special message of sympathetic interest from Prince Albert.

For many years I read the old *C. M. Intelligencer* and *C. M. Record*, then edited by Mr. Ridgeway, father of the present Bishops of Kensington and Chichester; and in 1865 I began to attend the annual services at St. Bride's. The sermon that year was the one by Bishop Anderson, of Rupertsland, which sent Bompas to the Arctic regions. It is a memory to be cherished that I heard the magnificent sermon, in some ways the greatest of the whole series, preached in 1867 by Dr. Magee, Dean of

Cork, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough and Archbishop of York.

It is interesting to me also to remember that when the first day of Intercession for Missions was observed, on December 20, 1872, a prayer-meeting was held by the Church of England Young Men's Society at Canonbury Tower at 7 A.M., and the address was given by myself. That was only five months before my unexpected summons to Salisbury Square.

One curious closer connection I had had with the Society. In 1868 the Secretaries invited young men from various parts of London to a Conference at the C.M. House, with a view to interesting them in missionary work; and I went as a representative of the Islington C.E.Y.M.S. The guests being invited to express their views, I criticised the periodicals, and begged for something more attractive. (Comparing dates, it will be seen that I was just then improving the Sunday-school Magazine.) A small committee was appointed to meet again and consider what could be done, and I was asked to be a member of it. But when it was summoned, only I and one other turned up, and nothing was done; and there the affair ended.

In 1872 Henry Wright succeeded to the Honorary Secretaryship vacated by Henry Venn (who died three months after). Wright was a wealthy clergyman in the prime of life (just forty), and threw himself into the work with the utmost devotion. He was a Balliol man, and while an undergraduate had joined with Lord Radstock and W. H. Fremantle (now Dean of Ripon) in starting a college prayer-meeting. Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, had said of

him that "his simplicity of character, in seizing upon the right thing and doing it, amounted to a kind of genius." No words could better hit off his special character. But, in addition, he had shown uncommon powers of organisation as Hon. Secretary of the Nottingham Church Congress of 1871, he being then Vicar of a church in that town. He was emphatically missionary-hearted, and, while still at Oxford, had even approached the C.M.S. with a view to going to the mission-field—but the providence of God pointed another way. On coming to Salisbury Square, he at once felt the weakness of the Society's literature. Ridgeway was dead, and there was no regular Editorial Secretary. The Rev. G. Knox (father of the present Bishop of Manchester) was ably editing the *Intelligencer*, and General Lake the little *C.M. Record;* but there was no popular magazine, the old *Gleaner* (though even that was never popular) having been dropped a few years before. What was to be done?

On June 9, 1873, I received a letter signed "Henry Wright," asking me to call upon him at Salisbury Square. I went there the next day. To my utter astonishment he informed me that an editorial secretary was wanted, and that my name had been mentioned to him. By whom? By the Rev. W. E. Littlewood, the same who had urged me to accept the *Church Bells* offer, as before related. What do I not owe to that good man! It might be supposed that my criticisms five years before had had something to do with the matter; but apparently both they and their author had been quite forgotten, and Wright was much struck by the coincidence when I mentioned it.

On June 24th I was interviewed by a small sub-committee, and I noticed that my Sunday-school Lesson Notes lay on their table. The only two whom I remember as present are Prebendary Auriol, the revered "Nestor" of Evangelical Churchmen at the time, and the Rev. Robert Long, who afterwards became Archdeacon of Auckland, and only died last year. The sub-committee recommended me to the General Committee, and I was formally appointed on July 22. But not at once to be Editorial Secretary; I did not actually receive the title till a year or two later—which, considering my small experience, was right and wise. Moreover, some objection, it seems, had been raised in the Committee to the appointment of a man who was connected with *Church Bells;* and I received a letter from Wright asking for a fuller statement of my Evangelical principles. I replied at length, detailing my views, theological and ecclesiastical, which I knew were quite "C.M.S."; but I added emphatically that there were "Evangelicals *and* Evangelicals," and that I counted myself among those who could recognise the spiritual work of men like "Maclagan and Wilkinson." Happily for me, this did not cause my rejection!

While the matter was still pending, I had my first glimpse of a C.M.S. General Committee. On June 24th, after the sub-committee, Wright invited me to stay and witness the proceedings of the larger body; and it was a specially interesting occasion. In the first place, the Shah of Persia was then in England, and it was resolved to present a memorial to him in favour of religious liberty; which incident had its influence a year or two later in inducing the Committee to adopt the Persia Mission started by Dr.

Bruce. Still more important was the next business. Sir Bartle Frere had just returned from East Africa, whither Gladstone, then Premier, had sent him to negotiate a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar for the suppression of the Slave Trade; and Frere now, pointer in hand, and a large map on the wall, addressed the Committee, and begged them to revive the old East Africa Mission of Krapf and Rebmann, and to establish a settlement for rescued slaves. This, in fact, led to Price's mission to Mombasa, to the founding of Frere Town (named after Sir Bartle), to the episcopate of Hannington and his successors, and indirectly to the Uganda Mission and the British Protectorates. So I started my hundreds of Committee attendances on a really memorable historic occasion.

I took my seat in the Church Missionary House on September 10, 1873, the holidays having intervened between my appointment and that date. I at once set myself to plan a new popular magazine, which, however, was to revive the old dropped title of *Gleaner*. It started with the New Year, 1874, and was at once welcomed by a large circle. It had the advantage of commencing its career at a time of awakening and widening interest. The Day of Intercession, begun just a year before, was producing its due effects in an increase of candidates; the income of 1873–4 was larger than that of any preceding year by £40,000 (though, even then, only half what it is now!); the death of Livingstone, the news of which reached England a few weeks after the first number of the *Gleaner* appeared, roused the whole Christian feeling of the country for Africa; and Henry Wright was already

infusing a new spirit of faith and zeal into Salisbury Square counsels.

Within a few months, General Lake handed over to me the *C.M. Record*, and I also helped Mr. Knox with the *Intelligencer*. I gradually formed in my mind a plan for the union of these two periodicals; and the former was absorbed in the latter at the end of 1875. For two or three years Mr. Knox and I edited our respective portions of the enlarged *Intelligencer;* but in 1878 he resigned, and I became sole editor. The union of all the principal current information and comment in one periodical was, in my judgement, right at the time; but equally right was the separation again, after thirty years, by the commencement of the *C.M.S. Gazette* and the change of the title of *Intelligencer* to *Review*. Different periods and circumstances require different treatment.

My literary work was not confined to periodicals. In 1876 I wrote the "Story of the Fuh-kien Mission," and in 1879 "Japan and the Japan Mission."[1] In 1878 I brought out a new and much enlarged edition of the "Church Missionary Atlas" (which was again enlarged fifteen years later). Many other smaller things are not worth mentioning. From the beginning I was authorised and invited to attend all committees and sub-committees, and I made full use of the privilege, this being the only way to master all the Society's principles and methods of work. I also for many years read every foreign letter.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Secretaries to me from the first. General Lake was

[1] Both these books have been revised and brought up to date, more than once since, by other writers.

the statesman of the "Cabinet," and the historian, and the depositary of facts for reference; and he gave me valuable counsel and help until his retirement from failure of health. He had been one of the noblest of Christian Anglo-Indians, distinguished both as a soldier and in political offices—"an honour," said Lord Lawrence, "to his Government, and a tower of strength to the Administration." He rose to be Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, the highest post next to the Lieutenant-Governor. The Rev. Samuel Hasell, who was Home Secretary, took me by the hand, as a young recruit, with special solicitude, and I owed much to him. But he was anxious about my staunchness to old traditions. He thought Mr. Wright was starting the Society on a downward road, and feared I should follow him, as, indeed, I did—only I believed the road to be upward; and so it has proved. Hasell died suddenly in 1879, deeply lamented; but he could never have been happy with the new developments of Wigram's period. He used to boast that he had never been inside the Mildmay Conference Hall, *nor* at an S.P.G. meeting! His successor, Canon Sutton, and I became comrades at once. The brilliant lay secretary, Edward Hutchinson, had not favoured my appointment, and, indeed, he was all along somewhat of an opponent of Wright; but after a year or two he quite came round, and showed me both kindness and confidence; and after he left the Society in 1881, I was thankful to have the opportunity of serving him in several ways. With the other two secretaries, Mr. Fenn and Mr. Gray, I was always on the most brotherly terms.

The Committee of the Church Missionary Society,

at the time I joined, comprised men whom it was an honour and a privilege to know. The Earl of Chichester, who had been President since 1835 (before I was born), took the chair on important occasions. I afterwards came in contact with him a good deal, and was always struck by his wide culture and practical wisdom. Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, the Treasurer, who presided in the Earl's absence, was an interesting man in many ways. When I joined he was seventy-five years of age, but brisker and more vigorous than many young men. He had been a midshipman on board the ship which carried to India the news of Waterloo. He continued Treasurer till his death in his ninetieth year, when he had been a member of the Committee fifty-two years.

The other most influential lay members were retired Anglo-Indians, some of them distinguished men. J. F. Thomas had been secretary to the Madras Government; H. Carre Tucker (brother of "A. L. O. E.") had been Commissioner of Benares in the days of the Mutiny; F. N. Maltby had been British Resident at the Court of Travancore. The other two who were most prominent in Committee were Arthur Lang, an Indian ex-judge, and father of the great Cambridge bowler who subsequently became a C.M.S. secretary, and Alexander Beattie, a Calcutta merchant, who in England had become a railway magnate, being vice-chairman of the Clearing House. The two lay members not from India who were the most influential were Joseph Hoare, the banker, and Sydney Gedge, the solicitor—the latter of whom has survived to this day, after half a century of Committee work. Three young men

joined the Committee about the time I entered the House—viz., Robert Williams, banker, now Colonel and treasurer; P. V. Smith, barrister, now Chancellor of Manchester; and C. D. Fox (now Sir Douglas), the eminent engineer. The three first-mentioned, Thomas, Tucker, and Maltby, died within my first three or four years; but all the others I came to know well, and to esteem much, for their high Christian character as well as their sagacity and ability.

I may mention one little anecdote of Beattie, who united business capacity and real sanctity in a way I never saw in any one else. When Dr. Mylne was appointed Bishop of Bombay in 1876, he came to see the Committee before sailing for India. After formal introductions and so forth, Beattie was asked to give a little farewell address. I can never forget it. Such a combination of an old veteran's kindly counsel to a young recruit with a layman's respectful attitude towards a Bishop was surely never seen. The Bishop was manifestly moved; and a few days after, John Oakley, the future Dean, said to me, "Whatever have you C.M.S. people been doing with my friend Mylne? He's quite fascinated with you." A few months later, when the Bishop wrote to the Society an earnest appeal in behalf of his brother Bishop, Dr. Copleston, he referred to "that fragrant half hour."

So much for the lay members of Committee. The clerical were as numerous, but not so regular in attendance, except four, viz., Edward Auriol, Rector of St. Dunstan's, a man of large heart and singular sagacity, whom I have before referred to as the Nestor of the Evangelical party; W. H. Barlow, Principal of the C.M.S. College at Islington, and afterwards

Dean of Peterborough, quiet and weighty; R. C. Billing, then at Islington, afterwards Bishop of Bedford, incisive in speech and gifted with no small amount of common-sense; and William Allan, still more incisive, and with a rare power of assimilating and remembering details. Presently Bishop Perry returned home finally from his Melbourne diocese, and became a very prominent and influential member, greatly and justly revered, and particularly kind to me; and about the same time Bishop Alford, of China, and Canons Hoare and Money, and Archdeacon Richardson, began to attend regularly; and these five were the leading clerical members for many years, when Auriol was dead and Barlow and Billing too busy to come. Canon Hoare's position was unique. No clergyman came near him in influence, or in the reverent affection he inspired. The only man in later years who has in any measure succeeded to his position and influence is Prebendary Webb-Peploe, whose services to the missionary cause have been great indeed.

When I had been about four years in the House, four new Anglo-Indians joined, who were destined to be leading lay members for many years—Generals Touch and Hutchinson, soldiers; Robert Cust and Henry Morris, civilians. General George Hutchinson, General Touch (pronounced "Tooke"), and Mr. Morris, became most valuable members, and Mr. Morris is still with us, except in the months when he is wintering abroad. Cust was in many ways unique. He had been in important positions in India, the last being the Judicial Commissionership of the Punjab, but he had no decoration—why, I cannot conceive, for few men with K.C.B. or K.C.S.I. could "hold a

candle" to him in many-sided ability. It is literally true that he could read, write, and speak in sixteen languages, eight European, and eight Asiatic. For occasional recreation he would translate Virgil into Hindustani or the "Ramayana" into Greek; and he corresponded with scholars in most European countries in their own tongues. He was a most voluminous writer, and spent much of his fortune in printing his books and pamphlets and circulating them free among wide circles of friends and acquaintances. I have half a shelf full of them. He was particularly kind to me, and appreciative of my work to an extent I never could understand in a man so far beyond me in acquirements and gifts of all kinds. The day came when he found it necessary to take up a different attitude towards me, one of strong disapproval, and to fire at me in his published works. (For one thing, he could not *abide* "Keswick"!) But after two or three years he came round, and was as kind as ever.

My first three or four years in the House were a time of great expansion in the work abroad. The first division of the huge diocese of Rupertsland, which then covered the whole of what is now called the "Canadian North-West," was arranged by the statesmanship of Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Machray; and two C.M.S missionaries, Horden and Bompas, were appointed to two of the three new dioceses. I saw them both consecrated, and had Bompas at my house. A little later, Bishop Ridley went out to Metlakatla. The work in Palestine was enlarged, Bishop Gobat handing over his own stations and agents to the Society. Bruce was already in Persia, and in 1875 persuaded the Committee to adopt

the Mission he had started "off his own bat." The Missions in India were expanding, especially among the Mohammedans on the North-West Frontier and among the non-Aryan hill tribes. New bishoprics, the first for forty years, were established—Lahore (with French as first Bishop), Rangoon, and Travancore and Cochin; and Caldwell and Sargent were appointed Assistant-Bishops, by the Bishop of Madras, to superintend the S.P.G. and C.M.S. Tamil Missions. Progress in China was signalised by the ordination of several native clergymen, Burdon having become Bishop in the south, and, a little later, G. E. Moule in Mid-China, as well as Scott (S.P.G.) in the north. In Japan, the door began to be really open just as I joined the Society, and both C.M.S. and S.P.G. sent out the able men who laid the foundation of the Missions there, three of whom (Evington, Fyson, Foss) long afterwards became Bishops. But Africa, after all, was the field on which all eyes were chiefly fixed. The Society, responding to Sir Bartle Frere's appeal, revived its old East Africa Mission, as I have before mentioned; while Bishop Steere developed the Universities Mission, and the Scottish Churches planned great enterprises in memory of Livingstone. Presently came Stanley's challenge from Uganda, and the undertaking by the C.M.S of what was at first called the Victoria Nyanza Mission. I myself introduced to the Society the leader of its first expedition, Lieutenant Shergold Smith; and during the few weeks that Alexander Mackay was in England before starting on the enterprise in which he laboured fourteen years, and whence he never came back, he and I became special friends.

The latter part of the decade was clouded.

Disaster and death beset the new Africa Missions; the large outlay on the various extensions led to heavy deficits and reluctant retrenchments; and the Ceylon controversy, between the Society and the Bishop of Colombo, caused great anxiety and strain during more than three years. Then came a great calamity. On August 13, 1880, being holiday time, I happened to be the only secretary in the House, and never can I forget the receipt of the fatal telegram telling us that Henry Wright had been drowned in Coniston Lake. That a man so entirely qualified to guide the Society in wisdom and faith and love should be suddenly taken from us, just when the wisdom and the faith and the love seemed to be peculiarly needed, was a mysterious dispensation indeed. I have often thought how he would have rejoiced in the advance that marked the next quarter of a century, and in four of his children going out as missionaries themselves. But the Lord knows best!

It was an unexpected proof of the confidence that Mr. Wright had learned to place in me, when Mrs. Wright asked me to stand sponsor to the boy born the day after his father's death, for which proof I was deeply thankful.

I should add here that during four or five of the years covered by this chapter, I was Hon. Secretary of the Islington Auxiliary of the C.M.S. This had nothing to do with my office in the Society itself, but was the local work of a local man locally appointed. The chief incident of my tenure of the post was the celebration, in 1878, of the Jubilee of the Association, which I planned and carried through. The Association had been founded in 1828 by the first Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta; and

one of the speakers on that occasion was William Wilberforce. On the Jubilee Day, Canon J. C. Miller preached a fine sermon in Islington Parish Church; and at the evening meeting in Myddelton Hall, which was densely crowded, Bishop Ryan, Canon Hoare, and G. E. Moule (afterwards Bishop in Mid-China) were the chief speakers. The Jubilee offering to the Society was £1,000. In 1879 I was anxious to be relieved of this local secretaryship, as my work in Salisbury Square was becoming heavy; and I managed it in the following way. I fixed on my friend, G. Martin Tait, as the right man for the post, but doubted his willingness to take it. But in that year he married Miss Margaret André, a lady devoted to the C.M.S. So while they were on their honeymoon, I wrote and asked him to take my place, as I knew *she* would back up such a request! She did back it up, and he could not refuse his bride! And excellent work he did, for several years.

CHAPTER XIII

C.M.S. IN THE 'EIGHTIES

New Secretaries—New Movements and Unions—C.M.S. and C.I.M.—Earl Cairns' Meeting—February Simultaneous Meetings—The Westminster Meeting—Gleaners' Union—Liddon Correspondence—Jerusalem Bishopric—Archbishop Benson—Rhyl Church Congress—C.M.S. and the House of Lords—Internal Controversies—Canon Isaac Taylor—*The Christian*—Policy of Faith—New President and Treasurers—Women Workers.

THE Society now (1881) began a period of extension and development both at home and abroad, which in fact lasted a quarter of a century without break. The number of missionaries increased from 260 to 1000, or nearly fourfold, and the income was doubled.

Henry Wright was succeeded in the Honorary Secretaryship by his sister's husband, the Rev. F. E. Wigram, an equally wealthy clergyman and one highly respected in the Diocese of Winchester. Shortly after, the retirement of Edward Hutchinson brought General George Hutchinson, C.B., C.S.I., to the Lay Secretaryship. He had been an Engineer officer of distinction in India, and had been one of the besieged band in the Residency at Lucknow in 1857, where it fell to him to countermine the mines which the besieging rebels constructed. He was afterwards Commissioner of Police in the Punjab; and now he took charge of C.M.S. finance. At the same time an additional secretary was appointed to take special charge

of the Africa Missions—the Rev. Robert Lang, the Harrow and Cambridge bowler before referred to. I must, however, continue, not to write a condensed history of the Society, but merely to notice incidents with which I was personally connected.

From the time that Mr. Wigram became Hon. Secretary of the C.M.S., my connection with the general work of the House, as distinct from the editorial department itself, grew more and more intimate. After I went to live at Hampstead in 1884, he and I regularly took the same train in the morning, and discussed the Society's affairs on the way. Not that the editorial work was less ; in fact, there was more of it. In particular, for some years from 1881, I wrote the large Annual Report. When Mr. Furness Smith relieved me of that, I still wrote the short "General Review" specially prepared to be read in half-an-hour at the annual meeting. Indeed, I may claim to have invented this "General Review," as it had been the custom previously to read a few "bits" from the larger Report.

I was particularly identified with the new developments in the home work of the Society which marked the decade of the 'eighties. In 1882 the first Missionary Exhibition took place, at Cambridge, being an invention of the Vicar of Holy Trinity there, John Barton, of whom I shall say more in a future chapter ; and he invited me to speak at the opening of it. This was one of the earliest of my forty-eight visits to Cambridge, to be noticed hereafter. In the same year was founded the Lay Workers' Union for London, which was, in fact, an outcome of a scheme I had suggested two or three years before for simultaneous missionary addresses in Sunday-

schools. Then in 1885 came the Younger Clergy Union and the Ladies' Union. With the former I naturally had nothing to do. Of the latter I was for several years chairman, and to it I gave several courses of lectures on Missions. In that year also I threw out the ideas that led to the February Simultaneous Meetings, which were held in the chief provincial centres in 1886 and in London in 1887, and which were repeated in 1891–3.

That campaign arose in the following way. I shall have hereafter to notice the outburst of missionary zeal and interest at Cambridge in 1884–5, a fruit in part of Moody's Mission there in 1883, but more immediately caused by the going forth of the "Cambridge Seven" of the China Inland Mission, and the meetings held by Stanley Smith and C. T. Studd before their departure. At the usual January Conference of the C.M.S. Organising Secretaries in 1885, I ventured to suggest that we might copy those meetings in their tone and spirit, not merely telling anecdotes and begging for money, but rather setting forth the claim of Christ to our entire service at home or abroad, and the claim of the heathen to hear of God's message to them by His Son. The truth must be told that the suggestion was not welcome. Why should such a Society as the C.M.S. stoop to imitate the methods of the C.I.M.?

However, another influence came to back the proposal. The Y.M.C.A. in London, impressed by the effect upon its members produced by Smith and Studd's meetings, came and offered the use of Exeter Hall, and of the machinery of the Association, free, if the C.M.S. would arrange a great meeting for men only, to plead, not for the Society in particular, but

for the whole cause. We undertook it, and for the first time (I suppose) in C.M.S. history the bills and posters were not headed with the Society's name, but with the words, "The Claims of the Heathen and Mohammedan World." It will scarcely be believed, but it is the fact, that letters at once appeared in the *Record* complaining of the C.M.S. combining with an undenominational organisation like the Y.M.C.A. and stooping to sensational methods! But Wigram stood firm, as he so often did against outside criticism; and I enthusiastically supported him. We asked Archbishop Benson to preside, and he would have done so gladly if he could have got off a previous engagement. There was no Bishop of London just then, for although I think Temple had been appointed, he had not yet left Exeter. At length we secured Earl Cairns, and Wigram and I instructed him, at his own house, as to the design and scope of the meeting. Canon Hoare was to speak first, to give the gathering respectability in the eyes of old and doubting friends; Handley Moule, of Ridley Hall, who had not yet appeared in Exeter Hall, was to speak for the Universities, and E. A. Stuart for the men of London, he being the most popular speaker of the day at such meetings; and four missionaries were to take ten minutes each—viz., Price of East Africa, Hughes of Peshawar, and Piper of Japan—to show the young men that old veterans were worth hearing as well as young recruits like Smith and Studd!—the fourth being Pearson of Uganda, because he had been at Khartoum with Gordon, whose death had just sent a thrill of horror and grief throughout England. The meeting, which came off on March 24, was immense, all men (except

a few ladies in the west gallery); and an overflow was held at King's College, just across the Strand, by permission of Dr. Wace, then Principal. Fifty Cambridge men came to London, and were entertained at substantial tea before the meeting, and I had the high privilege of addressing them while at their meal; and three hundred City men, members of the Banks and Stock Exchange Prayer Unions, were similarly treated in another room. Lord Cairns's speech from the chair was rousing indeed; and it was his last! Nine days later he died at Bournemouth. I represented the C.M.S. at his funeral, and I never forget the sad and stooping figure of Lord Salisbury as he stood alone nearest to the grave.

There is no doubt that this meeting helped many to approve of my suggestion for simultaneous special meetings throughout the country; and very soon Canon Sutton, and also Mr. Percy Grubb (who came to the House for the purpose), were busy making the arrangements. They were held in the following February, 1886. Looking back at the reports of them now, I must say that they seem to have been mostly poor affairs. But they were not thought so at the time. Our standard has risen since then. But one prophecy came true. Archbishop Benson said, "We shall feel the effect," and these simple words exactly express the result. We have "felt the effect" ever since!

The London Simultaneous Meetings a year later, in February, 1887, were a far greater thing. The number of meetings in one week was nearly two thousand, many more than all those in the one hundred and seventy provincial centres put together;

and, in addition, some eight hundred sermons were preached on the opening Sunday. There were fifty general or aggregate meetings for whole deaneries or combined parishes, in large halls, most of which were crowded; some fifty drawing-room meetings in upper-class districts; numerous meetings for children; the use of ordinary parochial gatherings, such as teachers' meetings, mothers' meetings, Bible classes, &c., for missionary addresses; extra parochial gatherings for business men, employés in great shops, and other special classes. In many of the deaneries the whole of the clergy, whether ordinary supporters of the C.M.S. or not, combined to promote the movement. I myself spoke at thirteen meetings in the six days, and night by night got home about twelve o'clock in the keen, frosty air.

To one meeting I might refer more particularly. It was desired to have one in Westminster, but the C.M.S. had no connection there. I went, however, to Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode, the vice-chairman of the House of Laymen, and asked him if he could arrange something. He threw himself into it energetically, and a quite extraordinary gathering took place at the Westminster Town Hall, now known as Caxton Hall. Crowds failed to get in, and two overflows had to be arranged on the spur of the moment. I think, but am not sure, that Dr. Farrar, then Archdeacon and Rector of St. Margaret's, presided in the large hall. A long list of speakers was on the programme, and the proceedings lasted from 8 to 11.30 P.M. The only one I remember was a young clergyman from (I think) Essex, the Rev. Hensley Henson, then regarded as an advanced High Churchman. I was

the only C.M.S. representative, and I had to speak three times: first, at the opening, to explain the object of the F.S.M. campaign—viz., not for the C.M.S. only, but to promote the whole cause; secondly, at one of the overflows; and, thirdly, at the end of the big meeting. It was after eleven when I was called upon. Floor and galleries were still crammed, and the whole assembly listened with obviously intense interest while I related the career and death of Bishop Hannington. The famous little diary of his last days and hours had only been received three months before, and was the object almost of relic-worship; and I held it up, and then handed it to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who was sitting just behind me on the platform, and who had given the C.M.S. £1,500 ten years before to start the Mission in East Africa over which Hannington had been Bishop.

It was the experience gained in the first "F.S.M." in 1886 that suggested to several of the friends who had taken part the need of some kind of league or union in which to enrol the rank and file of missionary-hearted people. A plan for such an organisation was submitted by Wigram to a large meeting of clergymen in the May week of that year, but was unanimously rejected by them. "We are over-organised already," they said, "and we will have no more." Then I thought of a plan for inviting the readers of the *Gleaner*, who formed the bulk of the friends we wished to reach, to join a "Gleaner Union," by direct communication with the anonymous editor, thus avoiding the dreaded "organisation." In June I was at Fredville, in Kent, the seat of Mr. C. J. Plumptre, for his C.M.S.

anniversary; and I got up early in the morning and drafted a prospectus, heading it, not "Gleaner Union," but "Gleaners' Union," the members to be called "Gleaners." That prospectus, with its five suggested "fields" for "gleaning," has remained unaltered ever since.

The success of the Union was immediate. Letters came in shoals asking for enrolment. In ten months six thousand members were enrolled. Among the very earliest were a divinity student, a Warwickshire waggoner, an engine-driver, a governess in an uncongenial family, a bedridden old woman in a hospital, and—a Bishop! In course of time the clergy perceived that the Union could be a power, and began spontaneously to form parochial branches; and thus the dreaded "organisation" came from themselves. When the Union was fifteen months old, it was resolved to hold a first annual meeting, on All Saints' Day. It was proposed to hold it in the C.M. House, and for a private gathering like that it seemed lawful (even then!) to have a woman speaker; and so I invited Mrs. Evered Poole to address the Gleaners. But the many applications for tickets compelled us to enlarge our plan and engage St. James's Hall, the beautiful music-hall then in Piccadilly; and though it was a drenching night, a thousand Gleaners heard Mrs. Poole. Subsequent anniversaries of the Union have been occasions of great interest. At one, in 1891, the fund was raised which did much to save Uganda from anarchy and prepare the way for British rule; and at another, in 1893, Mrs. Bishop delivered the speech which added so much to her fame; to both of which I shall refer hereafter.

Some incidents in connection with the contro-

versies which troubled the Society in 1887–89, and in which I was concerned, are worth referring to.

Towards the close of 1886 a letter appeared in the *Guardian* attacking the C.M.S. Palestine Mission on the ground of its being supposed to be a proselytizing agency to draw men from the Eastern Churches. Wigram was away, visiting the Missions all round the world, and his colleagues asked me to answer the letter, which I did. In the next number, to my surprise and dismay, a letter of three columns in length appeared, from no less a person than Canon Liddon, severely criticising the letter of the "literary secretary," as he called me. Who was I, that I should presume to enter the lists with Liddon? However, his letter was open to obvious reply, and I wrote accordingly; and for four or five weeks the controversy went on, until the Canon refrained from answering my last. Two or three months after, Archbishop Benson said to me, "The Bishop of Durham [Westcott] considers you were the victor, and we all agree with him."

It was soon after this that the Archbishop unexpectedly revived the Jerusalem Bishopric, and appointed to it Dr. Blyth. This was thought a great triumph for the Evangelical cause, with which that Bishopric had been closely identified; and High Churchmen generally were much concerned, as they had hoped Jerusalem was, as the *Guardian* called it, a "Dead See." But presently a correspondent of the *English Churchman* caught Bishop Blyth celebrating the Holy Communion at a Chiswick church in a chasuble, and a tremendous outcry arose against the C.M.S. for having promised—like the Jews' Society—£300 a year towards the epis-

copal stipend. Of the controversy I need not write further here, and I only allude to it in consequence of what occurred to myself. I received a letter from Archbishop Benson asking me to call upon him at Lambeth. He began the interview by referring to the Liddon correspondence, making the remark already quoted. I knew he had not sent for me to say this, and wondered what was coming. Presently he produced a letter in my handwriting, to my astonishment. It was one I had written to Mr. Richard Nugent in reply to his complaint that the C.M.S. had compromised its Evangelical character by subsidising Bishop Blyth. Mr. Nugent had sent it to the Archbishop of York (Thomson), and he, being partly responsible for the appointment, and, having heard nothing further, being alarmed about the Bishop's alleged ritualistic tendencies, had sent it on to Lambeth. Benson, too, had known nothing either of the chasuble or of the Protestant outcry, and had sent for me to tell him all about it, which I did. What he said to me I must not repeat even now, but it entirely satisfied me that it had never occurred to him that his choice of a Bishop was likely to cause trouble.

At first everything promised well for the future mutual relations of the Bishop and the Society; but four years later, in 1891, certain criticisms the Bishop had made on the C.M.S. Mission in Palestine came for arbitration before Archbishop Benson and four other Bishops—Temple, Westcott, Thorold, and Harvey Goodwin. Their judgement entirely acquitted the Society (as the *Church Times* sorrowfully acknowledged); and again, I should not now refer to the matter if it were not for an incident of some

interest to myself personally At the Rhyl Church Congress in the same year, a strong attack was made on Missionary Societies, as interfering with the authority of the Church as a corporate body. Bishop Blyth was a speaker, and was received with significant cheering, though he, in his kindness of heart, refrained from any allusion to the Palestine controversy. The case for the Societies was stated, in behalf of the S.P.G. by the Earl of Stamford, and in behalf of the C.M.S. by myself. Quite naturally, I was received, when I rose, with a chilling silence; but what I said—which had no reference to Palestine and the Bishop, but only to the general question—somehow or other completely won the audience over. Before I had spoken five minutes, cheers were punctuating almost every sentence; and at the end I was more applauded than I had ever been in my life before. I make no apology for this egotistical narration, because it shows that, after all, a fairly convincing case can be made out for the Society system.

As I have mentioned Archbishop Benson, I might notice an incident in his Primacy which occurred some years before the foregoing, in fact in his first year at Canterbury, 1883. The Duke of Somerset was to attack the C.M.S. for certain evil deeds of two negro ex-agents of Bishop Crowther's on the Niger. Benson was anxious about it, and asked us to coach him, and to be in attendance at the House of Lords. Wigram and I went, and as he knew less of the details than I did, he went into the gallery, leaving me under the wing of the Archbishop, who took me in, and stood me close alongside the Episcopal Bench, in the space usually called the steps of the

Throne, which is not technically a part of the House itself. He could thus consult me if necessary; but, in fact, I was not wanted, though I stood there throughout the debate. The chief defender of the C.M.S. was Earl Cairns, who, to my great surprise, delivered what was in effect an impressive lecture on the whole West Africa Mission; but the Archbishop made his maiden speech also on the occasion. His chaplain, Randall Davidson (now Primate himself), quietly asked me afterwards to see that the *Record* properly reported his Grace's share in the debate; so I went straight from the House to the *Record* office, and, with the editor's leave, wrote a leading article on the affair, which appeared the next day.

Reverting to the period before indicated, 1887–89, I must state frankly that the C.M.S. was at the time unpopular with what I may call the Church Association party, not only on account of the grant to the Jerusalem Bishopric, but on other grounds also; and one of their leaders, Mr. Talbot Greaves, Vicar of Clifton, devised a pretty plot to punish me for backing Wigram's wicked policy, which was compromising Protestant principles. He invited me to Clifton to address a Conference on Dangers to the C.M.S., and though I foresaw what would happen, I would not shrink from it. Among the gravest dangers to the Society which I dwelt upon was the danger of missing God's blessing by a too suspicious narrow-mindedness; and—well, I "caught it" severely! However, though we all suffered a good deal at that period, the stand which Wigram took has been of the highest value to the Society ever since. We were told we were losing the confidence of the country, whereas we were, in fact,

advancing at a rapid rate—an advance which multiplied the missionaries threefold, and nearly doubled the income.

Throughout almost all these controversies, Canon Hoare, of Tunbridge Wells, was a tower of strength in support of Wigram; and when a motion was made to withdraw the Jerusalem grant, he came from a sick-bed to protest against any breach of promise, quoting the eighty-ninth Psalm: "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips." But in one case he joined the other side. The London February Simultaneous Meetings of 1887 had been concluded with a great evening service at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the Society was officially received for the first time, Dean Church giving a cordial welcome; and Bishop Thorold preached an impressive sermon. In the following year, 1888, the Younger Clergy Union and Lay Workers' Union proposed to repeat the service, and Canon Liddon, who was in charge in the Dean's absence, gave his consent, though not very willingly. Just a fortnight before the service, the great new reredos was suddenly unveiled, and at once gave offence to many Evangelical Churchmen, chiefly because of the prominence on it of a sculpture representing the Virgin and Child. Instantly there was a cry, "Drop the service; don't go into that building at all." This was practically impossible, even if it had been desirable; for some thousands of tickets had already been applied for and given out. Moreover, the secretaries felt that to withdraw at the last moment would be to forfeit all claim to the national Cathedral. The service was accordingly held, Mr. E. A. Stuart being the preacher, and an immense throng attending.

Meanwhile a resolution was moved in General Committee virtually censuring the course taken ; and to our sorrow Canon Hoare supported it. But Wigram met it boldly, and moved an amendment affirming the Society's duty to hold aloof from home controversies, except in any case where they might interfere with its missionary work ; and this amendment was carried, actually *nem. con.* A few weeks later the attack was renewed, and the committee-room was crowded ; But Wigram moved another resolution confirming the former one, and it was carried by 117 to 19.

My own position was not an easy one at this time. It was the obvious duty of the *Intelligencer* to vindicate the Committee's policy and acts, yet we did not want to offend our critics, who, after all, were friends. At length I produced a paper called "A Plain Statement," which did much to heal the breach.

A very different controversy was with outsiders. Canon Isaac Taylor contributed an article to the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "The Great Missionary Failure"—namely, the C.M.S. This, and a paper of his at the Church Congress in praise of Mohammedanism, led to a correspondence in the *Times*, and I was again put forward by my colleagues to defend the Society. I wrote a letter a column and a half long, which the *Times* printed in leaded type. Soon afterwards Canon Taylor returned to the charge with a vehement attack on C.M.S. finance. I sent a reply to the *Fortnightly Review*, which duly appeared. The *Guardian* commented on the controversy, and declared that my answer was complete and unanswerable ; but it added that there was one weak point in the C.M.S. case—viz., that its missionaries viewed a

missionary career as a profession, and not, as they should, as the fulfilment of a vocation. Truly it is good to see ourselves as others see us!

Another controversy, of quite a different kind, arose in 1889. A free-lance American missionary in Morocco wrote a series of articles in the *Christian*, severely criticising modern Missions, and advocating the going forth of "Matthew x. missionaries," "without scrip," &c. These articles fell in with the current feeling in some earnest Christian circles, and the C.M.S. was in danger of losing some of its best candidates. Mr. R. C. Morgan, the editor of the *Christian*, asked me to write a similar series of articles in reply; which I did, and received warm thanks from some of the leaders of the very circles that had been affected, notably Sir Arthur Blackwood and Dr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness. Mrs. Guinness discovered that the best parts of the Morocco articles were borrowed from the famous sermon preached by Edward Irving before the London Missionary Society as far back as 1825; and she condemned them in her own magazine, *Regions Beyond*, far more severely than I had done.

I now revert to an important event of the year 1887, the virtual adoption of what came to be called the Policy of Faith, with which I have always been supposed to be especially identified. I certainly approved of it, and often vindicated it in the periodicals and at meetings, as indeed was my duty when the Committee had adopted it; but I did not initiate it. In July 1887, Mr. Webb-Peploe and Mr. James Johnson (the African clergyman, now Bishop) informed the Committee of a remarkable missionary meeting, which had been held at Keswick

(and which I shall notice in another chapter), and pleaded that the Society should embark on a forward movement which would draw to it the earnest Churchpeople who were being influenced by the Keswick Convention and similar gatherings. I was not myself present at that Committee meeting, but I was told that a very deep impression had been made. In October and November, after the recess, the subject was resumed ; but the Finance Committee just then reported that the Society was already moving too fast, and that the funds would fall short. The General Committee, however, did not dare to call a halt, but instructed the subordinate committees not to refuse offers of service on financial grounds. No flourish of trumpets followed. The Society simply went on accepting candidates who seemed really qualified, without first inquiring whether there was money in hand to support them, in the belief that, if they were indeed called of God, He would incline His people to provide the funds. Seven years passed away, and, the "policy" being then challenged, its results were for the first time examined. It appeared that the number of missionaries had doubled in that period, with one to spare (309–619), while the financial position was actually better ; whereupon the committee adopted a resolution, drafted by Mr. Webb-Peploe, confirming the "policy." After twenty years from its first adoption the number of missionaries had risen to over 1000, or more than threefold, while the expenditure had not quite doubled in amount. Even when retrenchment at length became necessary, owing to the income, though advancing, not advancing fast enough, not one recruit believed to be qualified and called of God was kept back. But

a proper inquiry is now made respecting the probable resources for the support of reinforcements, which is exactly what I spontaneously suggested long ago in the *Intelligencer*.

The year 1887 was altogether a memorable one, as will further appear in the next two chapters. Some of its events I have not space to refer to, but I must just mention that it saw the acceptance of the Presidentship by Sir John Kennaway, and of the Treasurership by Sir Fowell Buxton. The former is still President, to the Society's great advantage. The latter gave up his office when he went to South Australia as Governor, and was succeeded by the present Treasurer, Colonel R. Williams, M.P.

One more development I must mention, which has been the greatest possible blessing to the cause. This was the introduction of women into the House staff. In 1890 I was quite overwhelmed with incessant work, and was looking about for some remedy. At Mr. E. Denny's, in Bryanston Square, I met a lady who, I understood, was well qualified to take up some of the literary work ; and a few days after this I met, at a meeting at Eaton Chapel (Mr. C. A. Fox's Church), Mrs. Bannister, whose acquaintance I had made at Keswick, and she at once broached the subject of that lady being engaged by the Society. I had only thought of her as an outside contributor, but Mrs. Bannister urged her being taken into the House as an editor. That, I thought, would be a grave innovation, and I doubted the Committee consenting. However, I brought it before the Publication Sub-Committee. They at once treated the suggestion as preposterous ; but I asked them just to see the lady in question, who was waiting in another room,

and after ten minutes' talk with her they resolved unanimously to recommend the appointment, which the General Committee confirmed. So Miss G. A. Gollock came to Salisbury Square, and I must only add that for her work and that of her sister we all unfeignedly thank God. And not only for their own personal work ; but for the great development of women's co-operation in all sorts of ways, both in Salisbury Square and all over the country.

CHAPTER XIV

LINKS WITH MISSIONS IN AFRICA

Shergold Smith—Bishop Hannington—Wilmot Brooke—Taylor Smith—Bishop Tucker—Bishop Smythies—C.M.S. and the Foreign Office—Uganda and the Company—How Uganda was Saved—Lord Rosebery.

SOME interesting personal associations with the Missions in Africa may occupy this chapter.

I have already mentioned Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Alexander Mackay. I knew Shergold Smith through Dr. Fairlie Clarke (brother of Canon Erskine Clarke), a medical man who did much to promote both personal religion and missionary zeal among medical students; and he knew the young Lieutenant as the son of Captain Smith, R.N., Sir John Kennaway's agent in Devonshire. George Shergold Smith served in the Ashanti campaign, and after that, having slightly injured an eye, he left the Navy, and entered St. John's Hall, Highbury, with a view to holy orders. When men were wanted for the new Mission to Uganda, he was one of the first to offer, and I took him to Salisbury Square. The Committee were so struck with his modest ability and genuine Christian character that they appointed him leader of the expedition. He and C. T. Wilson were the first missionaries to reach Uganda, but presently Smith was killed by a chieftain on an island in the Lake.

I pass on to Bishop Hannington. When his Life appeared, I found in it, to my surprise, the following entry from his journal on Nov. 21st, 1881:—

> Went to Eastbourne to a C.M.S. meeting. Holy Communion at 10 a.m. At 11 Mr. Lombe addressed the meeting. He is a grand man. After lunch, at which I thought myself happy to be near Mr. Lombe, Mr. Stock spoke. Clear and incisive. If he had asked me to go out I should have said yes.

I well remember the meeting at Eastbourne to which his journal refers. It was a cold and disappointing one, and Mr. Lombe and I both felt that we had spoken indifferently. "Stock," said Lombe to me afterwards, "you were as dull as ditchwater." "So were you," said I! I never knew that Hannington had been present until the biography appeared. But during his short career we were great friends. While he was in England between his first and second periods in Africa, he made my house one of his regular places of sojourn in London; and sometimes a telegram would arrive from him, "Pray give me a bed to-night." The "Sister Maria" referred to more than once in his published letters is my sister-in-law, Maria Mann, who at that time, the days of my widowerhood, was keeping house for me. Three or four weeks before he finally left England, I spent a week-end with him at Hurstpierpoint. We took a long walk on the Downs on Sunday afternoon, and he was very silent, and I would not interrupt his thoughts. Suddenly he stopped and said, "Have you been taking any services in mission-halls lately?" "Yes," I said. "Tell me your last text." "Oh," I said, "my last subject was Jacob at Bethel." "What did you say?" I

gave him in a few words the outline of my address. He said no more; but in the evening, at his church, he gave out his text, Gen. xxviii. 12, "Behold, a ladder," and preached a most powerful sermon on it. On November 5, 1884, I went with him to Tilbury, and saw him off by the s.s. *Nepaul*.

On New Year's Day, 1886, it was to me that Reuter's man came to tell us that a cable message from East Africa reported the probable murder of the Bishop. Presently the posters of the evening papers frightened London with the words, "A Bishop Ordered to Execution." The definite news came in February, on the day that the February Simultaneous Meetings began. On the 25th of October following I happened to be the last secretary to leave the C.M. House, and just as I was leaving, a big mail from East Africa came in. I put the packets of letters in my bag, and took them home; and several hours were occupied that night in the reading of them. I rather think that this was the only occasion during all my years at Salisbury Square that I opened a foreign mail, as it was not my own function. But that mail brought the famous little diary of Hannington's last days and hours, which I could not decipher without a magnifying-glass. We sent a copy of it to the *Times*, which inserted the whole, occupying some two columns of small type; and an admiring leader accompanied it. Afterwards the actual diary itself became an object of unique and mournful interest at missionary exhibitions and other gatherings, such as the Westminster Meeting noticed in my last chapter.

On November 30, 1888, Mr. George Grubb brought

Graham Wilmot Brooke to see me. Brooke was a young man who had been educated at Woolwich for the Army, but, influenced by General Gordon, had left to give himself to the evangelisation of Africa. He had made three or four attempts to get into the Central Sudan by different routes, but had failed. He was now going by the Niger route, and wished to be in touch with the C.M.S. Mission on that river. I introduced him to my colleagues, and he went out with the Committee's God-speed. He quickly came back, with J. Alfred Robinson, the C.M.S. Secretary on the Niger (one of the distinguished band of brothers of Christ's College, of whom the present Dean of Westminster is the best known); and they asked to be sent together to the Sudan, Brooke joining the C.M.S. definitely as its missionary. This was arranged, and great interest was excited in missionary circles in England. Both, in a year or two, died on the Niger. Brooke and I became very intimate, and were constant correspondents. I held him in the highest admiration, although I scolded him incessantly for what I thought was censoriousness in his thinking and speaking of others. The fact was that he was both good and great, and being still young—only twenty-five—he had a youthful intolerance of weaker men's failings. I used to say to myself, "Now I understand how Pitt could be Prime Minister at four-and-twenty!" It was at Brindisi, on my way to Australia, on March 27, 1892, that I received the sorrowful news of his death.

When, in 1890, the Cambridge party for Uganda, of which Pilkington was one, needed a leader of some ministerial experience, I suggested to Wigram

that he should inquire after a Norwood curate whom I had met, and who seemed to have peculiar influence over young men. His name was John Taylor Smith. The result of the inquiries was an offer to him to head the party ; but he could not see the hand of God in the proposal, and declined. A few days later, I received a letter from another curate, at Durham, under Mr. Fox (now the Hon. Sec. of the C.M.S.), asking me privately if I knew of any post in Africa for which he might be suited. I took the letter to Wigram, who at once said, "Perhaps he would do, not only for the leadership of the new party, but for the Bishopric"—which had been vacant since the death of Parker, Hannington's successor. The name of this curate was Alfred Tucker. He was an athlete, having taken the biggest walk in the Lake country, sixty miles in one day, including the ascent of the four highest mountains ; and he was a painter who had exhibited in the Royal Academy, and had more than once criticised the pictures in the *Gleaner* from an artist's point of view. He was sent for, taken to Archbishop Benson, gladly accepted by him for the Bishopric, consecrated on April 24, and despatched for East Africa the same evening. The party he was to lead had already arrived at Mombasa, and he caught them up before they started from the coast for Uganda. Towards the end of the same year Bishop Ingham, of Sierra Leone, visited England, and said he wanted a Diocesan Missioner for West Africa. I again suggested the Norwood curate, who this time did see the Divine Hand in the invitation, and went out as Canon Taylor Smith. The issue of this we all know. To me it has always been a cause of

deep thankfulness to God that I was privileged to introduce two such men in one year to missionary work.

Three minor memories may be recorded. (1) When Bishop Steere, of the U.M.C.A., died, his successor, Bishop Smythies, came to Salisbury Square for some information, and I had the honour of showing him on the map the boundaries of his jurisdiction and of Eastern Equatorial Africa (the C.M.S. territory) as they had been previously defined. (2) Again, after the first agreement between Great Britain and Germany concerning their respective spheres in East Africa, when one of the Foreign Office officials came to us to inquire about the names of certain districts, I asked him why the boundary-line from the coast to the Nyanza was not a straight one, but had been curved so as to give Germany Mount Kilimanjaro and its environs, the Switzerland of East Africa. He replied that the Emperor wanted it, and the Foreign Office thought it of no consequence. Thus we lost the finest district in the country! There was some appropriateness in the decision, in that the discoverer of the mighty mountain, Rebmann, was a German; still, he was a missionary of an English Society (C.M.S.), and a clergyman in English orders. (3) Once more: when a further negotiation was proceeding as to the spheres of the two nations round the Nyanza itself, Lord Salisbury sent for us, and I was one of the three who accompanied Sir John Kennaway to the Foreign Office. Lord Salisbury told us of two alternative plans, and asked our opinion of them. It was not easy to answer off-hand; but I ventured to urge one of the plans on Sir John, and we all agreed to

express our preference for it. When, just a fortnight later, the Anglo-German Agreement of July, 1890, appeared in the papers, we rejoiced to find that the plan we had chosen had been adopted by the Premier and accepted by Germany.

In the following year, 1891, I was on a visit to Mr. Sholto Douglas (now Lord Blythswood) at Balmacara, in the Western Highlands; and Bishop Tucker was also a guest. While we were there, Sir William Mackinnon, the chairman of the British East Africa Company, came in his large steam yacht, and told us, to our dismay, that the Company was sending orders out to Uganda, to its agent there, Captain (now Sir Frederick) Lugard, to withdraw, as the occupation was proving too expensive. But it was a sorrow to Mackinnon himself, and he asked Bishop Tucker and myself whether the C.M.S. could give £15,000 to the Company to help it to stay another year, by which time it was hoped that the British Government would take over the country. I said, "Of course not; we had no right to use the Society's funds that way." Well, he said, would C.M.S. friends do it, independently of the Society? I doubted if it were possible, but wrote to Wigram. It was holiday time, however, and nothing could be done. But on October 30 the annual meeting of the Gleaners' Union was held in Exeter Hall, and Bishop Tucker, being the chief speaker, made a strong appeal for help. The Mission had gone to Uganda, he reminded us, with no political backing, and when no British Company or British influence of any kind was expected ever to be there; but *now*, he said, after a British force had taken the country under its protection, withdrawal would mean

anarchy and massacre. Presently a little note came to the platform from a man I knew, saying, "I will give £5,000." I got up and read this out. A scene of unbounded enthusiasm ensued, and £3,000 more was promised in the hall. In the next ten days £8,000 more came in, spontaneously, and the whole £16,000 was handed over to the Company. Sir W. Mackinnon added £10,000 out of his own pocket, and telegraphed out counter-orders. How Lugard received the two communications he vividly describes in his book. Bishop Tucker has always said that the Gleaners' Union saved Uganda. Let me add that, two days after that memorable meeting, my friend, who wished to remain unknown, met me under a dark arch near Blackfriars, and handed me five £1,000 bank-notes, which I naturally paid in with all possible speed. I have never been allowed to reveal his identity.

The difficulty that subsequently arose about the British Government taking over Uganda from the Company when the year thus gained had expired occurred while I was away in Australia; so I saw nothing of the extraordinary manifestation of public feeling in the autumn of 1902, which compelled the new Liberal Ministry (Mr. Gladstone had again become Premier) to go forward. But as it is understood that Lord Rosebery only consented to take the Foreign Secretaryship if Uganda were not abandoned, it is worth mentioning that he himself (as I was informed) went to the Religious Tract Society in St. Paul's Churchyard, and bought over the counter my sister's "Story of Uganda," which that Society had published, and which was then the only complete narrative in print. When a great deputation

went to Lord Rosebery to plead for Uganda, he spoke warmly of "his fellow-Scotsman Mackay's work"; and he must, I suppose, have got his knowledge of it from my sister's book—for the Memoir of Mackay (even if it was yet published, of which I am not sure) gives a very imperfect account of the Mission.

CHAPTER XV

LINKS WITH MISSIONARIES AND NATIVE CHRISTIANS

Mr. Monro—My Missionary Guests—African Clergy—Asiatic Clergy—The Satthianadhans—D. N. P. Datta—Mrs. A Hok—Women Missionaries.

ONE of the happiest features of official connection with the Church Missionary Society is the coming in contact with the devoted men and women who have gone forth to the mission-field under its auspices. Many are my pleasant recollections in this respect. I have already mentioned some men with whose original dedication to the work I had some connection: Shergold Smith, Mackay, Wilmot Brooke, Bishops Hannington, Tucker, and Taylor Smith. These were all "Africans"—that is, they went to Africa. I might refer to others attached to other fields: to the present Bishop of Travancore, Dr. Gill, for instance; or to H. G. Grey, who originally offered for Quetta at my suggestion. One of my most vivid recollections is the following:—

In April, 1891, an elderly gentleman and his daughter called on me. He said he had lived in India as a civil officer, and now desired to go back to his old district to tell of Christ to the people who had known him. This was most interesting, and we had a long conversation and knelt in prayer together. I was about to take him to my

colleague, Mr. Gray, who was then our Indian Secretary, when I remembered that I had not asked his name. "Oh!" he said, "my name is Monro; you know I have lately resigned my office at home." I involuntarily sprang to my feet. "What!" I exclaimed, "the Chief Commissioner of Police?" He nodded and smiled. He and his family did go out, and I saw him off; and though they did not go in immediate connection with the C.M.S., the important mission they founded at their own expense at Ranaghat in Bengal, and zealously worked for some years, was, when they were obliged to retire, handed over to the Society. Before they sailed I visited them at Norwood, and Mr. Monro told me strange incidents of his police experience.

I look back with special pleasure to the many missionaries who have visited me. Some, besides those before mentioned, who have long been called to their rest: Bishop Sargent, for instance, the delightful veteran of Tinnevelly; Bishop Burdon, the enterprising pioneer at several Chinese cities—including Peking, which is now an S.P.G. field—and in his later years Bishop of the Colonial Diocese of Victoria, Hong Kong; Bishop Speechly, the first to preside over and organise the new Diocese of Travancore and Cochin; Bishop Parker, who was called from most earnest work in India to take up Hannington's fallen mantle, and died by the Nyanza before he could enter Uganda; Bishop Hill, who came to tea at my house thirty-three years ago on the evening of his ordination day, had a short career in West Africa and a long one in New Zealand, then joined Canon Aitken in Home Mission work, and by him was strongly recommended

to us to succeed Bishop Crowther on the Niger—who gave his last message at the Gleaners' Union Anniversary the same night that Mrs. Isabella Bishop delivered her great speech—and then went forth in faith and hope, and died, with his wife, on the threshold of their new sphere; Bishops Horden and Bompas, the patient and self-sacrificing labourers among Red Indians and Eskimo, chosen by Archbishop Machray as first Bishops of Moosonee and Athabasca, and each fulfilling a "finished course of forty years" in the wilds of the Far North-West of Canada; Robert Stewart, the trainer of Chinese clergy and evangelists, the organiser of women's work in Fuh-kien, my comrade in my Australian campaign, murdered with his wife and other ladies by Chinese freebooters; and Pilkington, the Cambridge classic, who gave Uganda its completed vernacular Bible.

And many more still happily in the flesh: men like Bishops Ridley of Caledonia, and Ingham of Sierra Leone, and Williams of Waiapu, and George Moule of Mid-China, and Stuart of India and New Zealand and Persia; and Archdeacon Arthur Moule; and Bruce of Persia, Salter Price of Frere Town, C. T. Wilson and Litchfield and Ashe and Roscoe and Baskerville of Uganda; and a host of others not less worthy of mention though less widely known.

Let me mention also some of those "natives" whom I have entertained; though why call them "natives" in this country? I remember once, when the C.M.S. Committee were interviewing a negro clergyman, and one member alluded to "our dear native brother," that my veteran colleague Mr. Fenn sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Why,

there are twenty or thirty *natives* present; this brother is a foreigner!" Of course one thinks first of a "dear brother" indeed, or rather "father," Bishop Samuel Crowther. I suppose that good man must have laid his head on the pillow, after a day's travelling and talking and speaking, in hundreds of homes in all parts of England; and I am proud to remember that mine was one of them. Mr. Jesse Page's capital biography of him, lately published, should be widely read. Then the three other "black Bishops," Phillips, Oluwole, and James Johnson, the last a very old friend, for he was in England when I entered the C.M. House in 1873; and many long letters have I had from him. And the late Archdeacon Henry Johnson, of whom just the same can be said, for he too was here in 1873, and was a frequent correspondent; and Archdeacon D. C. Crowther, son of the Bishop, and his excellent wife. We have had no "native clergy" over from East Africa and Uganda; and the Katikiro, Sir Apolo Kagwa, and his friend Ham Mukasa, I had only the pleasure of meeting, not of entertaining.

There are many more Asiatic clergy than African; but fewer have visited England. I am afraid only two have slept in my house. One, the Rev. Jani Alli, counted in a sense as an English clergyman; for, Telugu ex-Mohammedan as his was, he was a Cambridge graduate before he was a missionary, and to his personal influence at the University we owe Bishop Parker. The other, the Rev. W. D. Clarke, is a graduate of Madras University and pastor of a vigorous and self-supporting church in that city, who was invited to England for the C.M.S. Centenary. Among others whom it was a pleasure

at least to meet, were the Revs. Ruttonji Nowroji, ex-Parsee of Bombay, to whom the British civil and military officers at Aurangabad paid special honour when he returned thither after visiting England ; the Rev. Ihsan Ullah, of the Punjab, a specially powerful "missioner" ; and the Rev. Nihal Singh, Professor in the Allahabad Divinity College, appointed by the Bishop of Lucknow a Canon of his cathedral. But of one other, at an earlier date, I saw a good deal, and received him at my house, with his wife and son. This was the Rev. W. T. Satthianadhan, who visited this country thirty years ago, in 1878. He was the pastor of Zion Church, Madras, before his son-in-law, Mr. Clarke, above mentioned. He had been converted from Hinduism while a youth in a C.M.S. school ; but his wife, a singularly sweet woman, was a Christian of the fourth generation, her great-grandfather having become one in the old days of Schwartz. They made a deep impression in England. I helped to show them the "lions." One day I took them to Westminster Abbey, my friend the Rev. C. A. Jones, of Westminster School, giving us lunch. The son, Samuel, who had seemed rather a sheepish lad, suddenly woke up at the sight of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and explained the various tombs to us ! It had been the subject of a college examination at Madras ! I also took them to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, having written to him asking for special tickets on the strength of his having praised my Sunday-school Lessons in his book on commentaries. He noticed the Indian costumes in the special seats allotted to us, and sent for us into the vestry after service ; and Satthianadhan highly pleased him by saying he had frequently preached in Tamil, to his

Tamil congregation, the substance of the great preacher's published sermons. I should add that when he and his wife went back to India they left Samuel at Cambridge. He took honours in two triposes, and eventually became Professor of Logic and Philosophy in the Government College at Madras, and the chief writer in the *Christian Patriot*, the organ of South Indian Christendom.

But the Christian Asiatics I have had the happiness of welcoming were not clergymen only. Let not the laity be forgotten! Of Mr. Lakhshman Rao, Mr. Caleb, and Mr. Khem Chand, I need only mention the names, though all were interesting. Mr. Rughbeir Singh is the eldest of three sons of Sir Harnam Singh, who is the Kanwar or Prince of Kaparthala (one of the semi-independent States of India), brother of the ruling Rajah, and in position the leading Christian in North India. The three were educated in England, at public school and university, and I knew them all, as well as their parents, though Rughbeir is the only one who stayed with me. He came about missionary service, towards which he was much drawn while at Cambridge. But one of my most valued and (in a sense) intimate friends is an Indian Christian, an ex-Brahman converted in a C.M.S. school, Dr. Dina Nath Pridhu Datta. When he was cast out of home and kindred on his conversion, more than thirty years ago, he came (under Mr. Rowland Bateman's auspices) to this country, and took the medical course at Edinburgh University, receiving his degree in due course. At that time he and his friend Caleb (above mentioned) were frequently at my house; and he also, when he came with his wife in the C.M.S. Centenary year to

take his full M.D., having been for some years Civil Surgeon of Hoshiarpur under the British Government, and a member of the Bishop of Lahore's Diocesan Synod. He then not only obtained his degree, but was awarded a gold medal for his thesis on bubonic plague. He came a third time, a widower, in 1908, as an official delegate from the Diocese of Lahore to the Pan-Anglican Congress, in the debates of which he took a welcome part. But this, and his second marriage to an Indian lady whom he met in England, are too recent for a collection of reminiscences. I ought, however, to add that Dr. Pridhu Datta must not be confused with Mr. S. K. Datta, the able and eloquent secretary of the Student Christian Movement.

Two Asiatic Christian ladies ought to be mentioned: Miss Cornelia Sorabji, B.A., of whom, with her mother and not less brilliant sisters, I would say more, but that I should immediately get a letter from her protesting against my writing about her; and Mrs. A. Hok, the sweet Chinese lady who came to England in 1890, under the care of Mrs. R. W. Stewart and the C.E.Z.M.S. missionaries, to plead for the evangelisation of her countrywomen. She went back disappointed. There were then, I suppose, half-a-dozen English women telling of Christ in Fuh-kien, and scarcely anyone offered while she was here. But there are over a hundred now!

I have not yet mentioned the women missionaries. For twenty years I gave fortnightly lectures at "The Willows," the admirable Training Home belonging to the Mildmay Institutions, at which so many ladies, both C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S., were trained; also at "The Olives," after that delightful home was opened

by Mrs. Bannister; so that I became acquainted with not a few who have since done, and are yet doing, noble work in the field. The C.M.S. did not begin to send out women in any systematic way until 1887, when the Society was, one may truly say, driven into it by a combination of three factors in the question — viz. (1) special calls from fields not touched by the C.E.Z.M.S. or the other distinct women's organisations; (2) special offers of service to respond to these calls; (3) special offers of funds for the new expenditure. The earliest of the women accepted at that time had no training, in fact did not need it, but went forth at once. I take seventeen, almost of all of whom I knew personally, and only three of whom, I think, went to "The Willows":— Miss Agnes Wright, the eldest daughter of my deeply-lamented friend, Henry Wright—what a sight it was when the beloved widow stood before the C.M.S. Committee, with Agnes on her right and her son Harry on her left, to present them to the Society! Miss Mary Vaughan, daughter of Vaughan of Brighton, to whom I had owed so much in my boyish days; Miss Caroline Fitch, daughter of the Vicar of Cromer, at whose request I went to Cromer to see his daughter before she offered; Miss Katharine Tristram, daughter of the well-known Durham Canon, B.A. of London University and Mathematical Lecturer at Westfield College, who dedicated herself to Japan in my study at Hampstead; Mrs. and Miss Bywater, Miss E. Newton, Miss Vidal, Miss Hamper, and Miss Helen Attlee, whose offers came to me at Keswick; Miss Ridley, author of popular books for boys, who came through the Gleaners' Union; Miss Edith Baldey, daughter of a dear friend, the Vicar of St.

Simon's, Southsea ; Miss Goodall, who gave up a ladies' school of her own at Margate to go out ; Miss Mary Bird, daughter of a Northern home where I spent many happy hours ; Miss Howard, one of two sisters who offered from another delightful home, but the other sister was refused by the doctors ; Miss Goldie, and Miss Tapson, of whom I knew less personally. Of these seventeen three went to West and East Africa, two to Egypt, three to Palestine, one to Persia, five to China, three to Japan. Five have died at their posts ; four have retired ; eight are still in the field, after, in seven cases, twenty years' work or more, and in the other case eighteen years. That is a record to thank God for.

CHAPTER XVI

SOME EVANGELICAL ORGANS AND ORGANIZATIONS

Record, Church Times, Rock—Record Editorship—Lord Shaftesbury—Lewis Dibdin—Clerical and Lay Associations—Later Organizations—An Evangelical Caucus, and Dinner—My Personal Policy.

As far back as the later 'fifties I became a regular reader of the *Record* and *Guardian;* and this made me familiar with Church questions and controversies and work to a degree unusual in a layman. When the *Church Times* started, I read that also ; and I had a small glimpse of its early struggles behind the scenes, for its advertisement clerk was one of my Sunday-school teachers, and he used to lament to me his utter failure to get advertisers to patronise the new paper, and his certain assurance that it could not last! When the *Rock* was started, with its great posters on all the hoardings, "Opposed to Romanism, Ritualism, and Rationalism," I said to one of the promoters, "That's all very well, but what are you *for?*" No paper that lives upon negatives can be really successful.

It is a curious recollection that as far back as 1876 I was offered the editorship of the *Record.* Mr. Alexander Haldane, who had long been the chief proprietor and virtual director of the paper, and who was Lord Shaftesbury's confidential friend, came to me one day and asked me if I could suggest anyone

for the post, which was then vacant. The conversation that ensued led him, to my utter astonishment, to offer it to me. I consulted several friends, notably Mr. Wright and Canons Gibbon and Tristram; and almost everyone strongly urged me to undertake it, Mr. Wright representing that I could combine my C.M.S. work with it. But I so sincerely doubted both my ability and my suitability (owing to my rather broader views, not theologically but in Church politics) that I cast about to find some one who would dissuade me, and whose dissuasions would be a sufficient ground for saying No. At last, Prebendary Auriol, who was looked on as the wisest of all the Evangelical clergy, did so. He told me plainly that I should not be allowed my own way, but should find myself obliged simply to do Mr. Haldane's behests; so I declined the offer, and have ever been thankful that I did. A few years later, I was asked to be editor of the *Rock*, "with a salary of £1000 a year"! —but I needed no counsel from friends to help me to refuse *that!*

Had I undertaken the editorship of the *Record* when invited, I should no doubt have come into personal intercourse with Lord Shaftesbury, the great philanthropist, who was regarded as the chief lay leader of the Evangelical Party. Mr. Haldane was his intimate friend, and was in constant communication with him; and in that way Lord Shaftesbury had considerable indirect influence over the paper. This accounts for its singular aloofness in those days from political parties. Evangelical clergymen almost inevitably incline to the Conservative Party; but Lord Shaftesbury mistrusted Disraeli and Gladstone equally, and the *Record* had

rarely a good word for either. But I was never brought into personal contact with the good Earl. With his wonderful and self-denying work for the poor of London I did not happen to be associated; and he had little to do with Foreign Missions, and less with Sunday-schools. I saw and heard him in the chair at public meetings over and over again; but I think I only once spoke to him, which was when he presided over a meeting in Islington in aid of my sister-in-law Miss Mann's Boys' Home. But I was a guest at the great Mansion House banquet in his honour in 1884; and I attended his funeral at the Abbey in 1885.

From 1877 I wrote occasionally for the *Record*, both leading articles and reviews; but I came into closer connection with it four or five years later. Mr. Haldane had retired from the leadership—he died in 1882,—and my friend Lewis Dibdin had succeeded him as "dominant proprietor," the working editor being the Rev. E. P. Cachemaille. Dibdin persuaded Mr. Bickersteth of Hampstead, Mr. Wigram, and myself, to take shares and join the proprietary; and from the time that the paper was issued weekly, and its shape altered from a large sheet like a daily newspaper to its present form, it rapidly grew in influence and became a prosperous concern. Dibdin's management of it was very able; and fresh force was thrown into it when the Rev. A. R. Buckland became working editor. In the 'eighties Dibdin and I were in constant consultation over it, and I wrote a good deal for a time. At length Dibdin found his official duties as Chancellor of three dioceses (he was not yet Dean of the Arches) incompatible with the charge of a party organ, and

he retired altogether. Buckland now edited the paper independently, and ably; but I scarcely wrote at all, and eventually gave up my share. Under a new proprietary, and with the former sub-editor, Mr. Hogan, as full editor, the *Record* has lately taken a fresh start in many respects, while maintaining its old position as the chief Evangelical organ.

I have never been much in the private counsels of the Evangelical Party; but for three or four years, from 1880, I had a part in them closer than I have had since. There was at that time a revolt against the Church Association in consequence of its fatal policy of getting Ritualists into prison; and in June 1880 a private meeting of influential clergy and laity who had either never joined it, or had come out of it, was held at the Church Missionary House—the only time, I believe, that the House was ever used for a controversial purpose of the kind. The result of this and subsequent meetings held elsewhere was a scheme for federating the various local "Clerical and Lay Associations" of an Evangelical character in one Union. A small committee of eight clergymen and four laymen was appointed to conduct this Union; and to my surprise I was elected one of the four. The move was just in time for one service to be done which at that day seemed important. Dean Church put forth a "Memorial" to the Archbishops in favour of the Eastward Position and the Eucharistic Vestments. Bishop Perry at once planned a "Counter Memorial," and this was drafted, corrected, and settled in that small committee. Clerical signatures were invited to both, and poured in, and duly appeared in the Church papers. The two ran pretty nearly neck

and neck, each obtaining, in three or four weeks, some four thousand names. But this seems ancient history now!

For a time I was one of the most regular members of this committee; and I valued the privilege of working with such men as Bishop Perry and Canon Hoare and Dr. Boultbee, men in whom staunchness of principle was combined with long experience, intellectual power, largeness of heart, and a love of English fair play; but by-and-by the committee was enlarged, and less sagacious men came in; and when the "tail" began to "wag the dog" I got out of sympathy with its policy. In 1889, the Union was superseded by the Protestant Church Alliance, with Lord Grimthorpe as President—whose appointment Sir Arthur Blackwood remarked to me was "going down into Egypt for chariots and horses"; and I, and he also, declined to join. That Alliance was soon wrecked by the interminable length of its President's speeches, which allowed no one else time to say anything; and it was in its turn superseded by the National Protestant Church Union, now the National Church League.

I have never taken part in these later organizations. My general sympathies have of course been with them; but every now and then, as it seems to me, the Evangelicals as a body get into a panic and say and do undesirable things; and I should certainly find myself compromised if I were a working member of one of the party associations, necessary as they no doubt are. I have, however, on several occasions been invited to read papers or give addresses at local Evangelical Conferences, as at Birmingham, Southport, and York. And I have continued a member

of the London Clerical and Lay Union, which is a private body and does not take public action. I was once at an Evangelical "caucus" at the National Club, called to discuss the question whether a clergyman who adopted the Eastward Position could be recognized as an Evangelical. Archdeacon Sinclair said he always did at St. Paul's, and Dean Barlow (the staunchest of men personally) pleaded against "drumming out" people from the Evangelical circle. Once, in 1896, I was at one of the dinners which Archdeacon Sinclair gave, at the time he was regarded as a party leader, in the St. Paul's Chapter House. The speeches on that occasion were dismal indeed. We were all going to rack and ruin as fast as we could. One of the speakers was Viscount Wolseley; the others I must not name. Being unexpectedly called on by the Archdeacon towards the end, I pleaded for a more hopeful spirit, and was thanked for so doing. Different indeed was the tone at the only other dinner of a similar kind at which I have been present, and this was within the last few months.

My clear conviction is that I have served the Evangelical cause better by the part I have taken in such general Church movements as I shall mention hereafter, than I could have done in party meetings. Not that I think it right to join general movements with a party purpose. We ought to accept frankly the basis of any association that we join. I should, say in the Religious Tract Society, resist a motion to exclude Baptists. I should, in the C.M.S., resist a motion to put a Nonconformist on the Committee. I should, in a diocesan body, resist a motion to exclude any recognized school of Churchmen. The

action in the three cases would be quite different; yet the principle would be the same in them all. But in bodies having a broad basis, it is surprising how much influence a minority may gain if it accepts the situation and acts reasonably. Evangelicals are, and I expect always will be, a minority in the Church of England; but they can wield great influence if their action is wise and Christian.

CHAPTER XVII

SOME HOME MISSION MOVEMENTS

Parochial Missions—The Aitkens—Moody and Sankey—Liverpool and London—Personal Work—Welcome to Sankey in 1900—Various Societies and Missions—Religious Tract Society—Children's Special Service Mission—My "Hinderings"—"Undenominational" Work.

IN my seventh chapter I noticed, among various Church Developments, the evangelistic and revival movements of the later fifties and early sixties. Very many of the now familiar Home Mission agencies and philanthropic efforts date from that period. Of these a great deal might be said; but my personal share in them has been small, and what little I have done will appear in various connections in the chapters on Lay Ministrations, &c., &c. In this chapter I group together a good many movements, missions, organisations, having generally a Home Mission purpose.

To begin with Parochial Missions. They only became known in London in 1869–71. The "Twelve Days' Mission" in 1869 was the first on a large scale; but it was almost entirely confined to the more advanced churches—I should think not more than thirty or forty joining. The Evangelicals had led the way long before in special evangelistic services, which had been very successful in drawing the non-church-going folk into church; but the system of having one man to carry on the campaign alone (though he might have an assistant or two) for

eight or ten or twelve days was new, and in fact came originally from Rome. In 1871 Mr. Thorold, then Vicar of St. Pancras, organised a Mission for the whole rural deanery, which I think was the first to enlist churches of all colours, at least in London. I went one Sunday to Camden Town Parish Church to hear old Robert Aitken, who was then the most experienced missioner, for he had been engaged in more or less similar work for many years. His son, the present Canon Hay Aitken, was at that time curate to Mr. Pennefather at St. Jude's, Mildmay Park; and he, following in his father's footsteps, was one of the first Evangelicals to join the movement. His accounts of his early Missions, which appeared last year in the *Churchman*, were deeply interesting. Parochial Missions certainly do not now produce quite the same effects. But different agencies, in the providence of God, have their day, and His blessing is given in different ways at different times. Those who remember the first great Church Mission for all London, under the auspices of the three Bishops whose dioceses included parts of the metropolis, at the beginning of 1874, will acknowledge that we have had nothing quite like it since, although it was repeated ten years later. I had a small share in the schoolroom and mission-hall meetings, and it was inspiring indeed to see the eager crowds and the rapt attention.

But meanwhile there came a Mission of a different kind which moved London still more, its influence not being confined to the Church of England. This was the first Mission of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in 1875. They had begun in the North of England and in Scotland the year before; then they went to

Ireland; then to three or four of the provincial towns. I myself came across them first at Liverpool. Canon Hay Aitken was then Vicar of Christ Church, Everton; and I was staying with him to address his Sunday-school teachers and children. On Saturday evening, February 6, he returned home from his great Mission at Leeds—the most wonderful, he has often said, that he ever held. On Sunday morning at eight o'clock (or was it seven?) Moody and Sankey were to begin their work in the big wooden hall put up for them. The Liverpool clergy, though mostly Evangelical, were not disposed to welcome Moody, and were to a large extent standing aloof; and I well remember Aitken coming down stairs at 6 A.M. singing out, "What a grand book our Prayer-book is!" and going on to remind us that the Gospel for the day was the account of Blind Bartimeus. "Yes," he cried, "every clergyman to-day will have to read out to his congregation, 'And hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant, and they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by'!" Of course there was an allusion not only to the missioners and their message, but also to one of Sankey's most popular "Sacred Solos," of which the words "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by" were the refrain. He and I, and his curate, H. U. Weitbrecht (now the well-known C.M.S. missionary), walked three miles in deep snow on that cold, dark morning to attend the opening meeting, and there I heard both the preacher and the singer for the first time. People now have not the least idea what a first hearing of them meant for multitudes of eager souls.

Then, in March, they came to London. The Agricultural Hall, then only known for the annual

Cattle Show, had been engaged, and fourteen thousand chairs were arranged in it. The local committee was presided over by R. C. Billing (afterwards Bishop of Bedford), whose church, Holy Trinity, was within a couple of stones'-throw of the Hall; and he practically "bossed" the campaign of several weeks, while he neglected nothing in his parish,—but then he was the one man in all England who could do it. Who that saw them can forget those vast crowds, or the hundreds that found their way night after night into the "inquiry-room"? who can forget Moody's first words, "Let us praise God for what He is *going to do* in London! Let us begin by singing the Doxology!"? This is not the place to dwell further on that wonderful Mission. The Church of England has little idea what she owes to it, both in the general standard it set of *reality* in religion, and in the men and women whom it influenced—scores and scores of now honoured clergymen and laymen and women, yes, even bishops. I could myself name not a few cases, were it right to do so. One definite tangible result must be mentioned. Moody, with his extraordinary discrimination of character, soon saw, among the men who gathered round him, the one man who could carry on the work in the Church of England itself; he asked—almost commanded—Hay Aitken to give up his parish and devote himself to holding Missions; he went down to the House of Commons, sent his card into several members whom he knew, and persuaded them to put their hands in their pockets then and there for the funds to start an organisation with Aitken at the head; and the result was—the Church Parochial Mission Society.

I have many personal recollections of that time. I worked with Billing throughout. Sometimes I took charge of the platform, and sometimes of the inquiry-room; and sometimes I worked in the inquiry-room myself. One night I kept Mr. Gladstone waiting at the little inner door which admitted to the platform while prayer was offered, and then let him in and got him a seat. Another time Mr. Oakley (afterwards Dean of Carlisle and of Manchester, whom I have mentioned before) came at my invitation, and brought Walsham How with him; and I could only find them seats by fetching myself a couple of chairs from the private committee-room. Oakley afterwards wrote an enthusiastic account in *Church Bells* of Moody's address that night, which was a wonderful picturing of the narrative of the Crucifixion; and of Sankey's very solemn solo, "O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!" One Sunday night my friend W. T. Paton and I conducted an overflow meeting in the adjoining smaller hall, which itself held two thousand people, and was crowded; and the speaker we put up was a young Scotsman, afterwards known as Professor Henry Drummond.

Moody and Sankey moved from the Agricultural Hall to Her Majesty's Theatre, but of the work there I saw nothing. When they came in 1883–4 for a second campaign, I again worked both at St. Pancras, where the temporary wooden building holding 5000 people was put up on the ground now occupied by the Midland Goods Station, and on the Embankment, where the same building was erected on the land then recently recovered from the river, upon which are now the offices of the *Daily Mail* and other large

concerns. Sir George Williams daily entertained the missioners and workers in the Salisbury Hotel, and more than once I carved a sirloin of beef and was surprised at the quantity Moody could absorb!

Moody's inquiry-room was sometimes charged with being a "confessional," both by Evangelicals who hated "confession" and by Ritualists who asked what the difference was. The subject was discussed in 1875 at the Stoke Church Congress. W. T. Paton read a paper in which he showed that what the "inquirer" was brought to confess was not *sins*, but *sin*—not particular acts or thoughts, but the state of alienation from God—not to be given priestly absolution, but to be led to yield himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of an all-sufficient Saviour.

I counted it a great honour when, many years afterwards, I was invited to represent the Church of England—Mr. Thomas Spurgeon of Greenwich representing the Nonconformists—on the occasion of Mr. Sankey being welcomed on his last visit to England, in September 1900. It was an immense gathering in Exeter Hall, and some important people did not succeed in getting even near the doors. I was able, not only to give some brief reminiscences of the great Missions of 1875 and 1884 (already mentioned), twenty-five and sixteen years before, but also to tell of my hearing Mr. Sankey sing only four months before at the New York Ecumenical Missionary Conference.

Speaking at the meetings, large or small, annual or special, of various Societies and Missions, is but an easy way—one might almost say a lazy way—of taking part in their work. The real service is done by men who rarely occupy front seats on the platform. Still,

if one is fully occupied in one branch of Christian labour, or in two, it is a privilege to be allowed a small share in others, even if it is only showing sympathy. Therefore I was glad when, for example, at the Church Pastoral Aid Society's celebration of its Jubilee in 1886, I was invited to speak at one of the meetings on "Work among the Young"; or when I have several times been asked to address the members of the Church Army, and once the men of the London City Mission, and once the students in Spurgeon's Pastors' College, and once the members of the Open-Air Mission; also to speak at meetings of the Church Parochial Mission Society, the Irish Church Missions, the Church of England Men's Society (a gigantic gathering in the Church House, and another at Oxford), the Bible Society (particularly its Centenary meetings at Leeds and Harrogate, and another at Oxford to be mentioned in another chapter); and once the Church of England Temperance Society, when it held a special meeting at Lambeth Palace on the Liquor Traffic in Africa.

Of two organisations I must say a little more, the Religious Tract Society and the Children's Special Service Mission and Scripture Union, both which may be regarded as agencies alike for Home and Foreign Missions.

Of the Religious Tract Society's Committee I was a member for a few years, being elected in 1878. The meetings were held weekly at 8 A.M. on Tuesday, with breakfast, and were most interesting. The secretaries, when I joined, were Dr. Lewis Borrett White, a highly-respected City Rector, and Dr. S. Manning, a very able and accomplished Nonconformist. Dr. Samuel G. Green, the eminent Greek

scholar, and author of admirable books to assist students of the Greek Testament, was book-editor, and succeeded to the secretaryship when Dr. Manning died. The magazine editor-in-chief was Dr. Macaulay, a Scotsman of wide culture and sound judgement. The committee was limited to twelve in number, four ministers and eight laymen, the Church and Nonconformity being equally represented ; but the treasurer and two or three trustees were additional. The leading members when I joined were Sir Risdon Bennett, the distinguished physician ; Mr. Rawlings, a wealthy Baptist, and one of the most liberal and large-hearted men I ever knew ; Mr. C. T. Ware, only lately deceased after more than half a century's service ; Prebendary Billing, afterwards Bishop of Bedford ; and Canon Fleming and Dr. Stoughton as hon. secretaries.

Soon after I joined, the *Boy's Own Paper* was started, and at once achieved remarkable success. I then advocated, and I was the first to do so, the starting also of a *Girl's Own Paper*. Many doubted whether there would be a sale for it ; but the experiment was made, and at one stride the girls' paper out-distanced even the boys' paper in circulation. I think I may claim also a share in having introduced a new story-writer to the public. New MSS. were submitted to two members of the committee for report, and one that came to me was a tale sent in by a lady not yet known to the society or (so far as I am aware) to other publishers—Miss E. Everett-Green. I reported favourably of the story, and it was accepted and published. I forget its name.

The R.T.S. custom was for four members of the committee to retire each year, the four being those

who had attended least regularly ; and so keen in my time was the desire not to drop out, that even a couple of absences might forfeit a seat. I kept mine for six or seven years, and finally lost it when I moved to Hampstead, owing to the distance.

I have twice spoken at the R.T.S. Annual Meeting, and in 1893, when I had just returned from my travels in Australia and India, I had the honour of presiding at the May Breakfast, which is so popular a function.

Of the Children's Special Service Mission I can recall almost the very commencement. Some time in the later 'sixties, two or three lay helpers at St. Jude's, Mildmay, notably Mr. Josiah Spiers and Mr. T. B. Bishop, went to the Vicar, Mr. Pennefather, and asked for the loan of one of his schoolrooms on Sunday evenings, to gather in the children who, having mostly been in Sunday-school during the day, were playing about the streets. A few months later, I was asked to go to one of these gatherings and address the children. I had never before seen quite such a meeting. The boys and girls, who had most likely been more or less troublesome at Sunday-school, were as quiet as mice. It is true that Mr. Spiers, who conducted, was no ordinary man with young folk. He could manage those who would wear the life out of an ordinary Sunday-school teacher. But it was not management or discipline, that evening, in the main. It was the peculiar union of brightness and solemnity in all that was done—singing, praying, and speaking. The children somehow felt in a different atmosphere, and acted accordingly. I remember that the subject of my address was, "And now, little children, abide in Him, that when

He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His Coming." Not a very promising text, one would say, and why I chose it I don't know; but the attention never flagged for a moment, not because of any particular skill of mine, but because of the atmosphere of the meeting.

This movement gradually spread to other places; but the development proved to be quite different from the beginning, in one important respect at least, namely, in the class of children reached. The Seaside Services now so familiar at most of our summer resorts are intended to influence, and do influence, boys and girls of quite a different social scale from ordinary Sunday scholars. Moreover, indoor Missions have been held in the winter holidays for boys at public and secondary schools; and of these also the influence has been widespread. Boys are brought to a genuine and manly personal religion, and, particularly, are encouraged and guided in their reading of the Bible; and hence the little Bible-reading circles in so many of our great schools, from Eton downwards. To give one personal instance only. W. E. S. Holland, now Warden of the Oxford and Cambridge Hostel at Allahabad connected with the C.M.S., gave his heart to God while at Durham Grammar School, under the influence of a Mission conducted by Pilkington of Uganda.

One striking benefit of the movement has been the training of young University men in the practice of mission work. They go in parties to the seaside resorts or other places, and while the more experienced men conduct the services the younger are learning how to do so. Many able clergymen and devoted missionaries would gladly acknowledge how

much they owe to this informal but very practical training.

I have never myself taken actual part in these Missions, except that in some cases missionary meetings have been tacked on to them, and I have been asked to address these. But I have had many opportunities of helping indirectly. Perhaps I should say, so far as the earlier years are concerned, not "helping," but "hindering"! For while the movement was still in its infancy, Mr. Bishop used to come and talk over plans with me, and I, from the best of motives, but with little foresight, generally threw cold water on them. "We must have a magazine," he said one day. "Don't," said I, "it won't sell"; and now for many years *Our Own Magazine*, definitely and entirely concerned as it is with personal religion, has been one of the most flourishing of children's periodicals, while *Our Boy's Magazine* also reaches large numbers of school-boys. "I am going to make a new hymn-book for children," said Mr. Bishop another time. "Don't," said I, "you'll only burn your fingers." But the book he produced had an immense sale, and his more recent *Golden Bells*, which superseded it, has a still larger circulation. Again, "We must start a Scripture Union for daily Bible-reading." "Why?" said I; "you have Richardson's Union." But he started it, and it has long been the greatest of these Unions, with branches all over the world. One of the most remarkable developments of the Union has been the reproduction of its papers in African and Asiatic and Oceanic languages, and the sending of able young University men like Archibald, Drury, and many others, to hold children's meetings in the

Colonies, India, &c. In fact, the Mission has grown into a great Society with a great business.

However, I have not always been a hinderer! I have presided or spoken at annual and other meetings; I have addressed bands of workers about to start for the seaside, and at the seaside; and I have used what influence I had to make clergy and laity who knew nothing of the movement believe in it.

I must conclude this chapter with what can scarcely be called a Recollection, seeing that it belongs to the year 1909. But it was a very high privilege which cannot be passed over. I was invited, to my surprise, to take the chair at a meeting to celebrate the Jubilee of the Revival of 1859–60, concerning which I said a few words in Chapter VII. However, almost all the men who were leaders in the spiritual and evangelistic movements of that period had passed away, most of them long since—the last to go being Mr. R. C. Morgan, the publisher, who started just at that time, and edited for very many years, *The Christian*, a paper expressly designed to record movements of the kind. And I could at least offer some personal reminiscences. The meeting took place on June 4th, at the new St. James's Hall in Great Portland Street. A dense crowd assembled, and, led by a choir, sang some of the revival hymns that were popular fifty years ago. There was not much poetry in them, but they served to express the fervent devotions of multitudes of people at that time. Of the speakers besides myself, only one had any personal recollections going so far back, and that was Canon Aitken, who actually began his evangelistic work, as a lad of seventeen, in the very year commemorated, 1859.

Several of the movements and Missions mentioned in this chapter, and many others, have had to bear the reproach of being "undenominational." This feature of them has repelled not only High Churchmen but, it must be added, the great majority of the Evangelical clergy. As a matter of fact, a large proportion of the workers—in some cases almost all—have been members of the Church of England. In this respect these movements only resemble those associated with the names of Wesley and Whitefield. The Revival of the eighteenth century was non-denominational, yet almost all the leaders were clergymen of the Church. It is scarcely reasonable to boast of that Revival, and at the same time to ignore or despise present-day movements on similar lines. "What God has cleansed"—and richly blessed—"call not thou common."

CHAPTER XVIII

MILDMAY AND KESWICK

Mildmay Park—Pennefather—My Mildmay Associations: Mathieson, Morton, Blackwood—Cannon Street Conference—Battersby, Bowker, Robert Wilson—My first Keswick—Webb-Peploe, Hubert Brooke, Handley Moule—Reginald Radcliffe and Foreign Missions—The Meetings of 1887 and 1888—Keswick Mission Fund—Clergy House —"Keswick Letter"—Offers of Service—Helen Attlee—Later Years.

THE name of Mildmay, up to 1864, was unknown beyond the immediate neighbourhood, which was as dull a suburb as London could boast of. I remember accompanying Samuel Thornton (then a diocesan missionary, afterwards Bishop of Ballarat) to St. Jude's, one Sunday night, and noticing the miserably small congregation. But in 1864, William Pennefather came to St. Jude's from Barnet. He worked there nine years, and then died; but in that short time the name of Mildmay became known to the ends of the earth. He enlarged the church to hold 1500 people, and at once filled it; he erected large new schools and two mission-halls; he built the commodious Deaconess Institution, and started the well-known Mildmay Deaconesses—to the horror of staid Islington, which saw Popery in their simple uniform; and he planned and completed the erection of the great Conference Hall. To accomplish these things he raised £40,000, and he left all the buildings free from debt. All the parochial agencies prospered, and the annual Conference (which had

been begun at Barnet) became a centre of spiritual influence and evangelistic zeal. Pennefather was the George Müller of the Church of England. He died in 1873, and four weeks after, at a meeting of the Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association, I heard John Oakley (the future Dean, before mentioned) tell a gathering of Churchmen of all schools that Pennefather had done a work "never exceeded, perhaps never equalled, by any clergyman in our generation."

I knew Pennefather personally, and gave addresses to his Sunday-school teachers, and lectures to his Young Men's Society; but I did not happen to attend the Conference till 1871. I can never forget that meeting, if only for one thing. Pennefather rose to give out topics for prayer; and the very first was "For all editors." I was at that time editing both the *Church Sunday School Magazine* and *Church Bells;* and the impression made on me will be understood. I only went occasionally for the next few years, but from 1880 I went every year. I first spoke in 1883, at the Missionary Meeting. Mr. James Mathieson was then the Honorary Director of the Institutions, living in the pleasant adjoining "Garden House"; and from that time he frequently asked me to speak or preside at various gatherings. So did Colonel Morton when he succeeded Mathieson. Both these good men were true and valued friends. I particularly remember one occasion of my being in the chair, when J. G. Paton of the New Hebrides was received by a meeting which crowded floor and galleries.

For some years I saw a good deal of Mildmay. I sometimes went from Hampstead to breakfast with

the Deaconesses, and took their family prayers ; and for twenty years (as before mentioned) I was a regular lecturer at The Willows—the training home for women missionaries, among whom were many C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M. candidates.

The Chairman of the Mildmay Conference and Institutions, after Pennefather's death, was Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, afterwards Sir Arthur, the Secretary of the Post Office. I never knew him well, but I greatly admired him. We have had, in my judgement, no layman at all equal to him as an expositor of Scripture and speaker on the Christian life, though indeed Captain Dawson is a worthy successor.

There was another layman who became prominent in those days—Henry F. Bowker—one of the masters at Christ's Hospital ; and with him I became intimate. Both he and Blackwood were appointed speakers on the Spiritual Life at Church Congresses. But he became the leader of the more advanced school—if I may call it so—which is known by the name of "Keswick." A movement had arisen which definitely sought a higher level of spiritual life. A book by an American minister, Dr. Boardman, *The Higher Christian Life*, had a considerable circulation ; and another American, Mr. Pearsall Smith, came to England and held meetings on the subject, which influenced many devout and earnest people. The Evangelical leaders, however, gravely questioned the soundness of the movement, and Bishop J. C. Ryle was one of those who never joined it. But some others, to meet the needs of the time, arranged a remarkable Conference at the Cannon Street Hotel, as a kind of counterblast to the new school, at

which Canon Hoare and Archdeacon Richardson were leading speakers, but at which Evan Hopkins and Bowker were also invited to address the gathering, as representing the newer teaching. I also, to my surprise, was invited to speak. The afternoon was devoted to Home and Foreign Missions. Two remarkable addresses were given by two really exceptional men, Canon Jackson of Leeds, and Valpy French (afterwards first Bishop of Lahore), and I was sandwiched between them.

This meeting was in February 1875, between the two famous Conventions conducted by Mr. Pearsall Smith at Oxford and Brighton. One of the clergymen influenced at Oxford was Canon Harford Battersby of Keswick, and in the summer of 1875 he invited some of the speakers, including Webb-Peploe, Evan Hopkins, C. A. Fox, and others, to come there and hold quiet meetings in a tent "for the Promotion of Practical Holiness." In this unpretending way began the Keswick Convention.

But I am not now going to relate the history of the Convention. I confine myself to my personal connection with it. I read of the Convention from its first beginning, but ten years elapsed before I went to it myself; and this was in response to an invitation. Canon Harford Battersby, who died in 1883, had left in charge of it two laymen, Mr. H. F. Bowker, who became chairman, and Mr. Robert Wilson, the Cumberland gentleman who had from the first managed the "secularities." In 1885 Mr. Bowker wrote to me, inviting me to stay with him in his lodgings at Keswick during the Convention week.

I was not able to go till the middle of the week,

but arrived on the Wednesday evening. Well do I remember that night. I was met by a young man whom I afterwards knew as Spencer Walton, the lay evangelist, and who conducted me to the lodgings, and then to the Tent, in the middle of the meeting. To my surprise, a chair had been kept for me on the platform just behind the chairman, Bowker himself. A hymn was being sung as I entered, one of the hymns of "Consecration and Faith" which are unknown except at meetings of this kind, but which—words and tunes—are of such singular beauty. Mr. Webb-Peploe was then called upon, and delivered a most powerful address on the sins of earnest Christian people. I remember one caustic thing he said: "No doubt you all think yourselves consecrated people, but let me remind you of what you are going to do to-night—you are going to put outside your bedroom doors some two thousand pairs of dirty boots, and you expect them all clean and shiny by half-past six to-morrow morning, that you may come to the early prayer-meeting; and how much do you think of the 'slaveys' who will have to do it?" Well, I thought, is that the "transcendentalism" sometimes charged against Keswick?

There were staying also in Bowker's lodgings Mr. Hubert Brooke, Mr. S. A. Selwyn, and Mr. Barnes-Lawrence, the two latter being there, like myself, for the first time. Brooke's conversations were very illuminating on the special message of "Keswick," and made a deep impression upon me. So did the addresses of Mr. Evan Hopkins and Mr. C. A. Fox.

There were no missionary meetings in those days, and no "side shows" in the shape of outside gatherings advertised on enormous posters. The Conven-

tion came entirely to an end at the Thanksgiving Meeting at 7 A.M. on the Saturday; and the rest of the day was devoted to excursions. On that particular Saturday a large party led by Mr. Webb-Peploe, of whom I was one, ascended Scafell Pike, the highest mountain in England. The Sunday was delightful, as Keswick Sundays usually are. There were three celebrations of Holy Communion at St. John's Church, and nearly one thousand communicants. It was the Ninth Sunday after Trinity that year, and I was struck by the appropriateness of the Collect, which in fact is an almost perfect summary of what is called "Keswick teaching":—

"Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful; that we who cannot do anything that is good without Thee may by Thee be enabled to live according to Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I now went every year to Keswick, up to 1891, inclusive; and in each of these years I sent a long account of the Convention to the *Record*. These letters had some influence in leading the Evangelical clergy to look with more favour on Keswick, and with less suspicion on Mr. Webb-Peploe. In 1886, Mr. and Mrs. Handley Moule were among Bowker's guests, and Mr. Moule spoke for the first time. On the Sunday evening I gave the evangelistic address in the Tent, for the first and only time. In 1887 Hubert Brooke, being ill in Switzerland, sent his notes for his Bible readings, and Bowker handed them to me, asking me to get them up thoroughly and deliver them to the Convention as from Brooke; which I did. The subject was 1 Peter iii. 15, R.V.,

"Sanctify (or consecrate) in your hearts Christ as Lord." That year, Mr. Wigram being on his tour round the world to inspect the C.M.S. Missions, Mrs. Wigram took a house to entertain missionaries, and I stayed with her to help her at the table, &c.

Let me now briefly tell how Missions came to be accorded a position in the Convention. Reginald Radcliffe, the Liverpool solicitor and evangelist, had lately realised for himself the urgency of their claim upon the Church of Christ; and he gave his later years chiefly to setting forth that claim. He appealed to Bowker to introduce the subject into the programme; but Bowker said "No; Missions meant secretaries quarrelling for collections: it would spoil Keswick"! However, in 1886 and 1887 he lent Radcliffe the tent on the Saturday for a missionary meeting, but held aloof from it himself, as did also most of his leading colleagues. But the meeting of 1887 proved the turning-point in the case. Radcliffe presided, and the speakers were (in this order) Hudson Taylor, myself, Webb-Peploe, James Johnson (the African clergyman, now Bishop), and three ladies about to sail for the mission-field. In my speech I invited any who desired to inquire about missionary service to come to my lodgings (Mrs. Wigram's), and I would direct them to any Society or Mission they might prefer. What was the result? Between three o'clock that Saturday and nine o'clock on Monday night, I had twenty-four long private interviews with such inquirers. I wrote and told Bowker, and he replied appreciatively, but would not infringe his principle, "No Missions at Keswick"!

However, in the following May, 1888, he spontaneously wrote to me that "a new thought had been

given him," namely, that "Consecration and the Evangelization of the World ought to go together"; and when I reached Keswick in July I found that the Trustees had agreed to hold an official missionary meeting on the Saturday, which they wished me to arrange. I was surprised, and hesitated, but on pressure agreed, on the condition that I might also have a short daily missionary prayer-meeting. The expediency of this was doubted, but I was allowed to have it; and it has been held ever since, with hundreds attending. When the Saturday came, all the leaders were present (Mr. Meyer was one: it was his first year), and an immense throng. In the middle of the meeting there came to the platform the now famous anonymous £10-note, which led to large other gifts and started the Keswick Mission Fund. I believe I am the only person that knows who the donor was. He has always declined to be named.

The Trustees were now perplexed what to do with the money. It looked at first as if Bowker's fears about secretaries and collections might be justified. At the following Easter some of the leaders spent three days at Mr. Lancaster's, Bownham House, near Stroud, for conference and prayer. I then suggested to them, that as the "Keswick message" was a message, not to the Heathen but to Christians, they should use the money to send out, not missionaries but *missioners*, to hold special services in Christian congregations, in the Colonies and in the mission-field. This was agreed to, and led to the memorable Missions of George Grubb in Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, &c. But in after years some of the contributors wished to give for Missions to the Heathen; and hence a part of the fund is

now used in that way, for the support of missionaries belonging to recognized Societies. "Keswick" has always resisted the temptation to become a new missionary society itself.

Bowker was in broken health in 1889, and very feeble in the chair; and in September he died. I felt his loss much. He lived at St. John's Wood, about a mile from my house on Haverstock Hill, and frequently he would walk over on Sunday for tea and a talk, and I valued his conversations much. Mr. Robert Wilson succeeded him as Chairman of the Convention, and invited me to become one of the six Trustees in his room; but there was some uncertainty at the time about the management, and I felt it wiser to remain independent.

In 1890, under the auspices of Mrs. Dyce Alexander, the first Clergy House was arranged, she raising the money and I inviting the men. Among those who came, all for the first time, were Bishop Ingham of Sierra Leone, Canons Girdlestone and McCormick, Dr. Barlow (afterwards Dean of Peterborough), and E. A. Stuart (now Canon of Canterbury). It was they who planned a letter to the C.M.S. about extension, which was signed also by other friends of the Society at Keswick that year, Handley Moule, Webb-Peploe, Hubert Brooke, S. A. Selwyn, H. Brass, and Canon Gibbon. This "Keswick letter," as it was called, led to considerable developments of C.M.S. work. That year Mr. and Mrs. Handley Moule were house-father and mother in a house for missionaries, and on the Friday they arranged a quiet picnic near Lodore. It was there that J. C. Hoare, afterwards Bishop of Victoria, gave a memorable testimony concerning personal blessing

received at the Convention. Next day he wrote to me that he should henceforth be an honorary missionary and take no allowances from the Society.

In these four years, 1888–91, I had numerous offers of service and inquiries. Many who then came forward are now in the mission-field in connection with various Societies. I will here only mention one, a candidate from the Keswick neighbourhood itself. This was Miss Helen Attlee, daughter of the Vicar of Buttermere, the village and lake constantly visited by tourists from Keswick. She came to me and expressed her wish to join the C.M.S. and go to Palestine. On inquiring of her about her circumstances, I found she was an only child, and was helping her father in the charge of the mountain-parish, with its quarrymen and its shepherds scattered over a wide area and not easy of access. I dissuaded her from leaving her parents in such a case, assuring her that she could serve and please God as well in Cumberland as in Palestine. She yielded, and continued as she was two years. I went one year and stayed at Buttermere a few days, and was struck with the absolute necessity of her staying at home ; and her mother was grateful for my influence. One recollection of the visit is that she took me up Great Gable, and that when we came down after a day's climbing, we held a little service for the Honister quarrymen in a little shed at the top of the famous Pass. Eventually she had her wish in an unexpected way. Mr. Attlee resigned the living, and they all three went to the Holy Land together!—she herself as an accepted C.M.S. missionary. Alas! her mother died out there ; but she continued

at her post, on the Mount of Olives, with her father's full sanction, and became one of the most devoted and efficient of our missionaries. At length she also died, deeply lamented by the natives as well as by her fellow-workers.

Keswick, therefore, has helped Foreign Missions in three ways: (1) by inspiring offers of service; (2) by the work of the "missioners" above referred to; (3) by the refreshment and quickening which the Convention has given to many missionaries who have attended while on furlough.

There is no object in dwelling upon the Keswick of later years, with its increased numbers, its duplicated tents and meetings, its joint Chairmen since Mr. Wilson's death, Mr. Albert Head and Captain Tottenham, its new speakers (particularly Mr. Stuart Holden, Mr. Harrington Lees, and Mr. Campbell Morgan), or its occasional visitors as speakers (particularly Dr. Andrew Murray, Dr. Pierson, and Dr. Torrey). Year by year its influence widens, and no one who knows the Convention can have any doubts about the blessing of God resting upon it. It would be far too much to say, as the *Church Times* (of all papers!) said some time ago, that it had restored the lost spirituality of the Evangelical Party! For one thing, the supposed "loss" may be questioned. For another thing, the Convention still only attracts a section, and not a large section relatively, of Evangelical Churchmen. But its influence, unquestionably, has extended far beyond the circle of regular or occasional adherents. When the Bishop of Birmingham wants a Church Convention, the Keswick men appear among the leading speakers. Local Conventions on the broader basis of "common Christianity" have

of course multiplied, and I myself have taken part in them at Birmingham, Blackheath, Brighton, Clifton, Croydon, Folkestone, Gloucester, Guildford, Nottingham, Red Hill, Salisbury, Southsea, Tunbridge Wells, &c.

CHAPTER XIX

SOME CHURCH MOVEMENTS

Church Congresses: Croydon, Birmingham, London, &c.—London Diocesan Conference—Election for Central Council—Committee on Lay Ministrations—House of Laymen—My Elections— My part in Debates—Representative Church Council—Church House—Church Reform League—Pan-Anglican Congress.

I DEVOTE this chapter to some personal incidents connected with the great modern Church developments: the Church Congress, the Diocesan Conferences, the House of Laymen, the Representative Church Council, the Pan-Anglican Congress, &c.

I have already, in Chapter VII., given some reminiscences of early Church Congresses, but I did not then mention my personal part in them. In 1873, when the Congress met at Bath, I was for the first time an invited speaker, and I read a paper before an immense audience on "The Church's Work among Children." This was a few weeks after I joined the C.M.S. I was not on the programme at Brighton in 1874, but I attended, and spoke on a cognate subject. In 1876 I was again asked for a paper on "Work Among the Young," at Plymouth, Bishop Temple's Congress. In 1877 I was a member of the Subjects Committee of the Croydon Congress, which proved a very interesting experience; and I was requested to speak at the Devotional Meeting, which was held in the evening, and not, as in later times, on the last

morning. This experience was not pleasant. The special train for London left nightly at a certain hour, a few minutes after nine o'clock. I was the last speaker, and the others overstepped the time allotted them; and when my immediate predecessor sat down three-fourths of the great audience rose hurriedly and unavoidably to run and catch the train. It seemed impossible to speak in the circumstances, and I appealed to Archbishop Tait to drop me out and conclude the meeting. But he said, "No; go on," and for ten minutes I spoke amid a noise which completely drowned my voice, but which could not be helped. When I sat down, the Rev. R. W. Hoare, a High Church clergyman at Croydon, who had also served on the Subjects Committee, put his arm round me and whispered a sympathetic word or two, which I have always remembered gratefully.

At Newcastle, in 1881, I again read a paper on "The Church and the Young." At Derby, in 1882, I was a visitor, but did not speak. At Reading, in 1883, I was again on the programme for the Devotional Meeting. After that I was an absentee until the Rhyl Congress of 1891, when my paper on Missionary Societies had the curious and unexpected success noticed in a previous chapter. At Birmingham, in 1893, I spoke on Lay Ministrations; and I also addressed a great gathering arranged by the Church Army in St. Philip's Church, now the Cathedral. It is interesting to remember that in that year Canon (now Bishop) Gore and I were quartered together at Dr. R. W. Dale's house. He, indeed, was away, owing to the illness of which he presently died, but we were most kindly entertained by his daughters.

At Shrewsbury, in 1896, I read a paper on Missions, which the Bishop of Newcastle (Dr. Jacob), who also read one on that subject, afterwards published in a pamphlet along with his own, for circulation in his diocese.

At Nottingham, in 1897, I was not on the programme, but a speech on the Church in the Victorian Era made a sort of hit. When the Congress met in London, in 1899, under Bishop Creighton, I was on the Subjects Committee. At the Albert Hall I read a paper on "Experimental Religion" at the Devotional Meeting, which Mrs. Fitzpatrick, of Bournemouth, got printed privately and largely circulated, particularly at Cambridge. I also spoke in the Foreign Missions debate. At Newcastle, in 1900, I did not speak at all except at "side shows," Evangelical and Church Army. At Brighton, in 1901, I read a paper on Sermons, and also spoke on the Church and the Empire. I was a member of the Subjects Committee in that year, and also in 1902 for the Northampton Congress, which, however, I was prevented attending. At Bristol, in 1903, I read a paper on Racial Distinctions and the oneness underlying them, which was very warmly received. In 1904, I was at the Liverpool Congress, but took no part. In 1905 I was again on the Subjects Committee for Weymouth (Salisbury Diocese), and read a paper on Daughter Churches, which also was distinctly successful. For the Yarmouth Congress, in 1907, I wrote a paper on nearly the same subject, which was read by Bishop Ingham in my absence from illness. Finally, in 1908, at Manchester, I contributed one of the papers on the Pan-Anglican Congress, which in my judgement was not worthy of the subject, and certainly did

not grip the audience. These recent incidents are scarcely Recollections; but having begun an enumeration of Congress addresses, I naturally went on to the end. It will be seen that I have attended twenty Congresses, and taken some part in all but three of them.

From the Church Congress one naturally turns to the Diocesan Conference. London was the last diocese except Worcester to have one. Bishop Jackson, it may be presumed, thought like Bishop Samuel Wilberforce ten years earlier, who declined to start one, saying that if it failed, the laity would blame the Bishop, and if it succeeded they would say, "What fine fellows we are!" But in 1882 Jackson was at last persuaded that London should no longer lag behind the rest of the country. I was at once elected one of the members for Islington. Subsequently I represented Hampstead; and, still later, the West City, in virtue of my office in Salisbury Square.

The Conference met in February, 1883, at King's College; and though much party fighting was expected, the general harmony was not broken, and the tone was good. Among the prominent members were two working men, Mr. C. Powell and Mr. G. Thomas, who, though ardently attached to the Ritualist party, threw themselves energetically into practical questions, such as lay ministrations. One thing that had to be done was to elect three clerical and three lay representatives to the already existing Central Council of Diocesan Conferences. For the lay seats the High Churchmen nominated Sir Richard (now Viscount) Cross, the Hon. C. L. Wood (now Lord Halifax), and Mr. J. A. Shaw Stewart; and the

Evangelicals put up Sir John Kennaway and myself, intending also to vote for Cross. The result in figures was: Cross, 109; Shaw Stewart, 109; Stock, 104; Kennaway, 98; Wood, 75. The strange fact thus came to pass that in my first contested election I beat both my own honoured friend, the future President of the C.M.S., and the President of the E.C.U., neither of whom got in! It is not easy to explain the votes, except that the "moderate" Churchmen must have distributed their votes in various ways.

I served on several committees of the Diocesan Conference, the most important being on Lay Ministrations, of which Mr. George Spottiswoode was chairman, and Mr. G. Thomas, one of the "labour members," secretary. It comprised, among others, Bishop Walsham How, Mr. Walsh (now Bishop of Dover), Canon Capel Cure, Prebendaries Harry Jones and Webb-Peploe, Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Kilburn, and Sir Emilius Bayley. The importance of this committee historically is that from its Report Bishop Temple afterwards derived the outline of his scheme for Diocesan Lay Readers.

Three years after London got its Diocesan Conference another Church body came into being. In 1885 Archbishop Benson launched his scheme for Houses of Laymen for the two Provinces of Canterbury and York. London Diocese was to elect ten members to the Canterbury House, the electors being the lay members of the Diocesan Conference. At the first election Lewis Dibdin, P. V. Smith, and myself stood together, and issued the following joint manifesto:—

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned members of the London Diocesan Conference, beg to offer ourselves as candidates for

election to seats among the ten representatives of the Diocese of London in the new House of Laymen.

We desire to maintain in its integrity the position of the Church of England as the National Church of the land, which she has occupied ever since the English became a nation.

We are conscious that, in common with all great institutions having a history extending over centuries, our Church system has defects, which need to be remedied. In reference to patronage, to the tenure of livings, to the position of the laity, and to Ecclesiastical Courts, we are of opinion that wise changes are urgently called for. If, therefore, we have the honour of being elected, we shall support such judicious and well-considered reforms as will tend to make the Church more than ever the Church of the nation.

We desire to see the Church of England become increasingly an instrument in the hands of God for the moral and spiritual good of the whole people; and we should strive to the utmost to further that development of her work in respect of education, lay help, and mission agencies of various kinds, which had its origin in the Evangelical Revival at the beginning of this century, and has since been fostered by all sections of Churchmen. We should welcome a larger measure of elasticity in her services, and in her methods of pastoral and evangelistic work, believing such elasticity to be in accordance with the spirit of Scriptural and Primitive Christianity, and with the simplicity of the Gospel to which our Reformed Church has borne such faithful witness.

We are, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servants,

Lewis T. Dibdin.
P. V. Smith.
Eugene Stock.

The Hon. T. Pelham stood as an independent Evangelical candidate, and I think also Mr. Frank Bevan. I do not remember all the men of other parties who were candidates; but Mr. George Spottis-

woode came out at the top of the poll; Earl Beauchamp, Mr. J. G. Hubbard, Mr. J. G. Talbot, and Mr. Shaw Stewart were elected; and Mr. Charles Powell, the working man, also got in. I was again successful, but my two colleagues failed, the only other Evangelical elected being Pelham. The first session took place in February, 1886. When the House met, Lord Selborne was at once elected chairman, and Mr. Spottiswoode vice-chairman.

It is curious that the elections to this voluntary and unofficial House are dependent on Parliamentary elections. For this reason, that Convocation, being part of the British Constitution, is elected and dissolved along with the House of Commons; and the House of Laymen is elected and dissolved with Convocation. Our first House, therefore, only lasted a few months, because Parliament was dissolved in 1886. This time Dibdin and Smith and I stood separately, and all three got in, and also Pelham and Bevan; five out of ten being thus Evangelical Churchmen. Of this election I have preserved the figures: Spottiswoode, 109; Pelham, 102; Hubbard, 97; Bevan, 94; Stock, 88; Earl Beauchamp, 87; Dibdin, 85; Talbot, 84; Shaw Stewart, 79; P. V. Smith 78. Among the twelve not elected, Lord Halifax stood first with 76; and Mr. C. Powell lost his seat.

This House lasted till the General Election of 1892. I was then in Australia, but was re-elected in my absence—a high and unexpected compliment. In 1895 and 1900 I was again re-elected; and in 1906, when the representation of London Diocese had been increased from ten members to thirty-six, I stood high on the poll.

I have not taken a prominent part in the discussions of either the Diocesan Conference or the House of Laymen, though I have spoken pretty frequently. I have not once made what may be called a set speech ; and for ready debating I have no gift. As regards the Lay House, my two original colleagues in candidature, on the other hand, have all along been in the front rank, and Dibdin, now Sir Lewis, and Dean of the Arches, has become vice-chairman. But I have now and then been successful in carrying minor amendments, some of which have taken the sting out of resolutions that could not have been directly defeated. I remember a curious though rather different case in the very early days of the House, which shows how little one can judge of the real opinion of an assembly from the half-dozen speeches that have been made. I moved some small amendment to a resolution on Patronage, and five or six men at once opposed it. Lord Selborne appealed to me not to push it, as "the feeling of the House was obviously against me." I replied, "I am quite willing to bow to the majority, but can we be sure what the majority think, unless the silent members have an opportunity of voting?" Whereupon he put the amendment, and it was carried! A more important case was when Mr. Spottiswoode moved to thank the Archbishops for their reply to the Pope about Anglican Orders. Mr. Sydney Gedge opposed this strongly, objecting to much in the reply, which, in fact, had been cleverly drafted for the Primates by an advanced High Churchman, who had used language which, in my judgement as well as Mr. Gedge's, had somewhat compromised the Anglican Church. I knew it was hopeless to defeat a vote of

thanks to their Graces, nor did I wish that we should be so discourteous; so I simply moved to thank them, not for "the reply," but for "replying." To my surprise and satisfaction, Mr. Spottiswoode at once accepted this, and it was carried unanimously. The House thus showed itself courteous to the Archbishops, but refrained from expressing gratitude for the document itself.

A similar instance I remember in the Diocesan Conference. A resolution was moved to the effect that every church ought to have one choral Communion every Sunday. A well-known Evangelical member showed me a strongly Protestant amendment which he proposed moving. I said, "Don't move what there is no chance of carrying. Let us move something that will secure more general support." I then drafted an amendment deprecating interference with elasticity and local freedom, got a much respected High Church clergyman to second it, carried it by a large majority, and thus defeated the original motion.

Membership of the House of Laymen, of course, involves membership of the Representative Church Council, of which both Houses of Laymen and all four Houses of Convocation are integral parts. Its first meeting was in 1904. I have only once, as yet, inflicted a set speech upon this assembly, on the Education controversy, in May, 1908. It was good of the Council to hear me patiently, for by arguing in favour of what is (rather absurdly) called "Cowper-Temple" instruction as, in fact, elementary Church teaching, I put myself in opposition to the majority of both clerical and lay members, though not, I am glad to know, of the Bishops.

When Queen Victoria celebrated her Jubilee in 1887, Bishop Harvey Goodwin proposed a Church of England Memorial in the shape of a Church House, as a centre for Church meetings and work and influence. The project was severely criticised: why spend money on bricks and mortar? what use would such a building be? and so on. But far-seeing men approved the suggestion, and the Church House, as we see it, is the result. Though, of course, as yet incomplete, it has proved of the greatest service. How could we do without it now? Personally I was from the first an enthusiast in its favour, and became one of the earliest members of the Corporation by payment of a life subscription.

Let me add that I am a member of the Church Reform League; and while I do not pledge myself to agree with all its proposals, I am in hearty sympathy with its general purpose. I want to see the Church of England acting as a living Church, able to adopt itself to changing circumstances, while holding steadfastly its ancient principles.

I must not finish this chapter without a brief reference to the Pan-Anglican Congress, although that great gathering emanated from the Central Board of Missions, of which I speak in Chapter XXI. In reality it was Bishop Montgomery's scheme, and his alone. He first propounded it at one of the periodical meetings of Church of England Missionary Secretaries (noticed hereafter), on June 11th, 1902. The Board, however, sent out the first inquiries to Bishops all over the world. When the plan took definite shape, it was given over to a strong special Committee. Bishop Montgomery and I were appointed Secretaries; in my case much against my

will, for I was already withdrawing from regular work on account of advancing age, and after a few months I persuaded the Committee to release me, and Canon E. A. Stuart took my place. But from the first I was a regular member of the Special Committee and of two or three sub-committees ; and eventually I became one of the Secretaries of Section D, which was in charge of the meetings on the Church's work in non-Christian lands. I also went to several meetings held in various places to prepare the public mind for the Congress ; one, notably, at Brighton, an overwhelming gathering in the Pavilion ; and one, still more notable, at Birmingham, which converted Bishop Gore (by his own account) to believe in the Congress,—which, unhappily, he was in the event too ill to attend.

Of the Congress itself I say nothing. It is too recent for Recollections. Suffice it to say that I was afterwards appointed by the Archbishop a member of the Committee for distributing the Thank-offering.

CHAPTER XX

LAY MINISTRATIONS

Offer of Ordination—Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association—Lay Readers—Address in Maclagan's Church—Diocesan Lay Readers—My Sermons in London, the Provinces, and Abroad—Unorganised Lay Work—Victoria Theatre Services—Bible Readings.

It will be a surprise to most of my readers to hear that I was twice offered ordination. Bishop Waldegrave, of Carlisle, sometime in the 'sixties (I have not got the date), sent a message to me through the Rev. J. W. Bardsley (afterwards Vicar of Huddersfield), expressing his readiness to ordain me, as I was, for work in his diocese. If, as I had expected in boyish days, I had gone to Cambridge, it is very likely that I should eventually have taken orders; but I was not willing to enter the sacred ministry at (about) the age of thirty, and merely as a literate, without even the training of a regular theological college. However, I consulted my kind friend, W. B. Mackenzie, Vicar of St. James's, Holloway. He strongly advised me to remain a layman, and a layman I remained. Some years later, Bishop Thornton, of Ballarat, invited me to go out to Australia and be ordained for his diocese, but this also I declined.

Let me now tell something of my connection with lay ministrations in the Church. In 1867, the London Diocesan Association of Lay Helpers was

formed, with the design, originally, of getting "West-end" men to go and do mission work in the "East-end" (using the two terms typically and not with strict geographical accuracy). Which was Islington, where I then lived? It was in those days more relatively conspicuous in all London for its activity in good works even than it is now, and in the February of the next year, 1868, the promoters of the new Association came up to exhort Islingtonians to join them. At a meeting in Canonbury Tower (concerning which see Chapter IV.) they called for volunteers; but we rejoined that Islington was partly an "East-end" in itself, and that we had plenty of work to occupy us without going to Whitechapel or Bethnal Green. I personally suggested that a Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association should include all the lay helpers in the diocese, and that we ought to be enrolled in virtue of the work we were already doing. The Central Committee presently adopted my suggestion, and the Association gradually became a great and important body. I was soon invited to join the Central Committee, and served on it many years. The clerical secretary then was Mr. Moorhouse, Vicar of Paddington, afterwards Bishop of Melbourne and then of Manchester; and the lay secretary an Oxford man lately called to the Bar, Mr. Charles B. P. Bosanquet, who was also secretary of the newly-formed Charity Organisation Society. Afterwards the leading men were Mr. Randolph Robinson, an influential Churchman active in diocesan movements, and Mr. Everard Ford. The former became chairman, and the latter secretary. Meanwhile I gained in Bosanquet an intimate and highly-valued friend.

The organisation of lay help led on to the new institution of lay readers, with definite commissions from the Bishops for spiritual and evangelistic work, but in mission-halls only, not in church. Such ministrations, of course, needed no special commission, and Bishop Jackson, of London, used carefully to explain, when he admitted readers in the chapel of Fulham Palace, that he had no power to sanction anything not already legal, and that what was already legal they could do, if they pleased, without him. Nevertheless, the commission was valued.

Before I go on to Bishop Temple's further step in licensing Diocesan Readers to preach, let me tell how, long before that, I gave an address in church for the first time. It was Mr. Maclagan, afterwards the revered Archbishop of York, who asked me. He then had the parish of Newington, in South London, a little south of the Elephant and Castle, and including Spurgeon's Tabernacle within its bounds. He had an immense congregation in the old parish church, now pulled down ; and it was his custom on Sunday evenings to have some kind of service or meeting after evensong, in order to keep the younger men and women from walking the streets. His invitation to me, in November, 1874, was to give a missionary address at this second informal service. Almost the whole congregation, some two thousand persons, remained that night to hear a layman speak from the lectern. Mr. Maclagan wore his cassock only, and he directed me to speak as I was, in my ordinary dress. The days of lay readers' tippets and badges were not yet : and I did not even don a surplice. The *John Bull* was then a paper representing the older High Church party, and was sup-

posed to have been inspired by Bishop Wilberforce (but he was dead then). In "Lothair" Disraeli makes "the Bishop" (obviously Wilberforce) say, when someone proposed to send a certain paragraph to the *Guardian*, "and to *John Bull*." Well, this paper complained of the whole proceeding, and affirmed that the Bishop of London (in whose diocese Newington then was) was very angry about it. But as Dr. Jackson made Mr. Maclagan a Prebendary of St. Paul's a week or two after my address, and in the following year appointed him Vicar of Kensington, it does not appear that the episcopal indignation was very serious. The future Archbishop said to me more than once that the only way to get reforms in the Church was to step a little outside the limits of strict legality.

To revert to Bishop Temple's scheme for Diocesan Readers. I have before mentioned the committee of the London Diocesan Conference which had recommended some such step; and the Conference itself, after two debates, adopted the proposal in substance, but carefully limited its recommendation to "extra" services. There was no idea of a layman "preaching" in the ordinary sense of the word. But Temple made up his mind that while a sermon at the Morning Service was obligatory on the clergyman, a sermon in the evening was not, and was therefore an "extra"; also that the obligatory "Evensong" ended at "the Grace," and anything after that was "extra." Consequently, the evening sermon might be preached by a layman. Many think that this was a straining of the law; but it has been continued by Temple's two successors in the Diocese of London, and adopted in some other dioceses.

In 1891 Bishop Temple proceeded to act, and invited offers of service. Of those who applied, only eight were considered to be qualified, and the Bishop, looking about for others, invited four more who had not been applicants, viz., Mr. George Spottiswoode, Mr. E. A. Ford, Mr. T. Rutt, and myself. Then he asked the S.P.G. and C.M.S. to nominate two each, specially for missionary addresses, and the C.E.T.S. one for temperance addresses ; and one other being added, the eighteen were solemnly admitted to the new office in St. Paul's Cathedral, on March 21, 1891. The S.P.G. nominees were the Earl of Stamford and Dr. Cust ; those of the C.M.S., Mr. Sydney Gedge and Mr. P. V. Smith.

My first sermon was on Ascension Day in the same year, at St. Philip's, Regent Street, at the invitation of Prebendary Harry Jones ; and my second on the Sunday following, at my own church, St. John's Chapel, Hampstead, by request of Canon Girdlestone. I afterwards preached in many London churches, including St. Mary's, Bryanston Square ; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields ; All Souls', Langham Place ; Trinity, Marylebone ; St. James's, Piccadilly ; Christ Church, Westminster ; St. Stephen's, Westbourne Park ; St. Barnabas's, Kensington ; St. Mary's, Kilburn ; Christ Church, and Emmanuel, Hampstead ; St. Mark's, Dalston ; St. Mary's, Whitechapel ; St. George's-in-the-East ; and several others. One interesting thing was a Hospital Sunday sermon at Islington Parish Church, the church which I had attended for three or four months half a century before. Another was, being invited to preach at St. Bride's, from the pulpit in which I had seen so many great and honoured men standing at the C.M.S.

anniversaries. (Mr. Hawkins, the Rector, took me in to supper, and introduced me to his son, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the novelist.)

Several times I have addressed the modern Sunday afternoon services for men only. Mr. Watts Ditchfield invited me to St. Peter's, Highgate Hill, where these services had their birth, in December, 1893; and after he moved to St. James the Less, Bethnal Green, I spent a Sunday with him, in February, 1900, and preached both at the men's service and in the evening. He, of course, was the inventor of this admirable agency for reaching men; and all over the country has his example been followed, on the whole with fair success, though no services that I have taken part in have quite equalled his.

Mid-day services on week-days, for business men, have also become common in large cities, especially in Advent and Lent; and several times I have given addresses at these; in the City of London, at St. Vedast, Foster Lane; St. Bride, Fleet Street; Bow Church, Cheapside; and St. Edmund the King, Lombard Street—this last at the invitation of Canon Benham, the "Peter Lombard" of the *Church Times*. One interesting function was the giving of four addresses in Lent, 1905, at St. Michael's, Cornhill, on the theme, "Don't Support Foreign Missions: Why Not?"

So far I have only referred to churches in London Diocese. But many Bishops in different parts of the country have given me leave to preach on particular occasions, and under varying conditions; among them Bishops Moorhouse and Knox of Manchester, Chavasse of Liverpool, Jacob of Newcastle, Jayne of Chester, Legge of Lichfield, Perowne of Worcester,

Sheepshanks of Norwich, Kennion of Bath and Wells, Wordsworth of Salisbury, Robertson of Exeter, Davidson and Ryle of Winchester; also Archbishop Peacocke of Dublin, Bishop Welland of Down and Connor, and Bishop Dowden of Edinburgh. When I went to live in Rochester Diocese I became a Diocesan Reader there also, under Bishop Harmer. But the original commission was of most use to me when I visited the Colonies and the United States, where the various Bishops gave me corresponding licenses, and I preached in eight cathedrals and about eighty other churches.

But "Lay Ministrations" are not limited to preaching in church and the like. A great deal of direct evangelistic work is done by Church laymen who have never become lay readers. Some of this is extra-parochial and of a more or less "free lance" character; but it manifestly has God's blessing for all that. In this class of work I have never been prominent, not from any unwillingness, but from lack of time, and because "there are diversities of gifts," and mine, such as they are, have drawn me in other directions. But it is pleasant to remember the few opportunities I have had. I took some part in the great London Church Missions of 1874 and 1884, by giving addresses in halls and rooms. I regularly conducted evening services at St. Mark's Mission Church in the Marylebone Road, then attached to St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, at the request of the Rector, Mr. Fremantle, the present Dean of Ripon. When the permanent church was built, it became well known as Mr. Adderley's. I worked in both the Moody and Sankey Missions of 1875 and 1884, in the "inquiry room," and at overflow and open-air

auxiliary services. I have addressed the London Banks Prayer Union, the County Council Christian Union, the Stock Exchange Christian Association, the medical students at Dr. Fairlie Clarke's conversaziones, the Policemen's Christian Association, the men of the London City Mission, the patients in the Home for the Dying, a Good Friday evangelistic service at Wimbledon, an Exeter Hall Sunday night service, great gatherings of railway men at Brighton and York, &c., &c. Only once have I had a small part in real "slum" work. One of my sisters has laboured in East-end slums for thirty years, and one Sunday night I went with her to a common lodging-house in Spitalfields. While she sang Sankey's hymns, the "casuals" in the place were toasting bacon, smoking bad tobacco, playing dominoes, and so forth ; and they did not stop a moment to listen to the first speaker, who was weak and commonplace. They did give me, who came next, some little attention ; but when the third speaker began, "Look here, you fellows! I was converted in this 'ere place," they "sat up" instantly, and gave him all their ears.

But perhaps my most interesting work of this kind was taking the Sunday afternoon services in the Victoria Theatre in Lambeth, which I did many times during the years that they were managed by Miss Kate Rivaz, a remarkable lady, not young, but handsome and fascinating and well dressed, who, with half-a-dozen ladies to help her, "compelled to come in" large numbers of men and women, button-holing them as they passed along the thronged pavement of the New Cut. She was what is called a strong Churchwoman, and belonged to Canon Furse's church in Westminster, but she used Sankey's hymns

and extempore prayer; and on week-days she gathered the women together in a neighbouring room. What were the results? Who can tell? She has passed away now, and perhaps she knows!

I have given a great many Bible readings, both at public gatherings and in private houses, and not a few addresses at Devotional Meetings and the like. One incident I may perhaps mention. When Mr. and Mrs. Armitage lived on the Chelsea Embankment, they had large evening parties for conversational Bible-readings. On one occasion I was invited to choose and open the subject. I chose a simple one, and treated it simply; and when I sat down, no less a person than Sir Robert Anderson rose, and severely criticised the unfortunate opener, declaring that he obviously knew nothing of "dispensational truth"—in which statement I am bound to say that he was not far wrong! But Prebendary Webb-Peploe with great warmth extended his shield over me, and restored my equanimity.

CHAPTER XXI

FOREIGN MISSIONS OTHER THAN C.M.S.

Associations with other Societies—Various Meetings—Secretaries' Conferences—General Conferences—Anglican Conference, 1894—Boards of Missions, Central and Diocesan—Various Addresses—Lampeter Lectures—S.P.G. and Bishop Montgomery—The Student Movement—Wilder and Donald Fraser—Two Liverpool Conferences—Mott's Tours—Federation.

My work in connection with Foreign Missions has by no means been confined to the Church Missionary Society; and in this chapter I shall briefly notice my associations with other missionary organizations.

Of the S.P.G., the most important of all, I shall speak presently. Of the S.P.C.K. I have been a member for many years, and have benefited, like multitudes of other Churchmen, by its admirable work; but I have had little opportunity of doing anything for it until I was invited to speak at its Annual Meeting in this very year. I have also spoken at Meetings of the Church of England Zenana Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and the Cambridge Delhi Mission. These are Church Societies. More numerous have been the organizations which are in one form or another inter-denominational; such as the China Inland Mission, the South Africa General Mission, the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, the

Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, the (late) Female Education Society, the Christian Literature Society for India. With these must be reckoned the Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society, which are noticed under Home Missions; also the Evangelical Alliance, which I once addressed on the Evangelization of the World; also the Student Volunteer Missionary Union, of which more presently.

Nor have Nonconformist Societies been left out. On my return from India I addressed a Meeting of young men at the Baptist Mission House on what I had seen. I have addressed Mr. F. B. Meyer's Missionary Band at Christ Church, Lambeth, and the students at Spurgeon's Pastors' College. I have spoken at the annual Meeting of the English Presbyterian Missions; and twice I went to Trinity Presbyterian Church, Notting Hill, to local Meetings there, first at the invitation of George Macgregor, the greatly beloved minister (whom I had met at Keswick), and again, after his death, at the request of the elders. When the London Missionary Society celebrated its Jubilee in 1896, I was invited to speak at the City Temple, at a Meeting over which Dr. Parker presided. The request had come, not from him, but from the Society; and in the vestry he said to me, "Don't be more than a few minutes: I want the time for the speakers from abroad." That was quite right; but when I stopped after eight or ten minutes, he called out, "Pray go on!"—which I didn't.

I must not omit the "Missionary Day" annually held at Manchester on an inter-denominational basis, which was arranged, during their life-time, by Prebendary Macdonald and Mr. Leonard Shaw. The day began with a public Breakfast, and continued morn-

ing, afternoon, and evening. I once heard Bishop Moorhouse deliver, after the Breakfast, one of the finest missionary addresses I ever listened to. In 1900 I was the after-breakfast speaker myself; and I have taken part in the other Meetings.

It is the custom, and has been for three-quarters of a century, for the Secretaries of the Foreign Missionary Societies to meet together monthly (during the winter) for conference and prayer; and many have been the interesting and pleasant hours I have spent in this way. We meet at 5 P.M. for tea, and discuss a given subject till seven. This gathering, however, has always been imperfect through the absence, by the rules of their Societies, of the Secretaries of the S.P.G., S.P.C.K., and U.M.C.A.; and on the other hand subjects of Church teaching and order have necessarily been excluded. A few years ago I suggested that a second similar periodical Meeting might be held, for Anglican Secretaries only, which the other Church Societies could join, and at which important missionary questions not admitted at the original tea-table could be frankly discussed. Both gatherings are now held regularly, with much advantage.

From the older of these two friendly gatherings emanated the large General Missionary Conferences arranged on inter-denominational lines, in 1877 and 1888—the former at Mildmay, and the latter at Exeter Hall. Both owed their importance to the presence of able and eloquent American delegates. I took some part in these, both in the preparatory work and in the discussions; and I always remember with some excusable vanity—if vanity is ever excusable!—that after one address of mine on the C.M.S.

Fuh-kien Mission, Dr. Murray Mitchell, the accomplished Scottish missionary, and a man of cultured taste, whispered to me, "Totus, teres, atque rotundus"—a high compliment from such a man. I need not enlarge on these Conferences, but one amusing incident may be recorded. The members of the 1888 gathering were entertained at a big garden party by the Earl of Aberdeen at Dollis Hill. Mr. Gladstone was staying there, as he often did, and the American delegates were much excited. He appeared on a balcony, and they rent the air with cries of "Speech! speech!" but he was not to be drawn. An English gentleman, a member of the R.T.S. committee, and a strong Conservative, expressed disgust to me, saying, "I would not listen to that man, or speak to him!" About an hour afterwards, oblivious of what he had said, he came to me in great glee to tell me that he had been honoured with an introduction to Gladstone! "After all," said he, "he's a great man!"

In 1894, the Church of England held a Missionary Conference of its own, comprising all Anglican Societies, but no others. I was on the Committee of this one also, and the programme was drafted by Canon Jacob (now Bishop of St. Albans) and myself. This Conference was not successful in drawing large numbers of people; but many of the papers and discussions were extremely interesting, and the Report is a valuable book. I read one paper on Roman Catholic Missions, and spoke in several of the debates.

This Anglican Conference emanated from the United Boards of Missions, and of them I must next speak. There had for some years been a

feeling among many Churchmen that the Church "in her corporate capacity" should do her own missionary work officially, and not be dependent on voluntary societies; and the Societies themselves, not unnaturally, regarded the proposal to form Boards of Missions as the harbinger of a new movement which was to lead eventually to their being superseded. Prebendary Tucker, of the S.P.G., in a Church Congress paper, attacked the scheme both vehemently and scornfully; and the C.M.S. was not less opposed to it. Archbishop Benson had no intention of supplanting or injuring the Societies, but he wished to have the Boards also; and at the Anglican Conference above referred to he remarked that while he highly valued his two friends, the Secretaries of S.P.G. and C.M.S. (Prebendaries Tucker and Wigram), he doubted whether they were the right people to deal with *geniuses*. Whereupon an anonymous article appeared in the *Church Times*, pointing out that "the Church in her corporate capacity" had herself not been particularly successful in dealing with "geniuses," citing the cases of Savonarola, Luther, Galileo, Wesley, and John Henry Newman! "I wrote that article," said Tucker to me not long afterwards.

But the Archbishop's Board of Missions for the Province of Canterbury had then already been at work a few years, as it was formed in 1889; and its constitution defined its duties and its limitations in such a way as to disarm suspicion. Tucker had not joined it, and never did; and the C.M.S. Secretaries thought it wiser to refrain, although Sir John Kennaway and other prominent members accepted the Primate's invitation. After a while, when it was

clear that the Board was perfectly harmless, I did also. I was soon elected to the United Committee which represented both the Canterbury Board and the one also established at York, and I became one of the most regular members. The Secretaries for Canterbury were at first Canon Jacob and General Maclagan; afterwards Bishop J. R. Selwyn and Dr. Cust; and, later, Bishop Ingham, the Rev. E. D. Stead, and Mr. G. A. King. The United Boards have now become the Central Board, with the Rev. R. T. Gardner as secretary.

The Provincial Boards have been followed by the formation of Diocesan Boards in most of the dioceses; and these have instituted diocesan missionary festivals, intercession services, &c., which draw the clergy to hear about Missions, and indeed Churchpeople generally, as few S.P.G. or C.M.S. meetings have done. In this way the whole missionary cause has gained in influence and recognition, and thus, indirectly, the Societies have profited. I have spoken at a good many of these diocesan and ruri-decanal gatherings. One of the first occasions was the Ely Diocesan Festival in the Cathedral, under the auspices of the Bishop, Lord Alwyne Compton, in 1900. It was held in the nave, with several speakers, of whom I was one. I was invited by, and stayed with, Bishop Macrorie, formerly of Natal; but I met the Bishop of Ely and his wife, who had just celebrated their golden wedding, and told them I had seen them married at Brighton in 1850. Subsequently I have spoken at similar gatherings in the Dioceses of Bath and Wells, Canterbury, Chichester, Exeter, Norwich (at Ipswich), Ripon (at Leeds), Rochester, St. Albans (at Colchester,

Chelmsford, and West Ham), Southwark (at Greenwich), and Winchester (at Guildford). The West Ham meeting was memorable for an exceedingly powerful speech by Canon Gore.

Among other good works of the Board of Missions has been the production of printed reports on the work of the Church abroad (one, published in 1894, was notable for a masterly review of India by Bishop Jacob); the annual reception by the Primate of missionaries from all parts of the word, bishops, clergy, laymen, women, which is one of the most attractive functions of the year (I was a speaker at the one in 1901); and a course of lectures on Missions by six Bishops — Derry (Chadwick), St. Albans (Jacob), Birmingham (Gore), Bristol (Browne), Ingham, Montgomery—in Lent, 1906, at the Church House; Dr. Gore's, on Objections and Criticisms, being especially able and useful.

This seems a convenient place for mentioning some miscellaneous work of mine in the general cause of Foreign Missions. Missionary meetings in schools, colleges, and other institutions are always specially interesting to me; also addresses to medical students at the hospitals. I have spoken at the London Hospital, St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, the Middlesex Hospital, and St. Mary's, Paddington. Of addresses to schoolboys, one, at Monkton Combe as far back as 1882, supplies a reminiscence worth mentioning. An old Anglo-Indian from Bath was there, Mr. Hudleston Stokes, and he offered a prize of £1 to the boy who should write out my address best. The prize was gained by Masterman, who is now a medical missionary to the Jews in Palestine, and a frequent contributor to the Palestine Explo-

ration Fund publications. He is a brother of the M.P., now Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and of the Vicar of St. Michael's, Coventry. In 1905 I was asked by the Vicar of Leeds, Dr. Gibson (now Bishop of Gloucester), to distribute the prizes competed for by young people in that city and neighbourhood in an examination on Missions. This is a capital plan, which ought to be generally adopted.

I have three times addressed Diocesan Conferences on Missions by invitation, those of Manchester, Ripon, and Rochester. The Manchester one, under the auspices of Bishop Moorhouse in 1893, was on "The Church and the World," and the Conference was expecting a speech on "the world" as an evil influence in our midst. They did not see that the subject meant the world of the human race and the duty of the Church to evangelize it.

At the request of the London Diocesan Reading Union, I gave, in 1900, courses of lectures on Missions in the vestry of St. John's, Paddington, and elsewhere. Also, in 1904, at the Church House, on China and Japan.

Among visits to colleges I specially recall with interest one to St. Augustine's, Canterbury, then under Dr. Maclear's Wardenship. I was invited by the Rev. Watkin Williams to address the students both on Missions and on Sunday-schools.

One more engagement remains to be mentioned, the most interesting to me of all. In 1901, I was asked by the Rev. Ll. Bebb, Principal of Lampeter College, to go there and give four lectures on Missions to the Welsh clergy assembled for a week's instruction during the absence of the students on vacation.

When I arrived, I found there were to be two other lecturers, the Bishop of Salisbury on the Early Church, and Dr. Armitage Robinson (now Dean of Westminster) on the Epistle to the Ephesians. Each lecturer was to have an hour on each of four mornings, the lectures following each other with ten minutes' interval between. The Bishop's were introductory to the important book he afterwards published, "The Ministry of Grace," and the Canon's were expanded into his now well-known Commentary on Ephesians. Both courses were a treat to listen to.

I must now refer to the little I have done for the S.P.G. Although it had not been customary for C.M.S. officials to speak at S.P.G. meetings, it was agreed that in response to much kind interest manifested at our Centenary, we should make S.P.G. Bicentenary meetings an exception. But before they began, I had done the S.P.G. a service of some importance. Before leaving for America in April, 1900, I wrote an article for the *C.M. Intelligencer* on the coming Bicentenary, sketching the history of the Society through its two hundred years; and the article appeared in the May number, while I was in New York. Prebendary Tucker at once wrote to Prebendary Fox in quite glowing terms, very different from his ordinarily cold manner. At his request, Fox had some thousands of copies printed separately, and they were distributed by the S.P.G. all over the country.

The chief Bicentenary Meeting was held in June, 1900, at the *beginning* of the 200th year. I learned of Lord Salisbury's famous speech only by the cablegrams to America. In November, I spoke at two

local meetings in London, and in April and November, 1901, at two much bigger provincial meetings, Manchester and Sheffield. Meanwhile I was, as a hearer, at the Exeter Hall meeting with which the Society *closed* its 200th year. I was seated immediately behind Bishop Jacob, and he turned round to me and told me they had decided to invite Bishop Montgomery of Tasmania to come home and take the Secretaryship which Tucker was just resigning. I felt at once, from knowing Bishop Montgomery's work for Missions in Australia, that this was a great move, and would result in a real revival and development of energy in the S.P.G., and so it has proved, as we all know. The whole cause of Missions, not excluding C.M.S., has profited by his influence; and personally I have gained much from his brotherly and affectionate friendship. The two Societies have been brought nearer to each other in mutual sympathy, without the smallest swerving on either side from their respective principles and methods. For this I, for one, am deeply thankful, and am quite sure it has brought, and will bring, additional blessings from the Lord.

I turn to the Student Movement. In October, 1889, a meeting of University and other students was held in a room at Exeter Hall, to consider the possibility of starting a Students' Missionary Union; and I was the chairman. In June, 1890, a similar meeting was held at Mildmay during the Conference week, at which I spoke, along with Barclay Buxton and Miss Lucy Guinness. Nothing definite, however, was done until Mr. Wilder came over from America in 1891. I took him in that year to Keswick, asked Mrs. MacInnes to receive him there as her guest,

and put him up to speak at the Saturday Missionary Meeting. One result of his speech will appear presently. Wilder's subsequent work in launching the S.V.M.U. was during my absence from England; but when I returned in 1893, I found the movement in full force, enrolling members rapidly, both from the Universities and from Colleges of all kinds, Theological, Medical, &c.

The first great Students' Missionary Conference was held at Liverpool in January, 1906, and will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present. Among the chief speakers were Dr. A. T. Pierson, the well-known American preacher and missionary advocate, and Dr. George Smith, formerly of Calcutta (where he was *Times* correspondent and editor of the *Friend of India* and the *Calcutta Review*), author of biographies of Carey, Martyn, Heber, Duff, and John Wilson (all India Missionaries) and many other valuable works,—and, last but not least, father of Professor George Adam Smith. From America came Harlan Beach and Sherwood Eddy. Among the missionary speakers were C. T. Studd of China and Pilkington of Uganda. Miss Gollock also took a leading part. The chairman throughout was an Edinburgh student, Donald Fraser. His story, as he afterwards told me himself, is a remarkable one. Four years and a half before, in July, 1891, he was an agnostic, but was persuaded by a friend to go with him to the Keswick Convention. On the second or third day, an address by Mr. Evan Hopkins pierced the joints of his harness, and brought him to his knees and to a full acceptance of Christ; and at the Saturday Missionary Meeting, Mr. Wilder's address, as above intimated, enlisted him for the mission-field.

One remarkable feature of the S.V.M.U. has been the continual change of officers, owing to their successive departures for the field abroad. Louis Byrde, who, I think, was the first secretary, was not at Liverpool, having already gone out. The Liverpool leaders, Donald Fraser, Rutter Williamson, L. B. Butcher, Frank Anderson, Douglas Thornton, and Dr. Emmeline Stuart, were all out in the field very soon, as well as several still younger men like Gairdner and Holland.

I had the privilege of speaking at that memorable Conference, and also at the annual Students' Conferences which were held for two or three years at Keswick, either before or after the Convention. Since then, they have been located elsewhere, but during the Convention week, and I have been unable to go. The S.V.M.U. is now only a branch of the Student Christian Movement, which includes also a General College Department and a Theological College Department. This last began with a most interesting Conference of Theological Students at Birmingham in 1898, where also I was a speaker.

The S.V.M.U. itself held a still greater Conference in January, 1900, in which Archbishop Temple, Bishop Jacob, and other Church leaders, took part. I was not only to have spoken, but to have joined the Executive at their hotel ; but alas ! I was very ill at the time, and missed the whole gathering. Another, at Edinburgh in 1904, I was also not able to attend. It will be observed that they have been held at four-year intervals ; but in reality the interval is two years, the alternate Conferences being held across the Atlantic. Cleveland and Nashville in the United States, and Toronto in Canada, have received the students.

The movement, in fact, is world-wide; and this dates from the first of the remarkable journeys which have been taken to different parts of the world by Mr. John R. Mott. The first expedition was in 1895 (and hence it was that Mr. Mott was not at Liverpool in January, 1896). On his way he came to the Students' Conference at Keswick, and on August 1st he and his wife, and Mr. Wishart (another American student leader) and his wife, came to tea at my lodgings and described the proposed tour. It was to include some European countries, and Egypt and India and China and Japan. "But," I said, "you must go to Australia too." I knew, since my visit there, the importance of the Colonies. "Not possible," was the reply. I earnestly urged a re-arrangement of the programme, and in the issue Mott did go to Australia also, and (I think) New Zealand, and was instrumental in awakening an entirely new spirit of Christian devotion and enterprise, as well as of Bible study, in the Colonial Universities and Colleges. Other tours have since been undertaken by Mr. Mott, and the various students' organizations which are the result are combined in the World's Student Federation, of which the President is a Swede, the Vice-President a Japanese, the Treasurer an Englishman, and the Secretary an American, Mott himself, and which held the great Congress of Christian Students at Tokyo in 1907.

Then in Liverpool, in January, 1908, was held the fourth S.V.M.U. Conference in England, exactly twelve years after the first one above described. At this I read one paper. The gathering was marked by all the striking features of its Liverpool predecessor, and by not a few additional ones. One

was Mott's own addresses, which were extraordinarily powerful ; and another was the presence of many distinguished Churchmen of different schools of thought. The Chairman was of course a student, as usual, Mr. Evans, a Congregationalist from Mansfield College ; but behind him sat a row of eminent High Churchmen, such as the Principal of Cuddesdon, Mr. Palmer of Balliol (now Bishop of Bombay), Bishop Gaul of Mashonaland, Mother Emma of Portsmouth, &c. Among the speakers were the Bishop of Dorking, Bishop Montgomery, and Mr. Nevile Talbot. The Student Movement has the high honour of uniting us all.

CHAPTER XXII

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

First Visits to Oxford—Professor Henry Drummond—Balliol and W. H. Fremantle—Bible Society at Oxford—Various Visits—Christopher's Breakfast—First sight of Cambridge—R. Appleton and Jesus Lane School—John Barton and Trinity Vicarage—The First Missionary Exhibition—The Meeting of December 1st, 1884—Ion Keith-Falconer—The C.I.C.C.U. in December, 1886—Personal touch with Men—The Moules at Ridley Hall—Women's Meetings—"Cambridge Eight"—Moule, Bishop of Durham—Various Meetings—Livingstone Commemoration—My 100th Address.

I HAVE paid nineteen visits to Oxford and forty-eight to Cambridge. I remember that some years ago a letter appeared in the *Record* from an Oxford man, complaining that C.M.S. men neglected Oxford and paid too much attention to Cambridge. The fact was that it depended upon which invited us the oftener. I do not suppose that any invitation from either was ever declined if it was possible to go. The importance of going was too obvious, and the privilege. Certainly this was so in my case. But in reckoning the number of my visits I do not confine myself to those which were in the interest of the C.M.S. A good many were in other connections.

Although Cambridge was the University to which I was to have gone had circumstances in my younger days been different, I saw Oxford first. In 1869 I was invited by the Rev. E. P. Hathaway to address

his Sunday-school teachers at St. Ebbe's, and give them a training-lesson. He engaged an undergraduate to take me round and show me the Colleges, &c.; and that young man afterwards became Canon Martin, Principal of Winchester Training College. My first invitation to speak in Oxford was from Canon Girdlestone, when he was Principal of Wycliffe, in 1878, to talk to his students about Sunday-school work. In 1885 I stayed with Canon Christopher at St. Aldate's, and addressed his Saturday night meeting. Professor Henry Drummond was at Oxford that week, and on Sunday evening I heard him speak at Christ Church to a great gathering of men. I met him also privately, and greatly enjoyed his conversation. One thing he said to me is worth recalling. There had been some criticisms of his teaching: "Why," it was said, "does he say so little of the Atonement?" I frankly told him what was said, and he replied in some such words as these:—"Doctors vary their medicines according not only to the diseases they are treating, but to the particular form in which the disease attacks this or that individual. Now, I have had very wide experience in dealings with individual souls, that is, of *men;* and I find that whereas formerly men awakened at a Mission or otherwise were deeply convicted of sin in the sight of God, and anxious to know how they could be forgiven, they *now* do not seem to feel *that* so much, but want to know how they can overcome besetting sins and lead Christian lives. Therefore I chiefly set forth a *living* Christ."

A visit to Oxford in October, 1890, was particularly interesting. W. H. Fremantle (now Dean of Ripon) was then Canon of Canterbury, but he spent

the terms at Oxford as a Fellow of Balliol, helping Jowett in the administration of the College. He had been a fellow-student of Henry Wright's, and from the time of Wright's death he had been kind to me on several occasions. I had visited him at Canterbury, his daughter Anna having started a Gleaners' Union there. He invited me to Oxford for a kind of little missionary campaign. On Saturday evening he had a party of friends after dinner, at his house in Ship Street, for me to address them on the Uganda Mission ; and among those present were the Provost of Worcester (Dr. Inge), the late Principal of Brasenose (Mr. Watson), the Sub-librarian of the Bodleian (Mr. Madan), Mr. Hobhouse, Tutor of Christ Church ; Professors Burrows, Cheyne, Driver, Earle, and Legge, &c. The Sunday was a long and memorable day. I breakfasted with Jowett ; I heard the University Sermon, by Mr. Paget (now Bishop of Oxford) ; I called on Miss Cornelia Sorabji, then a student at Somerville ; I spoke at the undergraduates' mid-day Prayer-meeting. I had tea at Wycliffe Hall with the men there, then under Mr. Chavasse (now Bishop of Liverpool). After the early evening service at Balliol, I addressed a missionary meeting in the Fellows' Room. And at 9 P.M. Fremantle took me to Mansfield College to hear a lecture by Principal Fairbairn. I may add that Fremantle himself was the preacher at the evensong, and that his sermon seemed designed to show that men of all creeds would eventually get to heaven from different points of the compass. That seemed an odd preliminary to a missionary meeting—at least I thought so at the time ; but, in fact, granting for argument's sake that all he said was true, it would

make no difference to our duty, which rests, not so much on the need of the Heathen (however great that may be), as on the claim of all men to be at least informed of the fact—if it be a fact—that a Divine Person came into the world to bless them.

Another occasion of my staying with Fremantle was when I went to speak for the Bible Society in 1893, at one of the first public meetings held in the New Schools in the High Street. Sir Richard Temple was chairman, and was allotted in the programme twenty minutes for his opening speech; but he went on for (I believe) an hour and twenty minutes, and as he was in the chair, no one could stop him! I cut down my half-hour to ten minutes; but the Nonconformist speakers who followed me took their full time, and we went on till nearly eleven, dear old Canon Christopher, who was in charge, staying to the last. I was to breakfast next morning with the Rector of Exeter (Dr. Jackson), to meet several guests. At 7 A.M. Fremantle's man-servant brought me a letter just come by post, which had been posted at 5 A.M., from Canon Christopher, containing long instructions how I was to draw the conversation at breakfast to the work of the Bible Society. How long a time he had spent in bed that night I never inquired.

I was at Oxford several times at the invitation of a dear friend, the Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot Rice (now Vicar of Swansea), when he was at St. Peter-le-Bailey; generally for meetings of the University Church Missionary Union. Some of the meetings were at Hannington Hall, an old building repaired and refitted, and named after the Bishop, to occupy the place in Oxford of the Henry Martyn Hall at

Cambridge. Among the men I came in contact with at that time were W. E. S. Holland, now Warden of the Oxford and Cambridge Hostel at Allahabad; W. H. T. Gairdner and R. F. McNeile, now at Cairo; W. Senior, now at Trinity College, Kandy—these four all C.M.S.; R. F. Archibald, the children's "missioner" in India; Paget Wilkes of Japan; and Martin Linton Smith, now Vicar of Blundellsands.

It has always been pleasant to see the excellent work done in the "Oxford Pastorate" by my friend the Rev. H. H. Gibbon.

I was once at Canon Christopher's famous annual Missionary Breakfast, in 1902, as a listener. Bishop Tucker was the speaker, and Bishop Paget of Oxford moved the vote of thanks. It is well known what a remarkable gathering this is of leading men of all schools and parties, as well as of undergraduates. Bishop Mitchinson, the Master of Pembroke, said to me on that very occasion, "You know this is a sort of Noah's Ark, clean and unclean beasts!"

Three or four times I have stayed at Wycliffe Hall, in the time of Mr. Grey as Principal, and in that of Dr. Griffith Thomas. On one occasion, the annual reunion of old Wycliffe students in 1903, I gave two lectures on Church Life in the Victorian Era, (1) At Home, (2) Abroad.

Lastly, I have twice stayed in Christ Church, first with Archdeacon Houblon, for the crowded and enthusiastic C.E.M.S. meeting in the Town Hall in 1906, at which I spoke with Dr. Lang, Bishop of Stepney, now Archbishop of York, and Mr. F. Rogers, well known in connection with Old Age Pensions and other schemes for the benefit of the working classes; and again, in 1908, with R. F. McNeile, who was

then one of the Dons, before he went to Egypt. On this occasion, in the Common Room after dinner on Sunday, I sat next to Dr. Bigg, and had an interesting talk with him. He died only a few weeks later. I also went over to Cuddesdon, at the invitation of the Bishop and of Principal Johnston.

I now turn to Cambridge. My first visit was in 1870, merely for the day, as a sight-seer. I was taken in tow by three undergraduates, George Warington of Caius, E. W. Wilmott of Jesus, and C. A. Goodhart of Corpus. My first invitation to speak was in April 1875, when R. Appleton, then Fellow and Tutor of Trinity, afterwards Master of Selwyn, and whose recent death has caused so much sorrow, asked me to give an address and training-lesson at Jesus Lane Sunday School, of which he was Superintendent. I stayed with him in Trinity College ; and again, on three or four occasions, giving various addresses, &c. One visit, in March 1884, was interesting, and I happen to have found an old letter to my sister describing it. At the high table in Hall on the Friday evening, Appleton pointed out to me several men of reputation, Robertson Smith, Aldis Wright, Sidney Colvin, Sedley Taylor, Monro ; and V. H. Stanton, whom I already knew as the son of Vincent and Lucy Stanton, of China and Halesworth, devoted friends of the C.M.S. He and Appleton were the two Deans of the College. And just opposite me sat Prince Albert Victor and his tutor. In the Common Room I found most of the Dons strong Liberals politically. On the Saturday night I went to a Bible-reading in the rooms of one of the undergraduates, G. H. Lander. I did not know at the time, nor till long afterwards, that he had been

leader of the party of men that had tried to upset Moody's first meeting in Cambridge a year and a half before, or that it was that Mission of Moody's that brought him to Christ. He is to-day Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong. The Bible-reading was opened by Consterdine, afterwards C.M.S. missionary in Japan. Appleton was of course not present himself. The presence of a Don would have flurried the men. I, not being a Don, was allowed in. On the Sunday, I gave three addresses at Jesus Lane Sunday School and its off-shoots. Appleton had ceased some time to be Superintendent, and had been succeeded by Kirkpatrick, now Dean of Ely, and he by St. John Parry. Since then, Blenkin and other Trinity Fellows have held office. I heard the University Sermon by Field Flowers Goe, afterwards Bishop of Melbourne, who, eight years later, received me so kindly when I went to Australia. Four men were invited by Appleton to tea to meet me, Lander, Consterdine, Edmund Wigram, now Principal of Lahore Divinity College, and Theodore Barlow, of St. John's, son of the Vicar of Islington and future Dean of Peterborough. In the evening I heard Mr. Handley Moule's lecture in Trinity Church after the evening service, the first time I ever had the privilege of listening to him; and after that there was a reading of Westcott's *Historic Faith* in Appleton's rooms, and hymn-singing, some twenty men being present. Other incidents of this visit need not be recorded.

But from about this time my regular home at Cambridge (I may call it even by that name in a sense) was Trinity Vicarage. John Barton, who had been the founder of the University C.M.S. Union when an undergraduate at Christ's in 1858, and had been a

C.M.S. missionary in India for more than twenty years, occupying important posts at Agra, Calcutta, and Madras, had been appointed in 1877 to the charge of the church inseparably associated with the name of Charles Simeon. Canon Carus, Professor Birks, and Canon Clayton, had been successive incumbents since Simeon's time; and now Barton came to the parish. I greatly loved and valued both him and Mrs. Barton, and over and over again did I spend happy times with them at that pleasant house on Brookside. His first invitation to me was to speak at the Opening of the Missionary Exhibition in 1882. That was in fact the original Missionary Exhibition. Barton was the inventor of the plan. It was soon imitated, at Blackheath and at Norwich, and since then has become one of the most important agencies for promoting a knowledge of Missions and kindling zeal in their behalf.

December 1st, 1884, was a memorable time. There was in that term quite an outburst of missionary interest and zeal, owing to the going forth to China of the stroke of the Varsity boat, Stanley Smith, and the captain of the Varsity eleven, C. T. Studd, with five other men, W. W. Cassels (now Bishop), Montagu Beauchamp, D. E. Hoste, and Cecil and Arthur Polhill. John Barton asked Wigram and me to go up for a special meeting of men. It was held (I think) in an old room in King Edward's Passage, and about one hundred undergraduates were present, and three or four seniors, Westcott himself, then Divinity Professor, among them. Mr. (now Sir) W. Mackworth Young gave a lecture on the Indian Government and Missions; and then Wigram and I addressed the gathering. We were surrounded afterwards by eager bands of

men inquiring about missionary service; and that meeting influenced many who afterwards went out. Mr. Handley Moule afterwards referred to it in a letter to the *Record*, as follows:—

"The next hour was given to a prayer-meeting, in the course of which Mr. Wigram and Mr. Stock spoke with deep earnestness on the needs of the great field and the urgent call for men. The hymn 'Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go' was sung with grand volume of voice, and by men who meant it in every word. Then to close the evening, tea and coffee were served, and Mr. Wigram and his friends were soon in deep conversation with groups and knots of men on missionary qualifications and fields and calls. It was a sight to remember for life, as one watched Mr. Stock amidst his constant circles of listeners, men almost all of whom were known to be personally ready to respond to the call. Truly the Spirit of God was present that evening."

When, in the following March, 1885, the memorable meeting for men was held in Exeter Hall at which Earl Cairns presided, fifty Cambridge men came to London for it, led by Barton and Moule, and I had to speak to them while they were entertained at tea, as before mentioned. In May, Douglas Hooper, who had been a leading spirit in all this movement, bade farewell to Cambridge on his leaving for that service in Africa which, after four-and-twenty years, is not abandoned yet, despite the physical wreck to which it has brought him; and I spoke at the Valedictory Meeting, as well as at other times and places on the same visit. I had on that occasion a privilege worth remembering, a long talk with Ion Keith-Falconer. He was Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, although quite a young man; and he was

the champion cyclist of England. His heart had been drawn out to Arabia by an article by General Haig which I had put in the *C. M. Intelligencer;* and eventually he established a Mission at Aden under the Free Church of Scotland, of which his father, Lord Kintore, was an elder. After a brief service there, he died, leaving a bright example of devotion to his Divine Master.

December 3–7, 1886, was another deeply interesting time. There was a great spiritual movement in the University, not without its perils—for more than one was painfully led away,—yet fraught with lasting blessing to many. On Sunday morning Barton and I got up at 6 A.M., in bitter cold and pitch darkness, and went to a prayer-meeting at 6.45 in the rooms of Klein of Pembroke, the President that year of the "C.I.C.C.U." (Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union). More than fifty men crowded in. I spoke to them on Psalm xxi. 13; and it is literal fact that, again and again in the past twenty years, in various parts of the world, I have been reminded by men present (men unknown to me then) of things I said that morning. Surely they could not have been *my* words! On the same day I had a privilege of quite a different character. I heard, in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dr. Butler's first sermon as Master.

That same evening, after Moule's lecture in Trinity Church, there was a special meeting of the C.I.C.C.U. in the Alexandra Hall. Only undergraduates were present—some three hundred of them—except that Barton, Moule, and I were specially invited. I again spoke, and about five-and-twenty men rose one after another to "testify" concerning the Lord's

dealings with them. There was not the least excitement. The utmost quiet, simplicity, and brotherly fellowship marked the proceedings, which lasted nearly two hours, with prayers and hymns.

On the Monday I met Robert Armitage (now M.P. for Leeds), Ernest Sharpe (now Rector of Kersal), Charlie Battersby (now Dr. Harford, Principal of Livingstone College), and A. F. R. Hyslop (now Warden of Glenalmond), to talk over their plans for a new periodical, which has since become familiar to successive school generations as *Our Boys' Magazine*. In the evening there was a meeting for Bishop G. E. Moule of Mid-China; and after it, a gathering at Ridley Hall, at which the Bishop and I spoke, and also that venerable saint, Miss Catherine Marsh, whom I met for the first time, but whose delightful books, the *Memoir of Hedley Vicars* (the godly officer killed at Sebastopol), and *English Hearts and English Hands* (about her work among navvies), I had read a quarter of a century before (see p. 11). Who can estimate the privilege of her acquaintance? As I write, she is ninety years of age, and I received, last New Year, once more, her annual booklet, ever welcome and ever beautiful.

My notes of this visit give a list of some forty men with whom I came in more or less personal touch. They include fourteen who afterwards went out as missionaries; and besides those already mentioned, I find the names of T. F. Victor Buxton, H. V. Stuart (now Vicar of Stoke), H. J. Molony (now Bishop of Che-kiang), C. H. Nash (now Archdeacon of Gippsland), J. Haythornthwaite (now Principal of St. John's College, Agra), Murray Webb-Peploe (so early removed by death), G. Greaves (died at Zanzibar), W. S.

Moule (now Principal of Trinity College, Ningpo), A. E. Bellingham (now Rector of St. Philip's, Sydney), &c. I much coveted this last man, Bellingham, a splendid fellow, for C.M.S., but I was informed that he had a mother and sisters at Sydney, and must go back to them. I am afraid I said, "Oh, bother the Sydney relatives!" But when, six years later, I was at Sydney myself, and saw Bellingham there, and had learned the importance of the Colonies, I no longer grudged him to Australia.

The influence at this time of Handley Moule and John Barton was of the greatest value, and exactly what was needed. Unsympathetic treatment of the spiritual movement would have alienated the men; but loving correction was wanted, and this they could give effectively because they *understood the dialect in use.* I do not doubt that scores of men were, by God's blessing, saved to the service of the Church by their means.

From about this time I sometimes stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Moule at Ridley Hall. I had known him a little when he was Tutor at Trinity College, and I had known Mrs. Moule as Miss Elliott when she was living with her sister Mrs. Barton. She now on three or four occasions arranged meetings of Girton and Newnham girls for me to address, generally at Ridley, but once I went to Girton itself. In October 1888 I took six ladies to Cambridge for the evening, for them to address the girls, a large number of whom assembled. All the six were new recruits about to sail for the mission-field. They were Miss Marion Goodall, who was giving up a ladies' school of her own at Margate to go to West Africa; Miss Vidal, daughter of the first Bishop of Sierra Leone,

going to Palestine ; Miss Katharine Tristram, daughter of the well-known Canon of Durham, and Miss Minna Tapson, daughter of a London physician, both going to Japan; and the two younger Misses Newcombe, about to follow their two elder sisters to China. These last two belonged to the C.E.Z.M.S.; the others to the C.M.S.

From October 1887, the smaller meetings were generally held in the new Henry Martyn Memorial Hall, built by the energy of John Barton, and ever since an admirable centre of Christian and missionary influence. One interesting gathering, in October 1889, was a Valedictory Meeting for eight men going out under the C.M.S., who were called the "Cambridge Eight," like the "Cambridge Seven" of the China Inland Mission five years before. They were Ilsley Charlton (Bengal), J. W. Fall (Ceylon), J. Hind (Japan), H. Eyton Jones (China), A. N. C. Storrs (Tinnevelly), H. Tugwell (West Africa, now Bishop), J. A. Robinson (Niger, brother of the present Dean of Westminster), A. J. Shields (Santal Mission); but the last two were not going for the first time. They were taken leave of in the Martyn Hall in the afternoon, and in the Guildhall in the evening ; and I spoke as representing Salisbury Square. So I did when Bishop Tucker was received on his first return from Uganda in 1891.

Other visits of that period interesting to myself I must pass over ; but I may mention one in February 1895, when I stayed with Dodderidge, so well known to the men of successive "years" in connection with the "Cambridge Pastorate" and with the Children's Special Service Mission. I gave seven addresses of different kinds, and I took meals with several men

in different colleges. My entertainers were Hibbert-Ware (now S.P.G. in India), W. D. Monro (son of the ex-Chief Commissioner of the London Police, who joined his father's Mission in Bengal), Douglas Thornton (late of Cairo), G. T. Manley (Senior Wrangler, Fellow of Christ's, now C.M.S.), L. B. Butcher (now C.M.S., Bombay), F. C. Smith (C.M.S., who had been in Uganda; now Canon of Sierra Leone). My notes of this visit give the names of over one hundred men with whom I came in touch; among them T. H. W. Inskip, C. Roden Buxton, F. B. Macnutt (now Vicar of St. Matthew's, Surbiton), R. F. Pearce (now Principal of C.M.S. College, Calcutta); G. B. and P. B. Davis, J. N. Carpenter, W. H. Elwin, J. J. Willis, R. H. Phair (all now C.M.S.); Gershom Guinness (now China Inland Mission).

At this point I should like to insert two letters from Douglas Thornton, then an undergraduate at Trinity, and afterwards the zealous C.M.S. missionary at Cairo whose premature death (as it seems to our poor sight) has been so widely mourned, and whose biography has been so delightfully written by his colleague Gairdner. These letters will serve as specimens of the many I used to get from him and others while at Cambridge:—

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
Nov. 10, 1893.

DEAR MR. STOCK,—The revival has really begun up here at last, I do believe. It is really wonderful how the Lord is answering prayers for us all round. But oh! the place did feel dead at the beginning of this term, and it was noble of you to come up with a plea for the destruction of Siseras.[1]

[1] Alluding to an address of mine on Judges iv.

The work began then, I do believe. I do so thank you for showing me that my eyes were shut even when I thought they were open. Open eyes, ears, and hearts. Would that all could see the need! We have really begun Bible-reading and prayer in several colleges at 9.45 for twenty minutes every night. It is wonderful how the Freshers are coming on.—Ever yours in the Master's service, DOUGLAS M. THORNTON.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
Jan. 21, 1894.

DEAR MR. STOCK,—What is Almighty God going to do next?[1] Thank God, we can all say, Thy will be done. But the news has indeed crushed us all here. "Flee—Follow—Fight" will be a never-forgotten motto now.[2] What can we now do but pray God to speak through the dear dead ones? . . . That short last sentence of the Bishop, "Be a sacrifice,"[3] will burn itself into all who read. The work that God began last term that I told you of, He carried on in the vacation. Everywhere Cambridge men were blessed and used. And now Bleeding Africa is going to be represented, God willing, by Bishop Hill in death and Bishop Tucker in life, on Feb. 19th. Cambridge, with all its hypocrisy and inconsistency, will still glorify God in a wonderful rising up for Jesus only.—Yours for Christ, DOUGLAS M. THORNTON.

In 1899 Dr. Moule was elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity, and moved from Ridley Hall; and I stayed two or three times at the house in Salisbury Villas which he occupied for the next year or two. But in 1901 he was appointed to the Bishopric of Durham, in succession to Dr. Westcott. Looking over the letters I have at different times had from him, I have come across one which he wrote to me

[1] Written on receipt of the news of the death of Bishop and Mrs. Hill and several of their party in West Africa.
[2] The Gleaners' Union Motto for the year.
[3] Bishop Hill's farewell address before sailing, at the Gleaners' Union Anniversary.

in reply to mine on this unlooked-for epoch in his life, and I cannot resist inserting it here. All who know him will see how characteristic it is of the man ; and for my own part I regard it as no small privilege to have been the recipient of such a letter :—

5 Salisbury Villas, Cambridge,
Sept. 17, 1901.

My Dear Friend,—I do thank you from my heart. The consciousness of your thought, and of your prayers, you being all you are to me as friend, is a very strong help in the Lord at this time—so dream-like on one side, so tremendously real on the other. Your word about the tone of the papers is very cheering, while I am, most honestly, amazed. Even *Truth* (some one says) gave me a kind word.

The Lord grant I may, through Him, prove not an utter disappointment. Of myself, I must, wholly and entirely. But "in Him" it may be a different story.

Westcott was great. No one will dream of my being *that.* But I may be mercifully made faithful.

It will be a great delight to my wife and me to get you, as soon as you can come, to Auckland Castle, when the house is once made ready (there's much to be done). The one solace in view of the hugeness of the house is the thought of guests, dear friends, tired clergy, &c.

Consecration, *D.V.*, on Oct. 18. Do not weary of prayer for your very affectionate and needing friend,

H. C. G. Moule.

Of Auckland Castle I speak in another chapter. Here let me say that I have had no truer satisfaction in my life than my friendship with the Moule brothers has given me—the Bishop and the Archdeacon in Mid-China, and the Bishop of Durham, and the Senior Fellow of Corpus—and their wives and families, so far as I have had the opportunity

of knowing them. Archdeacon A. E. Moule, in particular, has been a constant and affectionate correspondent.

Dr. Handley Moule had been succeeded at Ridley Hall by Mr. Drury, the Principal of the C.M.S. College at Islington. Mr. Barton had left Cambridge to be Secretary of the Church Pastoral Aid Society ; and in later years I usually stayed either with the Drurys at Ridley, or with Mr. Charles Moule, Senior Fellow and Tutor of Corpus, whose energetic wife has done so much for the C.M.S. I was at Cambridge in this more recent period for several purposes other than meeting undergraduates ; for instance, to lecture to the Lay Readers' Conference at Selwyn College; to address the Cambridge Ruridecanal Conference, at the invitation of Mr. Hargrove of St. Matthew's ; for lectures to Ridley men, and addresses in their chapel, at Mr. Drury's request ; for the C.M.S. Centenary and Anniversaries ; for Gleaners' tea-meetings, &c. Five times I have gone for the C.I.C.C.U. Sunday meetings, taking the mid-day Bible-reading, and the Evangelistic Service at 8.30 P.M. These last are important occasions, and the work one of great responsibility. Men like Sir Arthur Blackwood, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Canon Stuart, and Mr. J. R. Mott have taken them ; and I have always felt the solemnity of the occasion deeply.

Cambridge has once or twice imitated Oxford in the matter of a Missionary Breakfast, though it has not succeeded in emulating the remarkable success of Canon Christopher's great gathering. But Cambridge is content with speakers of a humbler type. I believe it was the first one held that I addressed in the Hall of Corpus, in 1904 ; and I was, to my surprise,

asked to address the second also, in the Hall of Emmanuel, in the very next year, 1905. On this latter occasion, Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, in moving a vote of thanks, made one of his incomparably gracious speeches.

One visit of mine to Cambridge was on an occasion when I was only a listener. This was the great Livingstone Commemoration Meeting, arranged by the Universities Mission to Central Africa, on December 4th, 1907, exactly fifty years after Livingstone's famous challenge. Like the memorable meeting of 1857, it was held in the Senate House, and among the speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Ripon and Southwark, the Bishop-designate of Zanzibar (Canon Weston), &c. I was kindly invited to this most interesting gathering by the Secretary of the Mission, Mr. Duncan Travers, and a privilege indeed it was to be present.

At my last visit, in May 1909, it was a pleasure to stay once more at Ridley Hall; the Principal now being the son of my old friend G. Martin Tait, and his wife a daughter of Dr. Drury, now Bishop of Sodor and Man. Arthur Tait, whom I had known from his childhood, had been a distinct success as Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, and his appointment to Ridley was in every way a wise and good step. This was my forty-eighth visit to Cambridge; and I gave my 98th, 99th, and 100th addresses there—the two former at the C.I.C.C.U. meetings on Sunday, and the last in Ridley Chapel on the Monday morning. How can I ever be thankful enough for such opportunities?

CHAPTER XXIII

SOME PERSONAL FRIENDS

H. B. Macartney—Prebendary Webb-Peploe—Bishop Taylor Smith—Edward Clifford—Mrs. Isabella Bishop—Miss Gordon-Cumming—Miss Lucy Guinness—Mrs. Weitbrecht—The Misses Kinnaird—Mrs. Faithfull, J. A. Faithfull, and the Storrs—P. V. Smith.

In my Ninth Chapter I told of some personal friends of younger days. I now introduce some others of more recent years.

I begin with the Rev. Hussey Burgh Macartney. He was the son of a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who went out to Australia with Bishop Perry in 1847, became Dean of Melbourne, and died there at the age of ninety-six. The younger Macartney was also a T.C.D. man, and followed his father to the Colony, where he became Incumbent of Caulfield, one of the residential outer suburbs of Melbourne. I stayed in that great city with both the father and the son. But the latter and I were friends before that. When I started the *Gleaner* in 1874, he wrote to me a warm letter welcoming the new magazine, and sending me copies of his own, *The Missionary*, of which I had never heard. He had for some years pushed the cause of Missions in Australia, and was raising "off his own bat" some £2000 a year from personal friends and correspondents there, which he remitted direct to various C.M.S. missionaries in India for the support of

schools, native evangelists, &c., the C.M.S. itself knowing nothing of this important help to its work.

In 1878 Mr. Macartney visited this country and found many opportunities of using his remarkable power in Scripture exposition and spiritual teaching, particularly at the Mildmay Conference and Lord Mount-Temple's Broadlands Conference, and (I think) the Keswick Convention. He wrote a series of exceedingly graphic letters to his little magazine at Melbourne, which he afterwards published in a small volume called *England, Home, and Beauty*, and he gave the entire profits to the C.M.S. During this visit of his, our mutual friendship, which had begun by letter, developed and deepened, and there are few men whom I loved as much. In 1893 he again visited England; again spoke at many Meetings in London and the country and at Mildmay and Keswick, and always with great power; again wrote delightful accounts of his experiences to his magazine; and again published them as a second volume of *England, Home, and Beauty*. In my judgement these two books are the most vivid pictures that exist of Evangelical life and work in England at the two periods described. They may be criticised as "gossipy," but they tell real facts about real people which one can find nowhere else.

Subsequently Macartney came home permanently, and for a time worked as Home Secretary of the Bible Society. Afterwards he went as a missioner from the Keswick Mission Council to South America, and in the issue remained there as Chaplain at San Paulo. He came to England as a delegate to the Pan-Anglican Congress, and then went to India, where he died, to my great sorrow and that of

multitudes of friends. All my memories of him are delightful.

Macartney's post-cards were wonderful things. I have just counted the number of words on one of those that I have kept—283! And it was not Hibernian volubility. On the contrary, those 283 words were really a long letter in an extremely condensed form, with careful divisions and subdivisions marked by English and Greek initial letters. There was always a little bit of spiritual message. On this particular card he writes thus:—

(D) Here you observed on John xiii. 29, "Some thought." Their Lord's *habit* formed the channel for their guesses: either (α) some little dainty—a dessert—with which to conclude the Feast, already ended—corresponding to His wine at Cana—or (β) what we call "charity." So it is not wrong to have things nice in hospitality—provided we remember the poor! May the Lord make us more like—just like—Himself, even tho' we don't know it.

Here we have seventy-five words out of the two hundred and eighty-three.

Many ladies who read these lines will recall their perplexity how to provide for Macartney's physical wants. One might almost say that he scarcely fed at all. If he were going to preach or speak he could eat nothing for some hours before. So on a Sunday, when you expected him down to breakfast, you might find he had gone out at 4 or 5 A.M., and he would return just in time for church, after walking many miles. At dinner-time he might feel obliged to go to bed, and then at 10 P.M. come down fresh for two or three hours' talk. Such a man might have been shy to stay at people's houses; but he went everywhere with a child's simplicity, and you

delighted to turn domestic arrangements upside down for his benefit. Your feeling would be that of the Hebrew lady at Shunem: "Behold now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God that passeth by us continually."

I might name not a few clergymen in town and country who do not happen to be referred to in previous chapters, and whom I count as personal friends. But I will only mention one—Prebendary Webb-Peploe, who has extended to me a brotherly regard far beyond my deserts. When he first came to London from Herefordshire, and for some years after that, he was much suspected in old orthodox Evangelical circles, along with Evan Hopkins, E. W. Moore, C. A. Fox, Hubert Brooke, and other "Keswick" men. I well remember its being said in Salisbury Square, when he succeeded C. D. Marston at St. Paul's, Onslow Square, in (I think) 1877, that C.M.S. would get no more out of that church "now that a revivalist had come"! It was little foreseen that the contributions would be multiplied nearly tenfold! But gradually his real greatness came to be understood, and it is needless to say that for the last twenty years he has been universally recognized as the leading Evangelical clergyman in London, and one of the first half-dozen in the whole country. That does not mean unvarying agreement with him. Certainly I am among those who have now and then disagreed with him. But we love and admire him all the same. We know his genuine humility—so genuine that he has been *too* ready to yield to others far less wise and good than himself. He has sometimes yielded even to me, and I have felt quite ashamed that he should do so. But humility is not inconsistent with conscious powers

of leadership, and men have sometimes felt his strength while knowing little or nothing of the lowly spirit underneath. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of extracting a few lines from one of his many affectionate letters—one that he wrote to me on my return from Australia and India :—

April 8th, 1893.

My dear Brother,—I am delighted to learn that you have arrived (safe, sound, and brown as a berry) in your own good native land; "strong to labour," I hope, "and with no (more) decay in the streets." . . . Very heartily and sincerely I rejoice in your safety, your success, and your satisfaction in service. You must have laid in (as well as given out) endless stores of "grace, mercy, and peace," and, like a giant refreshed, I hope you may take up your reins (or your goose-quill!) and drive along in your editorial chariot more powerfully, and profitably for the world, than ever before. . . . What will be especially needed will be the grace of a calm soul resting "in the secret of His presence" who alone can "give quietness." I pray God to give you this—one of His richest and rarest gifts (especially in London, I think!) . . . Our united loving welcome.—Ever yours affectionately,

H. W. Webb-Peploe.

I should like to add that Mr. Webb-Peploe once fulfilled to me the highest function of a true friend. Walking under the trees at Dingestow Court, Monmouth, in August 1891, he gravely told me of a fault. He said that in the C.M.S. Committee I took too much upon myself; which was perfectly true, and I hope I learned the lesson, though no doubt I often sinned after that!

I have before mentioned how I "discovered" the Norwood curate who became Bishop Taylor Smith. Our acquaintance ripened into intimacy at Keswick,

where his influence was remarkable among the young Oxford and Cambridge men who used to come to the Convention and camp out in tents. He had also a good deal to do with the starting of School-boys' Camps in the summer holidays, and I am not sure whether the idea of them did not emanate from his resourceful brain. It was while he was still Canon Missioner of Sierra Leone that he went with the Ashanti Expedition as a Chaplain for the troops, and came into touch with Prince Henry of Battenberg; and on the Prince's lamented death he was summoned to Europe to see Queen Victoria and the Princess. He has always been rightly reticent about his intercourse with them; and even what little I do know about it I must not put into print. I rejoiced when Archbishop Temple appointed him to the Bishopric of Sierra Leone on Bishop Ingham's retirement; and I need not say that he proved a worthy successor. His letters to me from Africa were delightful, unlike any one else's—sometimes quaint, sometimes grave, always affectionate. Here is one single sentence, a P.S. to a long letter: "Find me a young David to come and slay young lions (Sierra *Leonians*), or rather to give their portion of meat in due season, for the young lions do lack and suffer hunger."

One day, October 30th, 1901, I got a telegram from him from Kendal—whither he had been to his father's death-bed—begging me without fail to meet him at Euston at four o'clock. I went, and we resorted to the tea-room. He handed me a letter which he had received, and asked me to read it through. It was from the Secretary of State for War, Mr. Brodrick, offering him the Chaplain-Generalship. I said, "That

is splendid." He replied, "But I shall refuse." "You must not," I rejoined. "Yes," he said; "Queen Victoria wanted me to stay in England, and I told her I could not leave West Africa until I had equal guidance to that which led me there; and now that she is dead I must stick to my purpose." However, he had wired from Kendal, not only to me, but also to Archbishop Temple at Lambeth, asking for an interview. He went thither direct, and the Archbishop told him he should on no account reject an opportunity of such wide influence. So he accepted. He took a small house at Bromley, where I visited him afterwards, little thinking that I should be going soon to live in the same neighbourhood. How he has risen to the tremendous responsibilities and unique opportunities of his position, we who are not in Army circles will probably not know till he is gone; but we may have our own ideas about it. And we do know with what ceaseless activity he has contrived at the same time to continue the exercise of his wide influence in a great many totally different directions. There are few men in England more truly loved.

Let me next mention a friend who was much "in society"—as I have not been—and whom I was almost sure to meet whenever I did happen to pass within the gates. This was Edward Clifford, the painter of duchesses and Church Army leader. I greatly admired his unique talents and influence, and valued his friendship. He used to invite the fine ladies whose portraits he painted so well to quiet luncheons at his studio in Wigmore Street, and once or twice I had the pleasure of meeting one or another there. This he sometimes followed with a little Bible-reading. There hangs in my study at home a photo he gave me

of his admirable sketch of Gordon from life. He once took me to Woolwich to lunch with that remarkable teacher and writer, Andrew Jukes; and a deeply interesting visit it was. At my suggestion Clifford joined the C.M.S. Special "Mission of Help" to India in 1887; and he did excellent work in Bengal and the North. He never married, but gave himself wholly to the work to which he was called, particularly that of the Church Army. His death was a great loss to the Army, and to all his friends.

Next I will introduce Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the celebrated traveller. I first met her, many years ago, at Mr. James Mathieson's at Mildmay; and subsequently, as I have before mentioned, at her cousins', the Birds, at York. On this latter occasion, she had lately come home from her travels in Persia and Western Asia, and was full of the book she was then writing about them. She was an extraordinary woman, both physically and mentally. She seemed to me then quite an invalid, not coming down till lunch-time; and yet she could accomplish the trying journeys with which all readers of her books are familiar. In 1893 she was at the Keswick Convention, and hearing that at a small meeting there for Medical Missions she had made an interesting speech, I went and asked her to speak at the next Anniversary of the Gleaners' Union, on Nov. 1st. She already had an engagement at Edinburgh, but she put it aside in order to come. What the result was we all know. That wonderful speech in Exeter Hall lifted her at one bound into the foremost rank of missionary advocates. It was not only printed by the C.M.S., but reprinted over and over again in all parts of the world. More than once I found it issued as an appendix to a

bishop's charge. Mrs. Bishop often spoke for Missions after that, and always most effectively. She and I became personal friends from that time, and she often consulted me about her plans. On one occasion I asked her to speak in my garden at Haverstock Hill, in which I was wont to gather friends yearly for missionary addresses. Mrs. Hannington (after the Bishop's death), Miss MacInnes (after her visit to India), Miss Hewlett of St. Catherine's Hospital at Amritsar, Douglas Hooper, R. P. Ashe, Edward Clifford, Robert Cust, Sir Fowell Buxton, Bishop Tucker, had spoken in previous years; and 1897 being the year of the Lambeth Conference, it occurred to me to invite about thirty of the assembled Bishops whom I personally knew to come and hear the great traveller on her impressions of Missions. The Archbishop of Sydney (Saumarez Smith) replied that he should "have pleasure in meeting both the feminine Bishop and the masculine Bishops"! Eighteen came, and a large number of other friends. Mrs. Bishop addressed the party for half-an-hour, in the most interesting way.

Another lady traveller who has been my hearty friend and a frequent and brilliant correspondent is Miss Constance Gordon-Cumming. I came to know her through reviewing her books on Ceylon and China; and she allowed me to reproduce in the *Gleaner* some of her beautiful water-colour sketches, which first appeared at the great Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington, popularly called the Colinderies, and afterwards were so often an attractive feature at Missionary Exhibitions. In 1886 I took her at her own request to the Mildmay Conference, which she did not much appreciate—except the address of M.

Théodore Monod,—complaining of the crowd and the impossibility in the narrow seats of kneeling at prayer, and expressing a preference for a quiet early celebration in a country church with half-a-dozen present. She particularly objected to the two good men (Canon Christopher was one) who sat on either side of the speaker with ear-trumpets lifted up to hear his address. "They might be very good men," she wrote to me, "but they had no business to exalt their horns in the congregation"! It reminded her, she said, "of the elephants raising their trunks to do homage to Buddha"! I must give some small bits from her letters, though to show what they were I ought to print the whole of one or two, five or six pages each closely written :—

Oct. 25th, 1886.

I am glad you think the paper on Ceylon may prove useful. But oh! the idea of my name carrying weight in the West End! "A prophet hath not honour!" They would say, "Physician, heal thyself!" Or perhaps, as a very wealthy and grasping woman said to me one day when she was apparently near death, and I attempted to suggest a loosening of the earth roots—"You and I see things very differently, but it is no wonder, for our positions have been so different"! She meant, poor soul, that she had contrived to grab so large a share of earth's gold and land, whereas I had (quite unintentionally!) done exactly the reverse!

Nov. 23rd, 1886.

I have never even heard any of Miss Havergal's hymns sung. I only happened to come across that card (Consecration) this summer, and was fascinated by it, it is so simple and real. There are several in *A. and M.* to the same effect, *e.g.* "O Love, I give myself to Thee"; but one doesn't always realize the depth of words so fully when they are sung. . . .

What a debt we do owe to the people who have given such nice thoughts which we can adopt as if they really had been our own all along! For our own mental life is built up of other minds, just as our bodies are of other bodies. Only think of the partridges and hares and grouse and sheep and beeves that have contributed of their substance to our upbuilding!

But I think we owe even more to the men like —— who can bring themselves to write as plainly he does about their inner life. Only it wouldn't be desirable that many should do it, I think—though from some accounts of "experience meetings" they must be a sort of spiritual version of the Japanese system of tubbing in the open street! I don't believe that what is so utterly contrary to our instincts can be required, save in exceptional cases when there seems some good reason for it. Otherwise any approach to such a thing feels akin to Lady Godiva's ride! But there's no doubt we are all sillily shy in some things. What a deal of courage it takes to speak of "praying" instead of the hateful "saying your prayers"!

Oct. 9th, 1886.

[At the end of a letter of eight sides of small writing.] I see I have asked you several questions. *But not one requires an answer!*

Jan. 3rd, 1887.

I have been reading up the *Intelligencer* with great interest. What a history the Uganda story is! To think that *that* was being enacted last summer, while the London season was at its height—when a good many folk born and bred in Christian England were flooding society with light of a very dark sort—and at that very time the Dark Continent was yielding a negro regiment to the Noble Army of Martyrs!

March 10th, 1887.

You certainly are about the "best baked brick" of my acquaintance. I have been feeling so "unutterable mean," as the Yankees say, for having worried you about those papers.

I've been reading over your —— with unmitigated wonder how any mortal can keep such multitudinous threads in order —just as the weaving of the patterns on damask table-cloths is to me incomprehensible. Thanks for explaining about the working of C.M.S. departments. I knew nothing of it before, or of separate staffs. I had an impression that everything in that House was under the direct control of your immediate subordinates, a sort of "Do this and he doeth it!" Some day you will show me something of the mechanism by which the big clock works—a big clock indeed, that has to keep such multitudinous parts in *time* and *tune,* with all the separate interests of 300 missionaries and all that of them is—to say nothing of the vast body of "friends and supporters," who must often be *very* trying to flesh and blood!

Dec. 23rd, 1889.

. . . And now good-bye, and all best Christmas blessings be yours; and don't try to do the work of a dozen people, because we are *not* created for that purpose, nor are our machines (*good* machines, which we are bound to take care of) meant for overtime.

28th April, 1897.

I do think it was a very happy thought to turn my grey hairs to account as a special "talent" for China—the one empire in the world where old women are exalted to honour just *because* they are old!—enlightened people!

April 27th, 1909.

Of course you are cordially welcome to quote anything I ever wrote that you think worthy of such honour. It was entirely due to your dexterous and indefatigable whipping that I tentatively ventured a finger into the mechanical part of mission work. I might better say one foot, on to what proved a treadmill on which I have for 25 years been compelled to climb. . . . That ever wary Person the Devil has never left a stone unturned to ruin the work. . . . Kindest remembrances. —Yours ever, CONSTANCE F. GORDON-CUMMING.

I once went to see Miss Gordon-Cumming in her Lilliputian quarters at Crieff (she had lost heavily through the coffee failure in Ceylon). For several years she has given herself most devotedly to the work of interesting the public in the remarkable Mission of Mr. Murray to the Blind in China.

Another lady must be mentioned who was also a traveller, though not on such a scale as the two last introduced—the late Mrs. Kumm, wife of the Director of the United Sudan Mission. I knew her best as Miss Lucy Guinness, younger daughter of Dr. Grattan Guinness. Like her gifted sister Geraldine, Mrs. Howard Taylor, the historian of the China Inland Mission, she was a brilliant speaker and writer; and her not infrequent letters to me sparkled as brightly, though in a different way, as Miss Gordon-Cumming's. She had also great musical gifts, and it was an exceeding treat to sit, as my sister Sarah and I did now and then, in the "gloaming," and hear her pour out, as it seemed, mind and heart through her fingers on the piano. She consulted me about all her literary and missionary plans; and when she suddenly went off to Egypt to join her father, who was there on his travels, I and one lady friend (I forget who it was) alone saw her off at Charing Cross, she wiring me of her purpose at the last moment. I visited her father at Cliffe in Derbyshire in 1896, and she walked me all over the hills. I remember a missionary meeting at Leicester, arranged by the Y.M.C.A., at which I was chairman. The speaking was dull, and the meeting quite devoid of spiritual power, until she rose as last speaker after nine o'clock. In ten minutes the atmosphere was entirely changed,

and the proceedings closed amid a solemnity not to be forgotten.

One much older lady, I must name, who was for some years a very valued friend. Mrs. Martha Weitbrecht was the widow of a once well-known German missionary of the C.M.S., and mother of the present Dr. H. U. Weitbrecht of the Punjab. She was a woman of great character, many-sided, with a large mind and a large heart. She was much occupied in Home Mission work of various kinds, and at the same time devoted to the cause of Foreign Missions, and a leading member of the C.E. Zenana Society. She was a frequent visitor at my house, and a frequent caller at the office. She could walk in anywhere, at any hour, in her black poke-bonnet and long fur-lined cloak. I have been at a dinner party where she has walked in with perfect composure, sat down in the midst of the party, said what she came to say, and walked out again. She lived in an unpretending lodging at Notting Hill; and thither I went, at last, for her funeral, in February 1888.

I must not forget the three sisters of the present Lord Kinnaird, Louisa, Gertrude, and Emily, at whose flat in Mount Street I could always find a welcome for tea, particularly on Sunday if I was walking down from Haverstock Hill to take some evening service or meeting in London. Their good work in different directions is well known, especially Miss Emily's for the Y.W.C.A. and Miss Gertrude's for the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission; and I can testify to the like energy being thrown even into play (at rare intervals!); witness the billiard-table at Lord Kinnaird's Scottish home, Rossie Priory, after

dinner. But I remember sitting by Emily on the top of a coach on an excursion, when she was writing letters to her Y.W.C.A. girls while I feasted on the scenery.

Another dear and highly-valued friend for over forty years is Mrs. Faithfull, widow of a former Vicar of Cheshunt. She was an American by birth, a Payson by name, and nearly related to that remarkable woman whose life has been written, Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss; the wife of Sir M. Monier-Williams was her sister. After her husband's death she lived with her widowed daughter, Mrs. Storr, at Eastbourne. I visited them there, and made great friends with the latter's little girls, Cary, Mabel, and Minnie, the eldest of whom is now well known in C.M.S. circles. Their one brother, Vernon, had a brilliant course at Oxford, and is now Canon of Winchester and Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Their uncle, Mrs. Faithfull's son, James A. Faithfull, who had been some years in America, went to Oxford late, but took a very good degree, was ordained, and was for a time one of the Examining Chaplains of Bishop Ryle of Liverpool. He was Vicar successively of Holy Trinity, Scarborough, and St. Mary Magdalene, Holloway. Bishop Creighton then appointed him to Whitechapel, where he worked nobly despite bad health. His death, in middle life, was widely mourned. I counted him one of my closest friends.

I saw much more of Mrs. Faithfull (sen.) and her daughter and granddaughters after they moved to Bournemouth in the middle 'eighties, until Mrs. Storr's lamented death, in 1900, broke up the happy family party. My own connection with Bournemouth was very much due to them, but this appears

in another chapter. Meanwhile my dear old friend, now in advanced age, has continued one of my correspondents whose letters always command a glad welcome.

I must not forget Chancellor Philip Vernon Smith and his charming wife. We have for over thirty years been associated in Church work of various kinds. I have already noticed his connection with the C.M.S. and with the House of Laymen; and I may also mention the interesting Saturday evenings at his house in Westbourne Terrace for the study of the Greek Testament, in which men of widely differing Church views have been glad to join.

CHAPTER XXIV

PERSONAL FRIENDS AT HAMPSTEAD

The Wigrams and Wrights—Mrs. Rundle Charles and her Books—Hampstead Clergy—St. John's Chapel—General Haig, Lewis Dibdin, &c.—A Nonconformist Dinner—The Carus-Wilsons.

A FEW more personal friends have to be introduced; and I group together in this chapter some Hampstead neighbours.

I have before mentioned my close association with Mr. Wigram, the Hon. Secretary of the C.M.S. for fifteen years. What can I say of his home and his family? Has there, I wonder, ever been anything of the kind more beautiful in this world? Oak Hill House, Hampstead, is a dear memory to very many in all parts of the world who have had the delightful experience of staying there. Its unbounded hospitality was only a part of its beauty; but one naturally thinks of that. Week after week almost, for all those years, would the carriage climb the hill at Frognal, bringing missionary and wife and bairns, and perhaps an ayah, just landed at the docks, or arrived from Dover or Liverpool. Room for them? Oh yes, Oak Hill House was a sort of elastic band that could stretch to any size. Was it a house of leisure? For the guests, yes, if they liked; but not for the master and mistress. Breakfast sharp at eight—just after nine the head disappeared—a quick walk or run down the hill to the station—Salisbury Square by 9.45 for

daily prayers—a long day of incessant writing, consulting, interviewing, with a sandwich for lunch—home about 6.30—dinner with a dozen or twenty covers—a bright smiling evening, but sometimes broken by the necessity of a long and perhaps trying private "confab" in the study—then an hour or two of letter-writing—and then, what? Next morning in the train will answer that question: "Oh, Stock, I'm so fit this morning, I've had three hours' good sleep!"—and not always so good a report as that! It was a wonder that it could last fifteen years. It only did so because there was generally a good five-weeks' holiday, with wife and sons and daughters, on the rocks and glaciers of Switzerland. But the day came when love and loyalty to the cause compelled retirement; and then, after a time of weary suffering, the glad release.

Of Mrs. Wigram, sister of Henry Wright, I dare not say what I feel and think, for she is with us still. What of the daughters and sons? Let me only give bare facts. Eleanor went as a missionary to India, where I saw her. Presently, during her first furlough, she married Edmund Carr of Tinnevelly; and, after four happy years, died. Agnes was, and is, the sweet home-bird. All the five sons went abroad. Edmund has long been Principal of St. John's Divinity College, Lahore, founded by Bishop French for the C.M.S. Two others, a cleric and a doctor, also went to the Punjab, and worked at Peshawar. One went to Uganda, and one to Australia, but these have since found spheres in England. Where is the parallel case of five out of seven children going to the mission-field, and all honorary?

Not far behind, however, are Henry Wright's

family. Of eleven sons and daughters, four have been missionaries. Two of these, Harry and Katherine, are in heaven; one, Annie, is in India; and the eldest daughter, Agnes, went to China twenty years ago, and eventually married Walter Moule,—eldest son of the Archdeacon, and nephew of the late Bishop of Mid-China and the Bishop of Durham,—who is Principal of Trinity College, Ningpo, the college founded for the C.M.S. by J. C. Hoare, afterwards Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong. Mrs. Henry Wright survived her husband several years, and hers was another of the Hampstead houses which it was always a privilege to visit.

After Mr. Wigram's death, Mrs. Wigram moved to a neighbouring house, Combe Edge. This house was already familiar to me, the previous occupant having been Mrs. Rundle Charles, the authoress of so many delightful historical—shall I say novels? Yes, in the sense that they are works of fiction, but different, indeed, in tone and purpose from the ordinary novel. Her fame rests chiefly on the *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*, which gives so vivid a picture of the period of Luther in Germany; but I think her later works are even better. *The Draytons and the Davenants*, and its sequel, *On Both Sides of the Sea*, are admirable in explaining the various currents of thought and feeling in the Stuart period; *The Diary of Kitty Trevelyan* introduces the Methodist Revival under Wesley and Whitefield; *Against the Stream* pictures Wilberforce and the "Clapham Sect" and their struggle against the Slave Trade; while *The Victory of the Vanquished* carries us back to Apostolic days, and graphically pourtrays the Early Church and its environment. The great merit of

Mrs. Charles is her appreciation of both sides of a controversy, both parties in the conflict. She is, no doubt, in the main, with the Reformers, the Puritans, the Revivalists, the Evangelicals; but she understands their opponents, and draws them with a loving hand. This is particularly the case in the two books on the Stuart period, in which we see the real good in both Cavalier and Roundhead, in Anglican and Presbyterian and Independent. Mrs. Charles is never a narrow partizan. Why are not these admirable books reprinted in one of the modern cheap series? Surely there is a large section of the public that would eagerly buy them. Her later works were not stories. She set herself to commemorate the "Martyrs and Saints" of all the centuries, and *Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century* gives model sketches of Livingstone, Patteson, and Gordon. I cherish the memory of my friendship with Mrs. Charles. She was not only a woman of high culture and wide reading, but was a keen observer of current political and ecclesiastical affairs; and we were generally in cordial mutual agreement.

Hampstead in the 'eighties and 'nineties was served by clergymen whom it was a privilege to know. Of E. H. Bickersteth, who was at Christ Church for thirty years before he was appointed Bishop of Exeter, I write in another chapter. His successors were G. F. Head, now Canon Head of Clifton, and G. Streatfeild, exhibiting in a striking way "diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." But my own church was the old-fashioned St. John's Chapel, of which G. S. Karney and R. B. Girdlestone were successive ministers, both of them most interesting preachers *and* (what is so rare) *teachers*.

One of the chapel wardens of St. John's ought to be mentioned—General F. T. Haig, who had been one of the most devoted and enterprising of godly Anglo-Indian officers. He founded the C.M.S. Mission at Dumagudem on the Godavari half a century ago; he was the pioneer and inspirer of Missions in Arabia; he projected and organized the C.M.S. Special "Mission of Help" (as we should now call it) to India in 1887, which anticipated the modern efforts of the kind; he suggested the C.M.S. Weekly Prayer Meeting. I recall a memorable evening in his house at Hampstead, when for two or three hours we sat and listened to a warm argument on missionary methods between Edward Bickersteth of Delhi, afterwards Bishop in Japan, and F. Tucker, the Anglo-Indian civilian who had joined the Salvation Army and was at the head of its Indian work.

A much more intimate friend of mine at Hampstead was Lewis Dibdin, now Dean of the Arches, chief among ecclesiastical lawyers, Ecclesiastical Commissioner, and Vice-Chairman of the House of Laymen of the Province of Canterbury. I have mentioned him before in connection with the House of Laymen and the *Record*, and need only now add how truly I appreciated the alertness of his mind, the sagacity of his judgement, and the simple goodness of his personal character. We frequently walked together the four miles from Hampstead to Lincoln's Inn and Salisbury Square, and to me at least those walks were particularly enjoyable. There is no one whom I miss more, now that our paths—though not our general views and sympathies—have somewhat diverged.

I pass over some other Hampstead friends; among

them, Mrs. Durrant, sister of Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, who herself went to India as a missionary in advancing years; Miss MacInnes, sister of Mr. MacInnes of Rickerby, to be mentioned by-and-by; Miss Constance Maynard, Principal of Westfield College; Mr. E. A. Ford, Chairman of the Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association, and Colonel of the Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade. I may just mention Mr. S. R. Pattison, an influential Nonconformist and leading member of the Religious Tract Society's Committee, but who came to grief over the distressing "Liberator" collapse,—in order to refer to an odd incident. I several times dined with him, and on one occasion, when almost all the guests were strangers to me, I presently gathered from their conversation that every one except myself was a Nonconformist. As they talked rather freely about the Church of England, particularly about its regrettable influence in drawing away their sons and daughters, I thought it only fair and courteous to reveal myself—which quite chilled the animated conversation!

But one more house and family must be mentioned, that of Mrs. Carus-Wilson. The first time I dined with her, in 1893, was an occasion of importance to two of those present. Among the guests were the two sisters Mary and Irene Petrie, whom I already knew and much admired. One of our hostess's sons, Ashley, met them, I believe, for the first time that evening, but, very shortly after, he married the elder sister, and took her to Canada, he being Professor of Electricity, &c., in the McGill University at Montreal. Thereupon Irene Petrie, left alone in the world (they were orphans), decided on a missionary life, and eventually went to Kashmir under the C.M.S. In 1895

Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson received me with every kindness at Montreal. In 1897 Irene Petrie died in Kashmir. To Mrs. Ashley's high reputation as a scholar, a writer, and a lecturer, it is needless to refer. As the founder and original Principal of the "College by Post," she has done much to cultivate the minds of women; while her books on Bible study have had a quite unique influence. Her biography of her sister Irene gives a most attractive picture of a winning and beautiful character, and in no way exaggerates what that much-lamented missionary sister really was.

Another of Mrs. Carus-Wilson's sons was a planter in Ceylon, but gave up his prospects to join the C.M.S. Mission there as a lay evangelist. He is now an active worker at Mildmay. Her daughter, Mrs. Flint, took over the Gleaners' Circulating Library when Mrs. Percy Brown (another much valued friend of mine) was obliged by weak health to give it up; and she and her husband much enlarged the scope of its work, making their house a centre of missionary information, and of correspondence with all parts of England—until the library became too large for a private house and had to be brought to Salisbury Square. At that house, by the way, I have had the real privilege of meeting Dr. Horton, the distinguished minister of Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church.

CHAPTER XXV

SOME PUBLIC AND SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

Guildhall Banquets — Mansion House Dinners — Lord Shaftesbury — Funerals — Queen's Jubilee — Royal Geographical Society — Royal Literary Fund — Charity Dinners — Breakfasts — Garden Parties — Mrs. Vaughan—Some Dinners—Mrs. Arthur Mills—House of Laymen Dinners—Lord Grimthorpe—Archbishop Temple.

WHEN jotting down incidents of past years, with a view to selecting some of them for these chapters, my memory has naturally recalled various public and social functions either interesting in themselves or at which interesting people have been met. Perhaps it may not be quite inappropriate to mention a few of these.

I have before mentioned my being at the Guildhall Banquet of Nov. 9th, on two occasions many years ago. One was in 1871, when Gladstone was Premier and the chief speaker; and the other in 1879, when his great rival Lord Beaconsfield occupied the corresponding position. The latter was certainly the more popular of the two in those days among City men; and as the 1879 banquet was in the year following his return from Berlin bringing "Peace with Honour," they probably little thought that his speech that night was his last at such functions, and that his final downfall would occur within six months. Gladstone, on the other hand, had yet to become Premier three times.

To Mansion House dinners I have been three or four times, including two of the annual entertainments to Bishops. Another occasion was when Lord Mayor McArthur, in 1884, gave a dinner in honour of the Earl of Shaftesbury. Archbishop Benson was the chief speaker on that occasion, and delivered an eloquent eulogy of the work of the great philanthropist. Shaftesbury's own speech was memorable. The "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" was one of the chief topics of the period; and the gist of his remarks, which were delivered with great energy, was, "Ah! but you little know what the 'bitter cry' used to be! The condition of the people has enormously improved in the last forty years. Don't be discouraged! Rather, praise God for what has been done!" He had indeed a right to speak, for almost everything that really had been done had been inspired by him. Two or three years passed from that evening, and I was attending his funeral in Westminster Abbey. That was a memorable day. All the approaches to the Abbey were crowded with poor people from the East End and other slums, come to pay the last tribute of affectionate gratitude to the man whose life had been devoted to their interests.

I do not remember being in the Abbey for any other funeral; but I was at Bishop Creighton's funeral at St. Paul's, at Archbishop Benson's at Canterbury, and at Bishop Westcott's at Auckland Castle. The Abbey functions most familiar to me have been Consecrations of Bishops, of which I have witnessed several, as also at St. Paul's. But I did have the coveted privilege of a seat in the Abbey on the greatest occasion in my time (except King Edward's Coronation), namely, Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887. Five

tickets were allotted to the House of Laymen, and, on being balloted for, one fell to me. Our seats were in a high gallery erected for the occasion at the east end, actually over the Communion Table, exactly opposite the royal daïs; and I sat in the second row, so I could look straight down at the Queen and the royal party, and watch every movement. Few even of the most important people had so perfect a view.

I was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society in 1880, and for a few years attended the meetings pretty regularly. On one occasion I had to speak, to give them some news of Emin Pasha in Central Africa, which had reached the C.M.S. through Mackay. In fact, at one time, the only news of Emin Pasha received in England at all came that way. I remember feeling bitterly how general was the anxiety about the Austrian explorer, and how little men cared about the Scottish missionary. But time brings its revenges. Who knows anything about Emin now, except that Stanley went to find him? —while Mackay's name has become immortal. I only once went to the Annual Dinner of the R.G.S., in the year the Duke of Edinburgh (Prince Alfred) presided. In fact guineas were not so numerous in my purse that I cared to spend them in that way. But Dr. Cust used to take me to the ordinary dinners that preceded the Monday Evening Meetings. Once, in 1882, I was at the Annual Dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, invited by Dr. Lansdell, whose books on Russia and Central Asia I had reviewed, and for whose own periodical, the *Clergyman's Magazine*, I had written. His other guests on that occasion were the present Bishop of Ripon, Bishop Pakenham

Walsh of Ossory, and Dr. Macaulay of the R.T.S. The Chairman that evening was Lord Salisbury.

Charity dinners I have never cared for, and have only been at them three or four times. Twice I had some share in getting one up, in behalf of my sister-in-law Miss Mann's Boys' Home in Islington. One of these was the first occasion of the present Lord Kinnaird presiding at a public function. He was then only "Mr. A. F. Kinnaird," not even "Hon.," as his father had not yet succeeded to the peerage. On both occasions one of my own guests was Mr. George Wyatt Truscott, the present Lord Mayor.

Breakfasts and luncheons have become a rather favourite method of bringing men together in connection with some philanthropic or religious object. It would be quite uninteresting to mention numerous functions of the kind; but I might just remind many who know it of the very popular annual Breakfast of the Religious Tract Society, formerly held at the Cannon Street Hotel, and latterly at the King's Hall. I was once, in the year following my Australian tour, invited to preside at it. Also the Honorary Secretary's Breakfast in the May Meeting week is in some ways the pleasantest of C.M.S. annual functions. It was begun by Mr. Wigram, and is continued by Mr. Fox. He always has one good speaker; but it is his own address which is more especially enjoyed.

The garden parties of the Bishop of London at Fulham and the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth are always enjoyable, even in the bad weather that has not infrequently marred them. I have been pretty regularly at the former since 1875, and at the latter—as well as the Archbishop's evening receptions—since 1888. The only other afternoon "at

homes" worth special mention are those which Mrs. Vaughan used to hold in the Temple thirty years ago. She was a sister of Dean Stanley, and, like him, a model entertainer. "Everybody" went to her parties. She showed great ingenuity in inventing reasons for introducing A or B to C or D. For instance: "Oh, Mr. Stock, there you are: do let me take you to Sir Thomas Wade. He has just come from China, and has some complaint against the C.M.S." I felt something like Punch's "masher" being introduced to the learned and spectacled bluestocking "who wrote that article on Unconscious Cerebration in the last *Two-Monthly*, you know!" But Mrs. Vaughan used to write to me year after year, asking me to bring with me "any interesting 'lions' from foreign parts," and I generally did so.

Coming to more private entertainments, I recall with pleasure a good many dinners at Sir John Kennaway's, Sir Fowell Buxton's, Mr. Arthur Mills's, Bishop Perry's, Mr. Wigram's, Mr. Bowker's, and many other friends' houses, which would have no interest now to anyone but myself. One at Sir Fowell's is perhaps worth mentioning, when he entertained the Directors of the British East Africa Company and others interested in African developments; covers being laid for thirty-two guests. Another dinner connected with Africa which I recollect was given by Mr. Bosworth Smith at Harrow. I had come to know him through a controversy in the *Times* about Missions to Mohammedans. I had said in a long letter of mine which appeared that Canon Isaac Taylor had borrowed, and borrowed unfairly, from Mr. Bosworth Smith; and the latter wrote to me at once to thank me. The dinner, in 1889, was

in honour of the well-known African, Dr. Blyden; and among the guests were Mr. Grant Duff (the distinguished diplomatist and writer), Sir Courtenay Ilbert (now Chief Clerk in the House of Commons), Sir Alfred Molony (Governor of Lagos), Sir F. Goldsmid (of Persian fame), &c. Yet again, still connected with Africa, Sir Charles Euan Smith, the British Commissioner at Zanzibar, was entertained on his return home by his brother-in-law, the Rev. Harvey Brooks, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westbourne Park; among the other guests were Lord and Lady Meath (with whom I afterwards dined at Cairo), and Sir F. Pauncefote, afterwards British Ambassador at Washington, whose daughter I "took in."

I have mentioned Mr. Arthur Mills. He had been M.P. for Exeter. He was a member of the famous Grillion Dining Club, where he frequently met Gladstone, and, opposed as they were in politics, Mills was never tired of praising him as a man and a companion. Mrs. Mills, who was a Devonshire Acland, and a very sweet old lady, became a dear friend of mine.

In the early days of the House of Laymen, Mr. George Spottiswoode, who, as I have before mentioned, became Vice-Chairman, used to entertain some of the members at dinner, and this brought me into contact with the late Earl Beauchamp (who might have been called, in his day, the Leader of the House), Earl Nelson, the late Lord Addington, Lord Ashcombe, &c. I was once, by the way, at a dinner at Lord Ashcombe's, after he became Chairman of the House, and sat next to Lord Cross, who greatly amused me all through the dinner with his stories of Parliament.

Another amusing recollection is concerned with the redoubtable Lord Grimthorpe. At a dinner-party shortly after I and others had been solemnly commissioned by Bishop Temple in St. Paul's Cathedral as Diocesan Lay Readers, he denounced the scheme in the most unsparing terms. Presently the host gently intimated to him that one of the new Readers was present, pointing me out. He glared at me across the table, and repeated what he had said in louder tones than before. But what did it matter? It did not make me admire a bit the less his splendid clock in the tower of the Post Office at Sydney!

Many anecdotes are told of Archbishop Temple. How many of them are true I know not; but I can give one which has never been in print, and which certainly is true. I was sitting next to him at luncheon in a certain house. He was on the right hand of the hostess, who had of course provided him with his teapot in lieu of the good things on the table. He was chaffing her in the most comical way, saying, *inter alia*, that Girton and Lady Margaret's were all very well, but you could never really educate women! The hostess, a cultivated woman, was not flattered, and a pretty dispute ensued. "No," he said, "you can't. They *will* say 'Those sort of things'!" A nobleman opposite here intervened: "But, Archbishop, what is there wrong in that? I say it." I could not resist putting my oar in: "But, Lord A——, you weren't at Rugby." "No, he wasn't," exclaimed the Archbishop; "if he had been I should have thrashed him!"

CHAPTER XXVI

SOME NORTHERN VISITS

Rock Hall and the Bosanquets—Sir E. Grey and Bishop Creighton—Chillingham Castle—Humshaugh—Bishop Jacob—Bishop Westcott's Funeral—Auckland Castle—Durham and the Tristrams—Castle Eden and the Birds—Rickerby and the MacInnes party—Rose Castle—Harrogate, Casterton, Hartwith—Leeds, Ripon, &c.—Lancashire and Cheshire.

My many journeys to different parts of England, either in the service of the C.M.S., or to address Sunday-school teachers, or in response to personal invitations of various kinds, have naturally taken me to many interesting homes with which pleasant recollections are associated. Some of these visits I now propose to notice.

Let me first go to the North of England. A few miles beyond Alnwick and the splendid castle and park of the Duke of Northumberland, between the old North road and the North-Eastern Railway, and only four miles from the sea, stands Rock Hall, part of which was a small border fortress in the Middle Ages, though the larger part is modern. This was the residence for many years of my old and intimate friend Charles B. P. Bosanquet. He was a Balliol man, who had been a friend of Henry Wright in his Oxford days. He was called to the Bar, but never practised. He was one of the founders, and the first Secretary, of the Charity Organization Society;

and also of the London Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association, through which, as before mentioned, I came to know him. He was greatly interested in London affairs—municipal, social, educational; and about 1870, he published a useful Handbook entitled *London*, in which much scattered miscellaneous information was brought together. But in 1875 his father died, and he had to turn his back on the life of the great city, and become an ordinary country squire three hundred miles away. He soon became a leading county man, particularly in Church affairs; and from the time the Diocese of Newcastle was founded, he was one of the most active of its lay members.

My first visit to Rock was in 1874, in his father's life-time. After he became squire I was a frequent visitor, scarcely a year passing for nearly thirty years without my driving up the familiar avenue leading to the Hall. *Per contra*, Bosanquet made my house in London, particularly after I went to Hampstead, his usual headquarters when he came to town, though now and then he stayed with other friends. He was a well-read and many-sided man, a humble and devout Christian, and devoted to the plain and straightforward fulfilment of duty, whether pleasant or not. His death, a few years ago, was a great sorrow to me. Of Mrs. Bosanquet, who has survived him, I must not say what I think and feel; but I may mention that she is a cousin of my present wife, though it was not through her that I came to know the latter. The elder of two sons, Robert Carr Bosanquet, was Captain of Eton in 1890, and I went that year to the "Fourth of June." He became well known in after years as head of the British

School of Archæology at Athens, and is now Professor of Archæology in Liverpool University. Of the six daughters, one, Amy, has been in Japan several years as a C.M.S. missionary—one, too, of exceptional gifts and influence; and the youngest, Rosalie, my god-daughter, took a good position at Oxford, and has since been an active Charity Organization worker. Charles Bosanquet's three half-brothers, two of whom I frequently met at Rock, are distinguished in different ways. One, Bernard, is a well-known writer on philosophical subjects, as his wife is on social questions. Another, Holford, is a scientific musician. The third is Admiral Day Bosanquet, one of the most eminent of our naval commanders, and now Governor of South Australia.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Rock are three interesting places, viz, Howick, the residence of Earl Grey; Falloden, that of Sir Edward Grey, whom, and his lamented wife, I have met there more than once; and Embleton, the parish of which Bishop Creighton was once Vicar. I was two or three times there in his day, and spoke in both his church and his school in behalf of Missions.

Through my Rock friends I came to know the senior branch of the family, of which Mr. S. Courthope Bosanquet, of Dingestow Court, near Monmouth, is the head; and I have twice visited that delightful home. One of Mr. S. C. Bosanquet's brothers is the K.C., now Common Serjeant of the City of London; another is the Windsor banker who was Pan-Anglican Treasurer for the Diocese of Oxford; and a third was the late Rev. C. Bosanquet, the blind clergyman at Folkestone. The Bosanquet

clan are of Huguenot origin, and in 1886, about sixty of its members dined together in remembrance of the two hundredth anniversary of their expulsion from France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Reverting to Northumberland, I may here mention Chillingham Castle, the residence of the Earl of Tankerville. I went there from Rock in 1893 for the Countess's annual drawing-room meeting for the C.M.S., and stayed a few days. The meeting was a remarkable one in "quality," the great courtyard being full of carriages and pairs that had brought people from the country houses for miles round. My fellow-speaker was Macartney of Melbourne, who also stayed on, and gave several Bible-readings in the Castle. The old Earl, then (I think) about eighty years of age, walked me through the Park to show me the famous wild cattle, of which we fortunately got an excellent view, the Earl knowing well how to "stalk" the herd without giving them our "wind" and frightening them away. It was during this walk that he told me of Bishop Magee's great speech in the House of Lords, as mentioned in a previous chapter. My room in the Castle was in a turret approached by a winding stone staircase, and was hung with tapestry pourtraying hobgoblins, which might not have tended to the peaceful sleep of a more nervous guest.

While in Northumberland, I may mention also Humshaugh, near Chollerford on the North Tyne, the residence of a true "mother in Israel," Miss Taylor. Visits there were very pleasant, as the present Bishop of St. Albans (then of Newcastle), whom I met on one occasion, would gladly testify. Near Humshaugh are the interesting remains of

the old Roman town of Cilurnum; and the Roman Wall passes close by. Not far off, also, is Haughton Castle, the residence of Mr. Cruddas, of the great Armstrong firm, one of the most munificent benefactors of all sorts of Christian enterprises. It is a fine and interesting place.

One well-remembered visit was to Bishop Jacob himself at Benwell Tower in 1901. The Bishop indulged himself in a whole day's holiday—he really did, however incredible it may seem!—and took me to Hexham, to see its ancient church. He was at the time saddened by the death of the great Bishop of Durham, Dr. Westcott; and the very next day we went together to Westcott's funeral in the chapel at Auckland Castle. Needless to say, it was a most solemn and moving service, and the gathering of distinguished men, bishops, clergy, and laity, was remarkable.

That was not the first, or the last, time of my being in that beautiful chapel. Twelve years before, in 1889, I went to Bishop Auckland to address the Sunday-school teachers and scholars at the invitation of Mr. Eden, the Vicar, afterwards Bishop of Dover and now of Wakefield. I was asked by Bishop Lightfoot, who was then Bishop of Durham, to lunch with him in Auckland Castle; but he was too ill to appear, and I was entertained by his chaplain and the candidates for orders resident there. The chaplain was Mr. Harmer, afterwards Bishop of Adelaide, and now my own Bishop in the Diocese of Rochester. Since my old and dear friend Dr. Handley Moule became Bishop of Durham, I have twice had the privilege of staying in the Castle. Future Bishops and visitors will have cause to be grateful to him. He

has affixed to every picture or other interesting object belonging to the Castle a label with an adequate description in his own clear handwriting. But of him I have written in my Cambridge chapter.

Next let me come to the city of Durham itself. I first visited that most picturesque of old towns in 1876 for the C.M.S. Anniversary. I stayed with Canon Tristram in his house in "the College" (or "Close" as it would be at other cathedrals), and from that time became a friend of his delightful family and a frequent visitor. It is needless to enlarge on the most massive of Norman cathedrals; on the interest attaching to its library, with the very books, Bibles and Missals, used by Aidan and Cuthbert and Bede; on the wonderful view from the central tower, up which one of the daughters of the house took me; on the beauty of the "banks" along the river Wear, planted out by Tristram himself, who of course was an accomplished botanist; or the unique natural history collection which made his house a museum. But I may just recall his "den," in which I used to sit with him an hour or two after the family had retired, while he smoked and I listened to his conversation, ever full of interest, even if somewhat over-combative—at least for a "weak brother" like me—towards all Radicals and all Ritualists! There was another Evangelical Canon at Durham at that time, Archdeacon Prest; and Dean Lake used to say—so Tristram told me—that he had "two Puritan Canons, a milk-and-water Canon and a fire-and-faggot Canon." It is easy to see which was which!

On that first visit of mine to Durham, there were also three other representatives of Missions, viz. Dr. Farquhar, Staff-Surgeon to Lord Lawrence in India,

of whom I shall say more in another chapter; Mr. Grace of New Zealand, with his delightful wife; and Mr. Brodie from the Afghan Frontier. Day by day we were sent off by Tristram to different towns and villages, to speak at missionary meetings. He was never tired himself, and did not suppose that anyone else could be; but while he worked us well, he would let no one else work us; and when I received invitations to gatherings of Sunday-school teachers and the like, he insisted on my refusing them, declaring that his men should not be killed by any one but himself!

One of Tristram's daughters, Katharine, went, twelve years after this, to Japan as a C.M.S. missionary, as I have before mentioned. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Holland, wife of the Vicar of Cornhill-on-Tweed, is the mother of Willie Holland, the now well-known head of the C.M.S Oxford and Cambridge Hostel at Allahabad, and of Dr. Henry Holland, the medical missionary at Quetta. One of her sisters-in-law is the "E. St. B. H." who designs the beautiful Mildmay Cards, and who designed for me the familiar Members' Card of the Gleaners' Union. Another of Tristram's daughters is Mrs. Almond, widow of the distinguished Headmaster of Loretto School.

At Durham I also made the acquaintance of Mr. G. T. Fox, the doughty Protestant champion, a devoted and munificent friend of the C.M.S. and anxiously jealous lest it should ever compromise strict Protestant principles. He was Vicar of St. Nicholas Church, in which post, when he died, he was succeeded by his nephew, H. E. Fox, now Hon. Secretary of the Society.

One of the places to which Canon Tristram sent

me for a C.M.S. meeting was Castle Eden, near the Durham coast; and there also I made valued friends in the family of the Rector, the Rev. C. Bird. He was a son of Robert Merttens Bird, one of the great Christian Anglo-Indian officials under the old East India Company, and a cousin of Archbishop John *Bird* Sumner. After Mr. Bird's death, Mrs. Bird and her daughters moved to York, and at her house there I was a frequent visitor. One of her daughters went to Persia as a C.M.S missionary, and had remarkable experiences which greatly interested C.M.S. friends when she came home. Mrs. Isabella Bishop (*née* Bird) was a cousin of theirs, and I have met her at the York home. Of her I have already written in a previous chapter.

But I must not move southward in my recital without crossing the Pennines into Cumberland, and recalling visits to the delightful home of Mr. Miles MacInnes, Rickerby, near Carlisle. Mrs. MacInnes I had known in my boyhood as "Effie Johnston." Her mother was Priscilla Buxton, daughter of the first Sir Fowell, whose name appears in his *Life* as helping him in his Anti-Slavery campaign. Mr. MacInnes was for some years M.P. for a neighbouring constituency, and I have dined with him and his family at the House of Commons. His eldest son was the "Harry" whose bright young life, and early death from a Swiss accident, are commemorated in a graceful little book by his mother, *Joyfully Ready*. The youngest son, Rennie, is now at Cairo as Secretary of the C.M.S. Mission in Egypt, where he was a *persona grata* with Lord Cromer. One of my visits to Rickerby has a memory of great sadness, for it was while there in 1895 that I received the terrible news of

the massacre of the Stewarts and their party in China; but the sympathy of my hosts is also never to be forgotten. I was twice taken from Rickerby to Rose Castle, the residence of the Bishops of Carlisle. Once was in Bishop Harvey Goodwin's time, and once in that of his successor, Dr. Bardsley. The former walked me about his garden for over an hour, pouring out conversation that keenly interested me.

Cumberland suggests Keswick, but my many visits there have already been noticed.

Returning into Yorkshire, my memories run to Harrogate, where Canon Gibbon and his pleasant family circle used to receive me. He was one of the real old Evangelicals, very staunch, yet full of the milk of human kindness. One of his sons is well known in Oxford now, as Chaplain of Balliol, and in connection with the Evangelical "Pastorate"; and his influence is all the more interesting because he was not an Oxford man, but went from school to the Army. On one of my visits to Harrogate, in 1884, Canon Gibbon, his vicarage being full, quartered me with a lady who had taken a house for the summer, the Hon. Mrs. Fiennes, a widow with young children. Neither she nor I dreamed that, eighteen years later, we should be united in marriage!

Two other interesting memories are associated with Harrogate. One was a visit to the famous Clergy Daughters' School at Casterton, immortalized by Charlotte Brontë in *Jane Eyre*, but which, when I saw it, presented a very different picture from the one drawn in her pages. I addressed the girls on Missions, and the Vicar, Mr. Armitage, a wealthy clergyman, sent a plate round for a collection, which I thought rather hard on both girls and teachers; but

presently I saw him secretly adding to the few sixpences and coppers a handful of sovereigns out of his own pocket, and then he congratulated the School on the good collection!

The other memory connected with Harrogate is a visit in the same year to Hartwith, a remote village on the moors, close by the picturesque Brimham Rocks. I went at the invitation of the Vicar, Mr. Lucas, to see his daughter Lillie, who had twice been an easy winner in the examinations on the contents of the *Gleaner* which were held in those days. She proved to be stone deaf, and I had to brush up my recollection of the finger-language in order to talk to her. But I found in her an extraordinary intelligence and a highly imaginative mind, and I understood what Rowland Bateman (the Punjab missionary) had meant when he first told me of her, that "there was a girl in Yorkshire who knew more about the C.M.S. than all the members of the Committee." She subsequently visited my house in London more than once; and one year I put her up to speak at a Gleaners' Union Anniversary (the afternoon meeting at which ladies speak), and once at a Sunday evening evangelistic meeting in the Polytechnic which I was conducting; and both times she fascinated her hearers. She sometimes spoke in the streets of Leeds with the Church Army. But her health in recent years has prevented work of this kind.

The mention of Leeds recalls to me invitations to meetings of different kinds from three Vicars of that great centre of Church activity—Dr. Gott, afterwards Bishop of Truro; Dr. Gibson, now Bishop of Gloucester; and Dr. Samuel Bickersteth, the present Vicar, whom, as one of his father's sons, I

have long known well, as well as the bright partner of his life, daughter of Sir M. Monier-Williams. Nor must I forget St. James's, once the parish of the revered Canon Jackson, which I visited in Mr. Allison's time; nor St. George's, where I stayed with my wife's son-in-law, J. C. Wright, now Archbishop of Sydney. Of Bradford I have memories, but need only mention that last year I gave a devotional address to the Diocesan Conference. Huddersfield is associated with Canon James W. Bardsley, an old friend whom I have known since his first clerical days as a Diocesan Home Missioner in Islington, and who wrote for my Sunday-School Magazine delightful articles on his tour in Palestine forty years ago; Halifax, with Dean Pigou, whose Sunday-school teachers I addressed in 1876; Wakefield, with the present Bishop, Dr. Eden, a visit to whom is a cherished memory; Sheffield, with Rowley Hill, afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man; Doncaster, with Mr. Carr Glyn, afterwards Vicar of Kensington and now Bishop of Peterborough, and also with the pleasant Eardley family; York, not only with the Birds as before mentioned, but also with Dr. Shann and his wife and daughters, whose house was a centre of Christian influence for many years; Scarborough, with James Faithfull, of whom I wrote in a previous chapter. But above all these are the pleasant memories of the Palace at Ripon, where I have so greatly enjoyed the ever interesting company of Bishop and Mrs. Boyd Carpenter; which reminds me how I could enlarge upon his mother and aunt, Mrs. Carpenter, sen., and Mrs. Lawson, whom I knew in London. Were there ever collectors of subscriptions to C.M.S. like those two sisters?

Lancashire recalls many visits to Manchester and Liverpool, and a few to Oldham, Rochdale, Blackburn, Bolton, Preston, St. Helen's, and Southport. At Manchester I have stayed in several houses, including Bishopscourt with both Bishops Moorhouse and Knox, three or four times with Prebendary Macdonald at Kersal, and latterly, naturally, with my step-son-in-law J. C. Wright while he was Canon of Manchester. I have spoken four times in the Free Trade Hall, viz. twice at the C.M.S. Anniversary, once when the Gleaners' Union held its Anniversary at Manchester, and once at the S.P.G. Bicentenary. At Blackburn I stayed with my old friend Bishop Thornton, the present Vicar, whose bright and vigorous personality appears in several of my chapters. To Liverpool I have been for many different functions, some of which find mention in other chapters. I twice stayed at the Bishop's house in Abercromby Square in Dr. Ryle's time, and several times since he was succeeded by Dr. Chavasse—whose motor-car, by the way, I have made good use of. The most interesting of these latter visits was on the occasion of the Student Volunteer Conference in January, 1908, when the guests included several notable people, particularly Oxford friends of the Bishop and his sons, as Mr. Palmer (now Bishop of Bombay) and Mr. William Temple. A much older friend of mine, with whom I have stayed in former years, is Bishop Royston, who went out to Madras as C.M.S. Secretary there more than half a century ago; who was afterwards for eighteen years Bishop of Mauritius; and who subsequently acted as Assistant-Bishop at Liverpool, and exercised there a most happy influence.

Liverpool suggests Birkenhead, and though Cheshire is scarcely a northern county, Chester Diocese is in the Province of York, and may therefore come into this chapter. Canon Robson's vicarage, and St. Aidan's College in A. J. Tait's period as Principal, have received me; and so has Hurdsfield Vicarage, at Macclesfield, since Percy Grubb and his winsome wife were there—of whom another chapter will say more.

CHAPTER XXVII

VISITS IN EAST ANGLIA AND THE MIDLANDS

Norwich and Earlham—Mr. Lombe—Cromer and the Buxtons—Northrepps Hall—Other Buxton Houses—Great Yarmouth—Dedham: C. A. Jones, Trevelyan, Gorst—The Midlands: Birmingham, &c.—Bewdley—Lichfield—Nottingham.

LET me now go eastward, to Norfolk, a county interesting to me since Lowestoft days. (Lowestoft, though in Suffolk, has closer connection with Norwich than with Ipswich.) In 1877 I was invited to address Sunday-school teachers at Norwich, and I stayed the night at Earlham, the famous home of the Gurney family. From my boyhood I had been familiar with the name, and I felt it a rare privilege now to visit the house for the first time. It was occupied by Canon Ripley, whom I had known as a school-boy at Lowestoft, where he had been curate. He had married the widow of John Gurney, the eldest son of Joseph John Gurney, the distinguished Quaker and eldest of the band of brothers and sisters now known as the "Gurneys of Earlham." I frequently stayed at Earlham after this, and greatly appreciated the kind reception I always had from Canon and Mrs. Ripley.

In writing of Norfolk, one must always give a prominent place to the Rev. Edward Lombe. He was for many years the Hon. Sec. of the Norfolk C.M.S. Association, and never was there a more energetic

worker for the cause. He was not content to be the "boss" of the big meeting in St. Andrew's Hall at Norwich. No place was too small for him to notice it, and encourage it in its tiny efforts. Night after night would he drive his own carriage and pair by the highways and byways which he—and perhaps his horses too—knew by heart, and talk to the East Anglian peasants in their own dialect in the cold half-lighted churches or schools. In behalf of the Society he so dearly loved he was an almost incomparable preacher and speaker. His missionary facts were all marshalled in various pigeon-holes of his memory, ready to be brought out just when they were wanted; and his sermons, popular and powerful as they were, always had the background of thorough scholarship and familiarity with the text of Scripture. His sermon at the C.M.S. Anniversary of 1894 was one of the very best in that unique series of able discourses. His text, or rather texts, will bear recalling: Rom. i. 14–16, "I am debtor," "I am ready," "I am not ashamed." Mr. Lombe was staunch and strong in his Evangelical views; indeed whatever views he held on any subject, he was staunch and strong in them. But a man may be staunch and strong without being narrow-minded. Probably there were no more decided Evangelicals in England in 1874 than Lombe, Gibbon, and Tristram; but I remember a meeting at which men of smaller calibre urged the C.M.S. to give up joining in the Day of Intercession, which the S.P.G. had originally suggested, and which the Bishops patronised, and to fix a separate one of its own,—and might have carried it if it had not been for the staunchness and strength *as Churchmen* of those three men. In his advancing years Mr. Lombe,

having married the sister of H. E. Fox (now C.M.S. Hon. Sec.)—a perfect marriage !—retired to Torquay, and there also I have enjoyed visiting him, or I should say, visiting *them*.

Through Mr. Lombe I came to know Miss Edwards of Hardingham, a true "lady bountiful," an ardent friend of the C.M.S., and a delightful hostess. She was exceedingly stout and unwieldy, yet she travelled a great deal, and her house was full of interesting pictures and curios.

My first sight of Cromer was in 1882, when I and my home party had a house there for a month. But I had met several of the Buxtons before in London, and I knew all about Colne House and Northrepps Hall, which I now saw for the first time. I have stayed at Colne House several times since; and it has always been a real pleasure to see the Dowager Lady Buxton, the venerable widow of the second baronet, and mother of the present Sir Fowell. Even since she has passed ninety years of age, she has taken keen interest in everything going on, especially in Missions and missionaries in all parts of the world. She was originally a Gurney, daughter of Samuel the banker, one of the brother "Gurneys of Earlham." I have met several interesting people at Colne House : among them the two Bishops of Norwich, Pelham and Sheepshanks, Count Andrew Bernstorff of Berlin, and Mr. Ernest de Bunsen, son of the former Prussian Ambassador, and himself a man of considerable note in both the literary and the diplomatic world. On one occasion I met John Morley at dinner. I once had the privilege of giving one of the Bible-readings at Colne House in August, which are familiar to many visitors to Cromer ; and I used on Sunday

to go with Miss Anna Buxton to the village of Runton and talk to her school there or hold a service. She has been a great strength to the missionary cause in Norfolk. From Cromer I also twice went to Sheringham in the late Mr. Upcher's time, before it was a popular watering-place, and when there were great missionary meetings of fishermen.

Northrepps Hall, two miles from Cromer, is especially interesting as the home, in the first half of the nineteenth century, of the first Sir Fowell Buxton, to whom Wilberforce, when growing old, committed the Anti-Slavery cause, and who, after years of struggle and reproach, succeeded in getting slavery abolished in the British Colonies. I remember well the honoured widow who survived him, the "Hannah" of the "Gurneys of Earlham." The old Lady Buxton above mentioned is her daughter-in-law; and one of *her* daughters married Mr. Richard Gurney, who occupied Northrepps when I knew it. His father, John Henry Gurney, lived there also in his later years, which were shadowed by the failure of the great firm of Overend, Gurney & Co. The old man was a great collector of birds, his collection rivalling that of Canon Tristram. He once asked me if the C.M.S. had any missionaries in the Andaman Isles. I said No, but expressed pleasure at his caring for the souls of the Andaman Islanders. "Oh! not at all," said he; "I only wanted a specimen of a rare bird met with there, and I thought if you had a missionary there he could find me one"! "Dick Gurney," as he was called, is dead now as well as his father. He was an ardent supporter of the C.M.S. His widow and children still give grace to the old Hall.

I have also known several other Buxton houses;

among them Easneye in Herts, the residence of the late Mr. T. Fowell Buxton, uncle of the present baronet and father of the Rev. Barclay Buxton of Japan; Warlies, the present Sir Fowell's seat near Waltham Abbey in Essex; and Woodreden, the home of his eldest son Victor, who has been a dear friend since his Cambridge days. For a few months in 1888, after he had left the University, he came to the C.M.S. and acted as an assistant to me in the Editorial Department. In October of that year he married Miss O'Rorke, and I went to Feltwell in Norfolk for the wedding. It has many times been a pleasure to visit both Warlies and Woodreden.

Great Yarmouth Vicarage I visited three or four times when the late Canon J. E. Rogers was Vicar. I had seen the grand church, said to be the largest parish church in England, long before, in the time of Canon George Venables, whom I knew well when editing *Church Bells;* but I never dreamed in those days that I should one day stand, as I did in Rogers' time, twice in that pulpit and address a vast gathering of children in the afternoon, and a scarcely less vast congregation in the evening.

One more East Anglian place must be mentioned, Dedham in Essex, where I have often been a guest at the Vicarage. The Rev. C. Alfred Jones was a member, as I have before said, of the Sunday-school Institute Committee; and we became very intimate. He was then a Westminster master, and had one of the school-houses in Little Dean's Yard; and I several times stayed there under the shadow of Westminster Abbey—as men would say, but not accurately, for the Abbey could not cast a shadow due south! Once I was at that very interesting annual function, the

Westminster Play. In 1883 I was at Grindelwald with Mr. and Mrs. Jones; and there we met Sir George Trevelyan, then Chief Secretary for Ireland in Gladstone's Ministry. Now Jones had been, in his day, President of the Cambridge Union, besides being called by the 'Varsity men "Busy Jones" (so R. Appleton has told me); and on one occasion Trevelyan, a member of the Union at that time, was troublesome, and Jones as President turned him out. They now renewed their old acquaintance, and I got a share of Trevelyan's interesting stories about the House of Commons. By the way, there was a foreign-looking man attached to him who seemed to be a courier, and who carried Lady Trevelyan's cloak when they walked out. He was a secret agent of the Foreign Office, an accomplished German, who had orders from Downing Street to keep watch over the Irish Chief Secretary, as he might be followed to Switzerland by Fenians! Well, not long after this, Gladstone released Trevelyan from his thankless post, and gave him the Duchy of Lancaster; and the first church living that fell to the gift of the new Chancellor he gave to the old President of the Cambridge Union. Thus Jones became Vicar of Dedham. I frequently visited him there, and used to wonder whether in all England there was a Vicar and his wife who knew their people better. I had a pleasant little bit of work when I went, taking a Sunday afternoon service at a mission-room in an outlying hamlet. I several times met at the Vicarage Sir John Gorst, who had a house in a neighbouring parish, but often rode over on Sunday to spend the day with Jones and read the Lessons in church. Gorst had proved himself a very able man, not only as a member of the famous

"Fourth Party"—or, as some said, Party of Four, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, Gorst, and Arthur Balfour—but as Under Secretary of State for India at the time I used to meet him, and then Minister of Education. But he was too independent, and is so to this day, for party purposes.

Coming now to the Midlands, I must pass by Derby and Leicester and Northampton and Bedford and Leamington and Cheltenham; also Peterborough, though not forgetting either the Deanery and my old friend Dr. Barlow, or the Palace, with the Bishop and the gracious presence of Lady Mary Glyn; also Birmingham, where I have spoken at many meetings and stayed in many houses, notably Mr. Alexander Chance's and Mr. Richard Cadbury's and Bishop Gore's. But I must mention three places. Once, in 1881, I slept, at Mr. Giles Shaw's at Bewdley, in the room that had been his sister-in-law's, Frances Ridley Havergal, and in which she wrote many of her poems. Miss Havergal was the first person from whom I received a type-written letter, which were new things thirty years ago. I have in my possession the original MS. (if MS. it may be called) of one of her hymns, written with a type-writer. I only saw her once. She was rarely in London, but in 1879 she called on me at the C.M. House. I was sitting in my office when a tap on the door, and my "Come in" introduced a graceful-looking lady whom I did not know. She came up to me, held out her hand and put her head forward, and said, almost in a whisper, "Frances Havergal"! It was a real delight to see one with whom I had already had pleasant correspondence, and whose

books I knew; and I was looking forward to a still more profitable friendship when, to my great grief, only a few weeks after her call, I saw the announcement of her death.

My second Midland recollection is of Lichfield, where I more than once visited the widow and daughters of Archdeacon Allen in the Cathedral Close. One of the daughters is the well-known Miss May Allen of the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, who subsequently worked several years under Bishop Blyth in Palestine and Egypt. She was my guide when I visited the Coptic churches at Old Cairo; and I have a pile of most interesting letters from her. Another daughter, Beatrice, joined the C.M.S. Japan Mission, and her memoir is a very touching book. A third, Anna, had a remarkable Men's Bible Class on Sunday afternoons at Lichfield, which grew gradually into quite a large meeting, and which I once had the privilege of addressing. As she used Sankey's hymns and extempore prayer, the Cathedral circle did not patronize it, but they could not object, because Miss A. Allen was a constant attendant at all the Cathedral services.

Once more, Nottingham. Here also I have stayed in four on five houses, but I need only mention Mrs. Gray's, or rather her son Dr. John Gray's. She was the widow of my old C.M.S. colleague, the Rev. W. Gray, and a most delightful woman. She went to India half a century ago with her brother Peter Royston, afterwards Bishop of Mauritius and then Assistant Bishop at Liverpool, who was C.M.S. Secretary at Madras; and there she married Mr. Gray. After her husband's death in 1895 she went to live with her son, a doctor at

Nottingham. Her other son is a C.M.S. missionary in Japan. One daughter went to India as a C.E. Zenana missionary, and there married Dr. St. Clair Tisdall, now so well known for his great learning. Another daughter married General Haig's son; and the remaining one eventually married the Rev. Claud Lewis, Vicar of St. Catherine's, Nottingham, and now of Parwich in Derbyshire; one of whose brothers was formerly a C.M.S. missionary, while his sister still is so. Mrs. Claud Lewis has always been an affectionate and valued friend.

(Since this chapter was written, three friends of whom it tells have passed away, viz. Mr. Lombe, Mr. Jones, and Miss Anna Buxton; and another East Anglian, Dean Lefroy, whose name appears in a later chapter. So old ties, one after another, are severed, each severance a reminder of the "little while"—"how little! how little!" as Heb. x. 37 seems to mean, *μικρὸν ὅσον ὅσον*. That verse, indeed, refers to the Coming of the Lord; but is not the death of His servants His "coming" for them?)

CHAPTER XXVIII

VISITS IN THE SOUTH

Kent—Bickley and the Howards—Tunbridge Wells: Canon Hoare, &c. —Croydon, Red Hill, &c.—Copsley—Rowfant—Brighton and Eastbourne—Southsea and the Isle of Wight—Bournemouth—Escot and the Kennaways—Bishop Bickersteth—Bridehead and Salisbury—Wells, Bath, Clifton, Plymouth.

VISITS south of London have been more numerous than visits north, notwithstanding the much smaller area included; but there is not so much of interest to say about them. Beginning with Kent, I must pass over Blackheath, and the successive out-lying suburbs on the Chatham and Dover Railway, Penge, Beckenham, Shortlands, Bromley, Bickley, where I attended many meetings of different kinds, before I had any idea of living in that district. I always found a welcome at the homes of my old friends T. Adams Phillips and C. R. Ford at Bromley, also at Mr. Theodore Howard's, Westleigh, Bickley—two of whose daughters came to me, independently of one another, on the same day in 1891, to offer for missionary service. The doctors declined one; but the other, Dora, the eldest of the family, went to Japan in the autumn of that year, and has worked most zealously there ever since. Her four younger sisters are all married, she alone remaining single. Of the beauty of that home when all were there together, and of their mother's bright influence

and her Y.W.C.A. work, I must not speak. But I may just mention the very pleasant drawing-room Bible-readings on winter evenings, as I have been privileged to give several myself. Mr. Howard has been for many years chairman of the China Inland Mission. One of his brothers is a valued member of the C.M.S. Committee, and another is a familiar figure at the S.P.C.K. and in the House of Laymen.

I pass over Maidstone, Canterbury, Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, Folkestone, &c. Tunbridge Wells, the most fruitful of all those fruitful fields of C.M.S. influence, the Southern watering-places, has been frequently visited. One remembers the old Vicarage in Canon Edward Hoare's time ; the garden in which I addressed his Sunday-school teachers, and heard gratefully the old veteran's exclamation at the end, "Very nice! very nice indeed!"—and the study in which, at family prayers, he seemed to revel in the pages of his great Bible, as he turned them over and over in the course of his fervent exposition. It was supposed that Trinity Church could never, after his death, maintain its conspicuous lead in the town, the diocese, one may even say the country ; yet who is not ashamed of his doubts now in the face of Mr. Stather Hunt's ministry ? Several other houses have I stayed in besides Trinity Vicarage, notably the late Bishop Alford's for an Easter holiday twenty years ago. I had known the Bishop long before that as Vicar of Holy Trinity, Islington. He was in his later years a prominent member of the C.M.S. Committee, and combined in an unusual degree very decided Protestant opinions with recognition of the rights of the Episcopate. Of my

opportunities of personal service at Tunbridge Wells I most valued the Conventions to which I was invited by Captain Baring. Of neighbouring places I recall Southborough, with visits to Mr. Hay Chapman, and to Mrs. Fairlie Clarke, widow of the doctor mentioned in former chapters; Brenchley and its former blind Vicar, Mr. Storr, and its wonderful Missionary Meeting of five hundred villagers, and its missionary boxes producing £300 a year; Tonbridge, where I addressed its famous School thirty years ago, and which I never visited again till I went at Mr. Baskerville's invitation to expound Pan-Anglican plans; and Langton, where occurred the first of the fainting fits which led to the C.M.S. Committee "dismissing" me from the Editorial Secretaryship, and where my kind host Mr. Stanley Puckle lately died.

Coming into Surrey, Croydon suggests George Anthony King, my cabin companion to America in 1900, and fellow-worker in several varied spheres; Mitcham, Sydney Gedge and his garden Missionary Meetings in old days before he went into Parliament; Red Hill, the late Mr. Brass, Vicar of St. Matthew's, who died far away when on an American tour, deeply lamented; Reigate, General and Mrs. Hatt Noble, Keswick friends much honoured for their goodness and their diligence in the Master's service; Limpsfield, the Missionaries' Children's Home and the delightful Sundays and other days spent there; Dormansland, Lewis Dibdin, and his pleasant country-house, Nobles, whither he moved when he left Hampstead; Guildford, Mr. Paynter and his happy "southern Keswick," and the joyous smile which all his friends remember so well; Shere, Miss Clementina Locke-King, daughter of a once famous Radical

M.P. who advocated household suffrage long before Disraeli gave it, and now C.E.Z. Missionary in China. One house, however, calls for particular mention, Copsley, at the village of Outwood, a few miles from Red Hill. It was built by Mrs. Dyce Alexander twenty years ago in a district purposely chosen by her, not for its Evangelical ministry as so many do, but as having scarcely any religious advantages. At one end of the house she built a kind of *dépendance* where women and children from East End slums might be taken in for a week's fresh air, and at the other end a small mission-hall for occasional services and meetings; but she never allowed anything to interfere with the Vicar's church services or other plans, such as they were—"Low Church" enough! but without a spark of Evangelical fire. Bishops and Missionaries and home clergy and workers of both sexes know the rest of a few days at Copsley. I once met there a lady of good Scottish family, Miss Stirling, who had been the head of the Salvation Army in Switzerland, and had been imprisoned by the Berne Government in the Castle of Chillon, whence Mrs. Alexander herself had rescued her.

Crossing the county boundary into Sussex, we come to a house better known even than Copsley, though by very different people. This is Rowfant, the residence of the late Frederick Locker and Mrs. Locker Lampson, the former famous for his *vers de société* and the latter for her speeches on temperance and other platforms. I suppose the most remarkable thing in the house is the Visitors' Book, with original and unpublished poems by Tennyson and Browning, and sketches by Millais and Leighton.

One rather shrank from entering one's undistinguished name in such a book! Another house of interest, again in a different way, is Stanmer, the seat of the Earls of Chichester.

The Sussex watering-places are of course all familiar, but I need only mention Brighton and Eastbourne. Brighton is linked with my very early recollections of Mr. Vaughan of Christ Church. It was a great privilege in middle life to address his juvenile Missionary Meeting, which I remembered so well from boyish days. In later years, Mr. Gregory of Emmanuel, Mr. McCormick of St. Matthew's, Mr. Snowdon Smith (father of the late Archbishop of Sydney), and Mr. Hubert Brooke of St. Margaret's, have been my clerical hosts, not to mention several lay houses. To Mr. Brooke I owe a deep debt of gratitude for both personal hospitality and his wonderful Bible-readings at Keswick. My work at Brighton has been varied. For my part in special C.M.S. Meetings, Mr. E. D. Stead of Lewes, the active chairman of the Chichester Diocesan Board of Missions and Hon. Secretary of the Canterbury Provincial Board, is responsible, as well as for united Meetings on Diocesan and Pan-Anglican lines; but I have also spoken at Sunday-school Meetings, at a Convention on Keswick lines, at an Evangelical Conference, and at an evangelistic Meeting for railwaymen. At one time, when Mr. Gregory was not satisfied about C.M.S. orthodoxy, I was the only representative of the Society whom he would allow to address his people.

Eastbourne has varied memories of a similar kind. As to houses, I have stayed at the Vicarage in the Old Town, and at Trinity Vicarage, as well as

at private homes, particularly at Mrs. Storr's when she lived there—concerning whom more presently.

Of the Hampshire coast I have seen much less. I have never stayed in Portsmouth, though I once addressed a Meeting at the invitation of Mr. Lang, now Archbishop of York; and only twice at Southampton, at the house of the late Mr. Hankinson. Of Southsea, on the other hand, I have the brightest recollections; of Mr. Baldey and St. Simon's Vicarage, and the annual Convention, where I spoke several years running, and met many true brothers and sisters in Christ. Of the Isle of Wight my chief memories are of my childhood; but I have had my parts in Missionary gatherings at Newport, Sandown, Ventnor, &c.

There remains Bournemouth. I had been a good many times there when my sister Sarah used to spend each winter in the sunshine of the coast; but I had not taken any part in meetings and the like. But when my old friend Mrs. Faithfull, and her widowed daughter Mrs. Storr, and the latter's daughters, went to live there, they brought me into a connection with the place. Bournemouth was even then regarded as a warm supporter of the C.M.S.; but Mrs. Faithfull, who always had large ideas, was by no means satisfied, and although, as a new-comer, she wished to avoid interference with existing organization, she contrived to arrange a little campaign for me in March 1888. There was a drawing-room meeting at Bassendean, the residence of "Mrs. Fiennes," the lady I had stayed with at Harrogate, at which a Branch of the Gleaners' Union was founded, under the auspices of the present Dean Eliot of Windsor, then Vicar of Holy Trinity. I also spoke at the Y.M.C.A.; also at the Saturday Prayer-meeting;

also at the early Prayer-meeting on Sunday morning; also at the great Shaftesbury Hall service which Captain Dawson was then carrying on with striking success each Sunday afternoon. Just a year later I went again, at the invitation of Miss Mary Burrows, who had taken up the Gleaners' Union as Secretary, and worked it very energetically. But, to my great sorrow, she died a few days before I went down. Miss Margaret Crichton-Stuart succeeded her, and for three years worked splendidly. Again and again I went down at her invitation, for all sorts of meetings—until one day I asked Mr. Percy Grubb to go instead of me; and the eventual result was that Miss Crichton-Stuart became Mrs. Grubb! For some years the Gleaners' Union was worked by Mrs. Storr's daughters; but her lamented death (before mentioned) has scattered the party. Other ladies have since then carried on all branches of home work for the C.M.S.; and Bournemouth, with Boscombe, which, when I went in 1888, was sending up about £200 a year, now sends over £3000. Mr. Burrows, brother of the lady who died, and Vicar of St. Paul's, has for some years been an untiring Secretary; and several of the other clergy have been hearty friends, including Canon W. Eliot, who succeeded the Dean at Trinity, and the two successive Vicars of the fine flourishing new church of St. John at Boscombe, Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Kennedy. My own visits have been numerous, and I have stayed in several houses; among them Lindisfarne, where Earl Cairns died, and where his beloved widow still dispenses gracious hospitality. From her I am always sure of a hearty welcome; and once she received me at her Highland home, Dunira, as mentioned in my chapter on Scot-

land. Lindisfarne, as long as the Dowager Countess is there, will never be unworthy of its historic name. But it misses the bright presence of Lady Kathleen, now the wife of Mr. Eliot of Eastbourne.

In the South-West of England it is natural to think first of Escot. I originally knew Sir John Kennaway as a friend of Dr. Fairlie Clarke, whom I have mentioned before. But my first introduction to Escot was not through Sir John. When Lieutenant George Shergold Smith—whom I had known through Dr. Clarke, and whom I had myself taken to the C.M.S.—went to Africa in command of the first missionary party to Uganda, his family invited me to Devonshire. His father, Captain Smith, R.N., was Sir John Kennaway's agent, as I mentioned in a former chapter, and lived in the house which is now Escot Vicarage,—where accordingly I stayed.

It was not till Sir John became President of the C.M.S., in 1887, that I first visited Escot House itself—in September of that year. It is needless here to describe that house and its surroundings. This was done effectively only a few months ago both in the *World* and in the *Sunday at Home*. Suffice it to say that I fell in love with Escot at first sight, and that every visit since has only increased that love. I have been there in the summer, with the park and gardens in all their beauty. I have been there in the winter, and have ascended with the home party on to the roof at midnight to hear the distant bells ringing the old year out and the new year in. I have stood under the splendid horse-shoe clump of beeches said to have been planted by the philosopher Locke. I have again and again worshipped in the village church,

with Sir John reading the Lessons and his daughter Gertrude at the organ. I have often read Sir John's striking inscription on the tablet to the memory of Lieutenant Shergold Smith, a tablet ingeniously constructed like the sectional view of a ship's hull. I have taken the pretty country walk to Ottery St. Mary—the "Clavering St. Mary" of Thackeray's *Pendennis* — and inspected the grand old church there. I have gone on to the pleasant watering-place of Sidmouth, and climbed the high hills overlooking the sea both east and west. I have seen a Primrose League demonstration in the park, with merry-go-rounds and conjuring for the rank and file, and a meeting on the terrace for the "quality," at which many leading Devonian families were present, and where — softly be it spoken—the chief speaker, a London barrister sent down from headquarters, talked loudly about "our grand old Church" and the duty of defending the Establishment against Radicals and Dissenters, although I found out next day that he only spoke from his brief, being himself a Roman Catholic!

But after all, one's affection rather concentrates itself indoors; not merely admiring the curious Indian pictures on the staircase, and Mr. Ouless's fine portrait of Sir John which was exhibited in the Academy two years ago—but rather recalling the family prayers in the morning, and the perfect way in which the master of the house conducts them—or the men's Bible class on Sunday evening, formerly Sir John's own and now his daughter's, which I have enjoyed taking now and then—or the still more private fellowship with master and mistress and young mistress, a privilege indeed for which to thank God.

Men somehow do not think of Sir John Kennaway as a Balliol man who took a first-class at Oxford, or as a traveller over the United States just after the desolating Civil War of 1861–65, or as the author of a charming book relating what he saw there, with a title, *On Sherman's Track,* recalling the wonderful march of General Sherman which broke the back of the Southern Confederacy. To the journalist he is "the burly Devonshire baronet," the Father now of the House of Commons, the wearer of the biggest beard to be seen there. "Toby, M.P." deliciously hit off Sir John's unfailing disgust at needless waste of time when he pictured him leaving the House with the muttered grumble, "Two mortal hours over that!"—whatever "that" may have been. It is pretty to note the ready smile with which the smart yet dignified attendants open the door to the coveted seats under the gallery when so old and honoured a member asks if there is room for a friend there. I have been that friend several times. A seat there is very different from one in the gallery above ; and one does not lose it when Sir John takes one off for half-an-hour for a "chop" in the dining-room.

But most of us know him better as President of the Church Missionary Society and the London Jews' Society, and chairman of their annual meetings. Nature has not gifted him with fluency of speech, but listeners who care for the matter rather than the manner of an address will always find Sir John Kennaway worth listening to. Few men excel him in the art of putting the essence of a subject into a few perfectly appropriate words. And he is not a mere figure-head as a President. He takes a keen interest in the details of the work, and his judgement

is constantly sought on any question of importance, and highly valued.

Out of many of Sir John's letters which I have kept I must give myself the pleasure of presenting a few lines from two. The first was written when I had been very ill at Nice, and the second at the sad Christmas of 1899, in the midst of the Boer War:—

C.M.S., *Jan.* 28, 1892.

Dear Eugene Stock,—I rejoice greatly to find here an improved report of your progress. How trying your enforced illness must be to you; but you will find comfort in the thought that many are praying for you, and will be greatly helped, I doubt not, to wait on the Master's will and accept His time for your return to work and usefulness. In the long hours of waiting what crowds of busy thought will have floated across your brain to bring forth fruit later on, which in health might never have had time for development. May Christ be with you very closely now,

> For pain and sorrow make Him
> Nearer and nearer seem,
> Till life becomes a story
> Of which He is the theme. . . .

Yours very truly, J. H. Kennaway.

Escot, *Dec.* 24, 99.

My dear Stock . . . I felt very bad about the war when the news came of the loss of Buller's guns and the loss of so many precious lives. One almost felt we had undertaken a task beyond our strength. But that fear was, I think, exaggerated. . . . I doubt if we shall have a Day of Humiliation: the more responsibility is thrown on God's praying people to plead that out of all this distress there may come

to the nation and to our soldiers the awakening to the Higher Life and to the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. . . . All here join in warmest wishes, and I remain,—Yours most truly,

J. H. KENNAWAY.

When staying at Escot, I frequently, in Bishop Bickersteth's time, went on to Exeter, and stayed at the Palace. I had no kinder or more affectionate friend than the Bishop; and he was a most interesting companion, many-sided, full of taste and culture, and with a genial optimism that particularly appealed to me. I was permitted to give him a great many suggestions when he was preparing the third edition of the *Hymnal Companion*, and he adopted a fair proportion of them, though not some for which I cared most. I once stayed with him and his family circle for a fortnight, at Lynton, during his holiday. In the house he had taken, and in the neighbouring houses, there were, I think, thirty or forty of his nearest relatives, particularly children and grandchildren; and I was the only one of the party unconnected by kinship. Bishop Edward Bickersteth of Japan was there, and very interesting were long walks and talks with him. It was a few weeks after the Third Lambeth Conference, 1888; and during my stay I wrote a long article on that gathering, helped by the two Bishops' personal accounts of the proceedings. As Bishop of Exeter, Dr. E. H. Bickersteth had undoubtedly a difficult task in succeeding so tremendous a personality as Dr. Temple. After the rugged strength of that great man, his gentle sympathy seemed almost weakness. But the clergy of all schools soon came to realize that they had in him a true Father in God, who could enter into and understand their petty parochial

difficulties as the Rugby Headmaster never could. I remember being told by clergy at Melbourne, referring to two successive Bishops there, that they "admired Moorhouse, but loved Goe"; and in Exeter Diocese the contrast was of the same kind. And he was not really weak. He could put his foot down very decidedly when it was necessary. But, to vary the figure, when there was an iron hand, there was generally a velvet glove over it. Of the many letters I had from him, I append one:—

THE PALACE, EXETER, 18 *March*, 1890.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I really do not know how to thank you enough for all the loving care you have devoted to my Hymnal. . . . I had already anticipated your wishes in some cases; for instance, in restoring "Jesu, Thou wounded Lamb of God," and in introducing "On the Resurrection morning." But all your suggestions shall have the most careful, I may say prayerful, consideration. For of all the friends to whom I submitted my work, you and the Bishop of Wakefield[1] and my son Samuel[2] have helped me most.—Yours very gratefully,

E. H. EXON.

Bridehead, in Dorset, the residence of Colonel Robert Williams, M.P., the Treasurer of the Church Missionary Society, is a delightful house of which one might say a good deal. An interesting point in the family is that of his six children, five have Bible names, Nathaniel and Philip, Mary and Rachel and Rhoda. The exception is Margaret, wife of the Bishop of Wellington, New Zealand. I hope I am not trespassing if I mention that in 1890 the eldest daughter, Mary, confided to me her desire to be a missionary, but she "would wait till she was twenty-

[1] Walsham How. [2] Now Vicar of Leeds.

five." When I was in Canada in 1895, I received a letter from her, telling me that she was now the prescribed age, but that she found herself called in the providence of God to Home work instead of Foreign, for she was just engaged to marry the Bishop of Salisbury! And excellent "home work" has it been. Is it not a true "mission" to brighten the life of a hard-working Bishop, and to make his house a home and headquarters for all sorts of good works, Foreign Missions not excluded? Massive learning, I may observe, does not necessarily make a man "dry as dust" like George Eliot's Mr. Casaubon; which remark a visit to the Palace at Salisbury would serve to illustrate.

But my usual quarters at Salisbury have been at Fisherton Rectory, where Mr. and Mrs. Thwaites combine so remarkably the most downright spiritual fervour and evangelistic zeal with the "merry heart" that is "a continual feast." Nowhere have I spent happier hours than in that Rectory; and nowhere have I more enjoyed speaking than in the Maundrel Hall (named after a Marian martyr at Salisbury), whether at the Missionary Anniversary in May or at the Convention in September. The Bishop did a generous and a worthy thing when he appointed Mr. Thwaites an Honorary Canon of the Cathedral; and the genuine pleasure with which the High Churchmen of the diocese welcomed the appointment of so pronounced and outspoken an Evangelical is a striking illustration of the good feeling that may prevail among men who differ widely in their theological and ecclesiastical views.

Another ancient centre of ecclesiastical life which I have visited is Wells, enjoying the gracious hos-

pitality of Bishop and Mrs. Kennion, and addressing a great gathering of clergy and laity at the Diocesan Missionary Festival. Is there any cathedral and close and palace to compare with Wells ? I certainly thought not when I was there.

The other see city of that diocese, Bath, I have often stayed at, but at various houses; and the same remark applies to Bristol and Clifton. I have many pleasant memories of both cities, though I pass them by now, only mentioning two Clifton hosts, Canon Head, known and loved, with his wife and daughter, for many years, and Mr. James Inskip, staunchest of Protestants, sturdiest of English gentlemen, most genial of friends, whose sons, the cleric and the barrister, are surely destined for prominent and useful service in Church and State.

I must return to Devonshire just to mention Plymouth, where, in January 1907, in weather (N.E. wind and hard frost) anything but Devonian, I had a week's missionary campaign under the auspices of my very kind former colleague at C.M.S., Prebendary Burroughs. It included two sermons to crowded congregations in the great church of St. Andrew.

CHAPTER XXIX

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND

Scotland: First Visit, 1874—Holiday Tours—Dr. Farquhar, Sir W. Muir, &c.—Humbie, Mertoun, Rossie, Dunira, &c.—Address to General Assembly—Other Speeches, &c.—Ireland: Early Visits—Bp. Pakenham Walsh, Miss Alcock, Miss Chadwick, Sir Algernon Coote, &c. —Crossing the Irish Sea.

I HAVE paid twenty visits to Scotland and six to Ireland. My first to the Land o' Cakes was in 1874, when my wife Eliza and I, with Charles Bosanquet and his wife and two daughters, went to Edinburgh, Stirling, the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, &c. We two were shown the lions of Edinburgh by Dr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Littlejohn, the Medical Officer of Health, an admirable guide. That was the year of Moody and Sankey's great Scottish campaign, and although we did not come across them, we saw their influence in the large Daily Prayer-meeting in the Free Church Assembly Hall, where we heard some of the now familiar "Sacred Songs" for the first time.

In 1877 and 1878 we had two long holiday tours, visiting the Perthshire district and Braemar and the West Coast, including Iona and Skye. At Aberdeen we stayed with Dr. Farquhar, whom I had met at Canon Tristram's, at Durham. He was a most interesting and delightful man. He had been Staff-Surgeon to Lord Lawrence in India, had been in

eleven battles, and was one of the founders of the C.M.S. Peshawar Mission. Such a combination of bright humour and deep piety is rarely to be seen. On other occasions I met at his house General Lawrence, brother of John and Henry, and Lady Herbert Edwardes, widow of the famous Anglo-Indian soldier and administrator and orator. In 1878 we spent a Sunday in Edinburgh with Dr. Mackay, father of Alexander Mackay of Uganda, and heard Horatius Bonar preach in his own church.

Among friends whom I met at Edinburgh at other times in the 'eighties were Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth, whose sister went as a C.M.S. missionary to Palestine; Miss Mackenzie, a true "lady bountiful"; Dr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, the distinguished Scottish missionaries in India; and Sir William and Lady Muir, at whose handsome residence, Dean Park House, I stayed more than once. Sir William, I need hardly say, had been Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces of India, and was a warm supporter of Missions. When I visited him, he was Principal of Edinburgh University. He was a ripe Arabic scholar, one of the greatest authorities on Mohammedanism, and the author of several valuable works on that subject.

Another house at which I stayed three or four times was Humbie House, in East-Lothian, the residence of the Hon. Walter Scott, Master of Polwarth, whose wife I knew as Sir Fowell Buxton's eldest daughter. Twice also I visited his father, Lord Polwarth, at Mertoun House, St. Boswells, with its grounds on the banks of the Tweed. Also I was twice a guest at Lord Kinnaird's, Rossie Priory, in Perthshire, and once at Dunira, in the same

county, to visit the Dowager Countess Cairns. A specially memorable visit was in 1891 to the present Lord Blythswood, then the Rev. Sholto Douglas, at his yachting country-house at Balmacara, on Loch Alsh, because it was there that Sir W. Mackinnon and Bishop Tucker and I, with our host, formed the plan for saving Uganda to British and Christian influence, as before mentioned.

Almost wherever I stayed I was pressed into service for lay ministrations of some kind. At Rossie and Dunira and Balmacara I conducted services on Sundays. Sometimes there were Bible-readings, sometimes evangelistic addresses in halls or tents. But my most important work was in Edinburgh, and of this something more must be said.

And first, I was invited in 1896 by Professor Charteris, one of the Queen's Scottish Chaplains, to go to Edinburgh in May, when the three Presbyterian Churches hold their great annual gatherings, and address the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland on Missions. This was a very great honour. Scotsmen have very little to learn from Englishmen on any subject, and, as a matter of fact, it is not a common thing for outsiders to receive such an invitation. In (I think) the very next year Archbishop Temple received one to speak in the Assembly on Temperance, and did so. That May week, or rather fortnight, is a remarkable time. There is nothing in England at all like it. The King's Commissioner opens the Assembly in state, with a procession and military escort. He sojourns in Holyrood Palace, and gives dinners and receptions every night, all the principal clergy and laity being invited in turn. The Assembly meets in its hall—

really a large church—at the top of the High Street. The floor is entirely filled with the members, and the galleries are crowded with the public. At the east end is a gallery in which the Commissioner sits with his suite. In front of this, where the pulpit would naturally be, is the high seat for the Moderator of the year, who presides in court dress under his academical robes. For several days the debates go on, often very animated, sometimes very dull.

The Church of Scotland carries on its own Foreign Missions without the intervention of voluntary Societies; and I do not think the result is encouraging to the advocates of that principle. The very questions which in the C.M.S. or S.P.G. would be discussed by committees consisting of men sympathising with the work and knowing its details have in Scotland to come before an Assembly of three or four hundred persons, many of whom know little of the subject, and care less. Still there is the advantage of even these men at least hearing what is going on. Professor Charteris and Dr. McMurtrie (the Secretary of the Mission Board) had certain motions on for the more vigorous working of the Church's Foreign Missions, and I was to speak in support of the forward movement they were planning. I was received by the Moderator, who that year was Dr. Scott, Minister of St. George's (who died lately), and allotted a seat near him. The hall was quite full, and it was no slight ordeal to address so critical an audience. I spoke for three-quarters of an hour, and afterwards found that I ought to have gone on much longer. A formal vote of thanks was accorded me, and I was addressed by the Moderator in eulo-

gistic terms; but I have always felt that while the honour done to me was great, the profit derived by the Assembly was small indeed. It is true that, turning over old letters lately, I came on one from Dr. Charteris saying, "You did us splendid service. Your Assembly speech—may I say it?—was just perfect." But I never believed that, or anything like it. However, only last year (1908) the Moderator for that year—the one whose unexpected death so saddened the General Assembly of May last—whom I met in London, spoke to me of my address of 1896 spontaneously, and assured me seriously that after the lapse of twelve years the effect was still perceptible. This, if one could believe it—and Scotsmen are not given to "blarney"—would be comforting. (Since I wrote this, another leading Edinburgh clergyman, a fellow-member with me of the party of representatives of British Churches to Germany in June, 1909, spontaneously said to me the same thing. So there must be some little truth in it.)

The other Presbyterian Churches hold their Assemblies at the same time, but without the state conferred by Establishment. In 1896 they were the Free Church and the "U.P.'s" (United Presbyterians). They would now be the United Free Church, formed by the union of those two bodies, and the "Free Church" composed of the objectors to the union, familiarly known as "Wee Frees." *The* Free Church (now U.F.) has much larger Missions than the Established Church, and most of the great Scottish missionaries, Duff, Wilson, Murray Mitchell, Miller, Laws, Stewart of Lovedale, &c., have belonged to it, though those who went out before

the separation of 1843 were, of course, originally members of the Establishment. I was most kindly received by the Free leaders also, and spoke at one of their Breakfasts. Large breakfasts and state dinners, in fact—and garden parties—mingle in that week with vehement debates and with quiet prayer-meetings, &c. I spoke at several other meetings of different kinds, two of them in connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church. Part of the time I stayed with Dr. Charteris, and part with Mr. R. Stuart, brother of Bishop Stuart of New Zealand and Persia, and father of Dr. Emmeline Stuart of the Persia Mission.

Two other occasions of speaking at Edinburgh may be just mentioned. One was a great gathering of the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Aberdeen, in 1901. The other was a little campaign a few months earlier, in January 1901, the week following Queen Victoria's death. I had a meeting of the (old) "U.P." Women's Association; a gathering of Gleaners at a private house; a talk to the students at the Free Church's Training Home for Women, so admirably worked by Miss Small; a meeting of University students; and two sermons at Episcopal churches, one at St. Thomas's (Mr. Colclough's), and the other at St. Peter's (Mr. Dawson's, the biographer of Bishop Hannington). At the latter church, in view of the Queen's death, my text was, "Of *His* Kingdom there shall be *no end*."

I now turn to Ireland. My first visit was in 1874, when I went over to stay with Archdeacon Alcock at Waterford. His daughter, Miss Deborah Alcock, is the author of several excellent historical

tales, written on Christian lines, particularly *The Spanish Brothers*, *The Southern Cross and Southern Crown*, *The Days of Knox*, &c. I also visited the Dean of Cashel, Dr. Pakenham Walsh, at the famous Rock. He afterwards became Bishop of Ossory and Ferns. He had been Organizing Secretary of the C.M.S. for Ireland, and was always a fervent advocate of Missions; and two of his sons are missionaries to-day, one in the C.M.S. Fuh-kien Mission, and the other in the S.P.G. South India Mission. He was a delightful companion, full of Irish wit as well as a faithful servant of his Lord. My next visit was in 1890, when I spoke at the Dublin Convention, and at other Meetings in and near that city. I stayed part of the time with Mrs. Smyly, so well known for her Bird's-Nest Schools, and mother of Mrs. Robert Stewart; and part with the Rev. Mr. Bradshaw, whose daughters have done such excellent work, one as the wife of the Rev. J. G. Garrett, of the C.M.S. Ceylon Mission; one as a C.E.Z. missionary in China; and the third as a woman of great influence for good in the Y.M.C.A. and the Keswick movement.

In 1895 I had a missionary tour in Ireland, speaking at Kingstown, Monkstown, Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry, Armagh, &c. Among my hosts were Archbishop Gregg at Armagh, and Bishop Welland of Down and Connor, at Holywood, near Belfast. The Bishop of Derry, now Archbishop Alexander, presided at the meeting in his city. One incident of this tour is worth recording. It was at this time that the first party of ladies for Uganda was being selected and prepared. Among those who had offered was Miss Chadwick, daughter of the present

Bishop of Derry. He was then Dean of Armagh, and I met him there. Miss Chadwick had been declined because she was under thirty years of age, and the C.M.S. had determined that the first ladies sent must be over that limit. On talking with her, I was so struck by her ability and the maturity of her mind, that I wrote at once to Salisbury Square, begging that, unless there was some other reason against her, she might not be refused on the ground of age only. The result was that she was invited to go over again to London, and that she was accepted. Her splendid work in Uganda, particularly her mastery of the language and her skill as a trainer of native teachers, has of course given me particular satisfaction.

Another missionary campaign in Ireland was in 1901, but was confined to Dublin and its neighbourhood. I stayed with Archbishop Peacocke. In 1905, I went over at the invitation of Dr. Bernard, Dean of St. Patrick's, to address the Theological Society of Trinity College, at its annual gathering, a very interesting function. I stayed with Canon Walsh, Rector of Donnybrook, and had some other meetings also. I paid a visit to Sir Algernon Coote, at Ballyfin House, in Queen's County, and saw the fine works of art with which a previous baronet had adorned the house. Sir Algernon's sister had been a missionary recruit of mine at Keswick some years before, and had worked under C.M.S. in Palestine. My sixth visit to Ireland was to the C.M.S. Summer School at Portrush, in 1907.

It is worth noticing, that while these six visits of course involved twelve voyages across the Irish Sea, I never once had a rough passage, although they

are so common. And of the four times I have also been on that sea in Atlantic liners, only one was marked by bad weather, and that was when returning from Canada in the depth of winter—in fact on Christmas Eve.

CHAPTER XXX

ABROAD

Denmark—The Rhine—Paris—Switzerland—Heiden—The Grands Mulets—Milan—Webb-Peploe at the Riffel—Peril on Pilatus—My Italian Tour—Christian Work in Italy—Capellini's Soldiers—C.M.S. Meeting in Rome—Lady Dufferin—A Roman Catholic Sermon—A Benedictine Monastery—Illness at Nice—British Church Representatives in Germany.

My first visit to the Continent was to an unusual place, Tonning in Schleswig-Holstein. This was as far back as 1852, when I was a school-boy at Lowestoft. A new line of steamers had been projected to run between Lowestoft and Tonning, and I was taken on one voyage by Mr. Daniel Henry Fry, youngest son of the famous Mrs. Fry. We were only in Denmark (to which Tonning then belonged) some twenty-four hours, so there is nothing more to be said about it.

My sisters were for two or three years at school at Wiesbaden ; and in April 1860 I went over to fetch one of them home, visiting Antwerp and Cologne *en route*, and also seeing Mayence and Frankfort and Heidelberg. The completion of Cologne Cathedral had not then been undertaken, and I saw the great crane still standing on one of the unfinished towers, as it had stood for hundreds of years. Another recollection is that I went up the Rhine in a snow-storm ; another, that my sisters took me to see the gambling saloon in the Kursaal at Wiesbaden, which

at that date was in full swing, though afterwards suppressed; and yet another, that in that Kursaal I read in the *Times* a three-column account of the memorable fight between Sayers and Heenan! Would the *Times* now give three columns to such a thing?

In 1869 I visited Paris for the first time, seeing, of course, the principal "lions," and, what I valued as much, becoming acquainted with the Rev. J. F. Serjeant, then Assistant-Chaplain at the Anglican Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau under Dr. Forbes. But of Mr. Serjeant I have written in a previous chapter. The Emperor Napoleon III. was lying ill at St. Cloud at the time, just a year before the Franco-German War; and when I next went abroad, in 1871, the year following the war, I saw, on the heights above Bingen on the Rhine, one of the camps of French prisoners. The great *débacle* had occurred in 1870.

My first visit to Switzerland was in 1875, with my wife Eliza; and Mr. Serjeant was our companion and guide. We visited the Oberland and the Lakes of Lucerne and Geneva. We only left England on September 1st, and for almost a whole month had continuous fine weather. The most interesting reminiscence of this tour is our meeting General and Mrs. Lake (see Chapter XII.) at Lucerne. He had lately resigned his secretaryship at the C.M.S. on account of failing health. We went a three days' tour with them up the St. Gothard to Andermatt and the Furka, of course in a carriage hired for the trip, there being then no railway. One thing the General said has been a kind of proverb or maxim with me ever since. He could not walk uphill much, and

being thus unable to take excursions that were easy to others, he smilingly said, "We accept the situation." It is a very good maxim for daily life.

In 1878 I went to Paris for a week with G. Martin Tait. He was at that time acting as Hon. Secretary to a Committee on the Blind, I think under the London Diocesan Conference ; and in that Exposition year the French Government had invited to Paris representatives of all such institutions, so he went officially. He spent most of the time at Conferences on the Blind, while I visited Miss De Broen's Mission in Belleville, and Miss Leigh's Homes for English Girls. He was invited to two grand evening receptions at Government offices, and he obtained cards also for me; so we had an interesting glimpse into the splendour of French official life even under a Republic.

It is needless to enumerate my several visits to Switzerland and the Rhine country. I was but an ordinary tourist, and did not leave beaten tracks. Perhaps one might regard Heiden, in Canton Appenzell, as off them. It is a village some 1500 feet above the Lake of Constance, with a hotel frequented by Germans who come across from Lindau in Bavaria. My old friend David Hinderer, of the C.M.S. Yoruba Mission, had gone to live there on his retirement, and in 1880 we went to see him. I was greatly struck with the picturesque beauty of the country between Heiden and St. Gall ; of course no snow peaks, except a distant view of Sentis, but high hills, deep valleys, pine forests, thriving villages, and an industrious people, different indeed from the dwellers in the Valais. Hinderer afterwards moved across the Lake to Lindau, and on another occasion

I went to see him there. Here I may mention a comical incident. Going up the little mountain railway from Zurich to the Uetliberg I found myself sitting opposite the Lord Mayor of that year (1880), Sir Francis Truscott, who was the printer of my Lessons and of the *Gleaner*. I was just greeting him, when he whispered, "Don't betray me! I have just come from the Tyrol, and a friend touring there ahead of me told everybody the Lord Mayor was coming, and I have been charged double for everything!"

In 1883, the year after my wife Eliza's death, my sister Caroline and I had a long tour, comprising the Oberland, Chamonix, the Italian Lakes, and Milan. Part of the time we were with Charles Bosanquet and his two eldest daughters (see Chapter XXVI.), and part with C. A. Jones and his wife. It was on this tour that we met Sir George Trevelyan at Grindelwald, as related in Chapter XXVII. I have never presumed to attempt Alpine climbing; but on this occasion my sister and I did ascend to the Grands Mulets, and the guides declared that *she* could go anywhere. They did not pay me the same compliment! This walk, and another when Dean Lefroy took me to the Théodule Pass from the Riffel Alp, are the only two occasions when I have been roped.

I must just mention our experience at Milan. We ascended the main spire of the Cathedral early in the morning to see the sun rise. The mist was so thick that the attempt seemed hopeless, but it was our only chance. Just as we reached the top we emerged from the mist. The great plain of Lombardy was like a sea: not a building nor a tree could be seen; but the

vast semicircle of the Alps rose up clear and glorious above the mist, with Monte Rosa in the centre. Magnificent! Then, down in the city, as I need hardly say, there was another absolutely unique thing —the "Last Supper," of Leonardo da Vinci. It seemed to me, as I stood before it entranced, that I had never seen painting before—if painting it may be called. Of the hundreds of copies, and photographs from copies, that I have seen, not one really reproduces *the Face*, that inconceivably ethereal face. But I have a photo from the fresco itself, which does just suffice to remind one of the original. The photo shows the blotches on the fresco painfully, but I prefer it so to the most perfect copy.

On one of my visits to the Zermatt district, in 1887, I found Prebendary Webb-Peploe at the Riffel Alp ill. He had been ordered absolute rest, and was strictly forbidden by his doctor to take any services or Bible-readings, or to read anything except the Bible and novels; and he did diligently read every novel in the hotel library. When we left (my sister Caroline was with me), we brought him with us. Of course there was then no rail in the Zermatt valley, but we walked and rode down, and took the train from Visp to Sierre, where we spent a particularly pleasant night. Then to Lausanne and by night train to Paris; Peploe suffering much in his foot. At Paris we put him into the Calais train, believing he would get home all right, and we would follow in a day or two; but he could not get beyond Dover, whence he wired for Mrs. Peploe, and remained on the coast very ill for some weeks.

It was a special pleasure when my sister Sarah's recovery "by faith" (see Chap. XXXIII.), enabled her

to go abroad with us. Her first sight of snow peaks, indeed, was not in our company, but in that of "Mrs. Fiennes," who took her to Germany and Switzerland in 1890. But we went together twice after that. One experience was rather alarming. We went by the mountain railway up Pilatus in fine weather, but a sudden violent storm came on, and as we were coming down, the train stuck fast in one of the small tunnels, or rather, I should say, *chimneys*, being at a steeper angle than 45°; the stones washed down by the storm having stuck in the cog-wheel rails. The high wind and hail rushed down upon us furiously as we sat in the open cars, and I felt that if we were some hours in that position Sarah, at all events, would not survive, even if Caroline and I could bear it. The German tourists along with us were in a terrible fright, and Sarah, being a fluent speaker in German, instead of shivering miserably, exerted herself to soothe their fears. Happily the men in charge of the train, who had got down under it, succeeded after an hour or so in clearing the rails, and although we were again stopped in the next "chimney," we eventually got down safely. The Swiss newspapers made a great deal of the "heroism" of the guards and engine-drivers.

One year we went to the Black Forest, and I made from there an expedition to Stuttgart, to see the old C.M.S. German missionaries who were living in that neighbourhood. It was a great pleasure to meet especially old Mr. Erhardt, who, forty-two years before, in East Africa, had drawn the famous map of the interior, based on the accounts of natives and Arabs, showing a huge lake the shape of a slug extending over twelve degrees of latitude. That

map, reproduced and hung up at a Geographical Society's meeting in 1856, led to the expedition of Burton and Speke, who discovered two of the lakes which really made up the imaginary one lake of the map, viz. Tanganyika and the Victoria Nyanza. I also saw Klein of Palestine, the discoverer of the Moabite Stone; and Mr. and Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Maser of the Yoruba Mission.

But my longest and most important tour was earlier than this. In 1891 I became over-worked, and one day in October I was ordered by the Committee to go away for two or three months. I accordingly arranged to go to Italy, and Charlie Battersby (now Dr. C. F. Harford), who wanted to see that country, volunteered to go with me "as my private physician." We started on November 14th, and began by my showing him Paris. We addressed the Y.M.C.A. there and Miss de Broen's Mission; and we saw Miss Lucy Lewis, who had been on the Niger with her brother and Battersby in the Mission of J. A. Robinson and Graham Brooke, conducting a meeting of four hundred French Salvationists. (She had temporarily joined them, but presently came back to the C.M.S., and has now for many years been a faithful missionary in Palestine.)

Thence we proceeded to Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples. It is, of course, needless to describe so familiar a tour; but there were a few incidents worth mentioning, and, in particular, one feature of our journey which is not so common among tourists as it ought to be. We everywhere sought, not only for the wonders of antiquities, architecture, and art, but for the quiet Christian work going on. At Venice we found out Mrs.

Hamond, widow of the Captain Hamond who was killed in the Crimea, and whose memoir was published about the same time as that of Captain Hedley Vicars ; and she showed us her interesting Industrial Home for destitute boys. Although no attempt was made to "proselytize," in the proper sense of the word, that is, to attach them to another Church, the plain Gospel of Christ was told them ; and so hostile were the Roman priests to this that some boys said to Mrs. Hamond, "I can't come in, for the devil with horns will catch me if I do." The British chaplain also took us to the Institute for English Sailors. At Florence we called on Miss Roberts, who had a delightful Medical Mission among the poor. Her difficulty was to get suitable Italian doctors, as almost all were freethinkers. Battersby addressed a gathering of fifty out-patients. At Naples we found a "lady bountiful" in the person of Madame Meuricoffré, an Englishwoman, sister of Mrs. Josephine Butler, her husband being a Swiss and Consul-General for Holland. We held a service on Sunday evening at the Sailors' Rest and Institute conducted by Mr. S. Burrows. I spoke on St. Paul's voyage—Crete, Malta, Puteoli, &c., all places familiar to the sailors present, and asked them to consider *why* a Jewish prisoner exercised on that Alexandrian corn-ship so remarkable an influence ; and I wound up with the story of E. J. Peck, the missionary to the Eskimo, once a sailor himself. They did listen! The singing (Sankey's Songs and Solos, of course) was led by some young English ladies, accompanied on the violin by a Cambridge man sent by the University for scientific investigations at the Naples Aquarium.

But in this respect Rome was the most interesting. We were able to see several excellent mission agencies and schools among the poor and the Jews, which I need not particularize, as well as the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. I took an S.P.G. missionary whom I met in my hotel to a Sunday-school treat of the American Episcopal Methodists, at which the singing and reciting of the Italian children was simply enchanting. One sweet little girl of six acted a dying child bidding farewell to its mother; and even to us, not knowing the language, the effect was overpowering. But the most interesting work I saw in Rome was Signor Capellini's Mission among the soldiers. Capellini was himself in the army at one time. He was converted to a true knowledge of Christ through picking up some pages of an Italian New Testament, and from that time gave himself to passing on to his former comrades the good news he had learned. So excellent was his influence in the army that the King of Italy conferred on him two orders of Knighthood, and he was known throughout Italy as the Cavaliere Capellini. I twice had the privilege of addressing his soldiers at their Sunday-evening meetings. On the second occasion I had heard that very morning of the death of Bishop Crowther, and I told them the story of his life. I was interpreted by Madame Capellini, who knew English. It was a rare treat to hear these splendid men with their fine voices sing "Hold the Fort" in the Italian version. Some of them were the King's Guards, magnificent men, and had stood for six hours in the Quirinal on New Year's Day, when everybody who is anybody pays his respects to the King and Queen.

I had the honour of presiding over the first public C.M.S. meeting ever held in Rome, in the Hôtel Marini. It was arranged by Miss Grace Filder, now the Countess Campello, to whose friendship and influence I owed much during this visit. The clergy of both All Saints' and Trinity (the "High" and the "Low" English Churches) were present, and over one hundred ladies and gentlemen, including the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, wife of the brilliant nobleman then British Ambassador. I was afterwards requested to call upon her at the Embassy, and we had a long talk, chiefly on Missions in India. She was, as all we know, specially interested in medical work, and knew some of the ladies of the Zenana Societies.

I heard one Roman Catholic English sermon, in the church of San Silvestro, opposite Trinity English Church, where services in our language were held just at the close of the afternoon service at Trinity, to catch visitors coming out. I was one of those thus "caught," and very remarkable was the sermon, by Father Harrington Moore. It was January 3, and he preached on the Visit of the Magi. Up to a certain point it was an excellent sermon. He took "the Star" as a type of Divine grace, enlightening, leading to Christ, and *needing to be followed*. "It appeared," he then said, "in a far country: *you* have come from a far country, not only from England, but from Protestantism; but here in Rome something has led you to say to yourself, Am I right after all? *That was the Star* appearing to you—don't turn from it—follow it—it will lead you to Christ and to His Holy Church. And if you do, you will presently, like the Magi, return to your own

country *another way!*" Could anything have been more seductive?

Of course I saw all the great sights of Rome, as well as of Venice and Florence and Naples, and was fascinated by them; but any account of them would be quite unsuitable for these chapters. I may just mention that I ascended the Campanile at Venice, the fall of which, a few years later, so altered the famous view of the Piazetta; and it so happened that the sun, which was hidden by clouds and mist during the whole week of our Venetian sojourn, shone out for a few minutes at the very time I was surveying the wonderful prospect from the top. My particular interest in Pompeii from my boyhood will have been gathered from my Fourth Chapter.

But I must notice one interesting excursion, quite off the ordinary tourist routes. I was taken by Miss Grace Filder to Farfa, a village in the Sabine Mountains, some forty miles from Rome. It lies on the northern side of a towering hill, and is remarkable for what was in the Middle Ages one of the three largest Benedictine Monasteries in Italy. When the Italian Kingdom annexed the Papal States in 1870, the Government confiscated the monasteries and sold the buildings. The Church bought some of them back, and among them *one half* of that at Farfa. The other half was bought by an Englishman, Mr. Morgan, who engaged largely in the cultivation of olives and manufacture of oil, and whose oil attained a reputation among the merchants of Leghorn and Genoa. It was this gentleman and his sister who had asked Miss Filder to take me there. We walked through long stone corridors and up bare stone staircases, and at length entered a com-

fortable room, in which my eye fell at once on the Gleaners' Union Motto-card for the ensuing year, and the Address by Mr. Hubert Brooke that accompanied it! We were shown the whole process of making olive-oil, which was very interesting ; and we saw a small girl's orphanage carried on by Miss Morgan. On the north side of the building it was bitterly cold ; on the south side, against the hill, orange and lemon trees were loaded with fruit, although at that time of the year the sun disappears behind the top of the hill at two o'clock. But during the long drive of an hour and a half back to the small railway station, where we had left the train, we were in the sunshine again ; and as our course was due west, and it was late in the afternoon, we, like Hiawatha, "sailed into the sunset."

My return from Italy was memorable in a very different way. *En route* I stopped at Pisa, and not only saw the sights there, but called on the English chaplain, Mr. Honiss, who was an old C.M.S. missionary. He and his family were all suffering from influenza, but I thought nothing of that. However, at Genoa I felt very unwell ; but I went on to Mentone, stayed there two days, joined a picnic party of friends whom I met there, and visited Monte Carlo. Then on to Nice, where I was to stay a day or two with my old friend, the distinguished Scottish missionary, Dr. Murray Mitchell, who was Presbyterian chaplain there. The next day I broke down altogether, and I lay in his house a month, seriously ill, but receiving every possible kindness from the Doctor and Mrs. Mitchell, as also did my sister Caroline, who came out from London to nurse me. At length I was able to travel home, but was

too weak for steady work ; and then the C.M.S. Committee said, " You shall go to Australia ! "

Here, as originally written, this chapter stopped. It was not necessary to notice my four visits to Homburg since my marriage in 1902, for my wife to take the waters. But this very year, 1909, has seen me abroad again on a very interesting occasion, which, though too recent to be a Recollection, must be just mentioned. A party of German clergy, Lutheran and Roman, having been entertained in England in the preceding year, a German Committee invited the Christian Churches of Great Britain to send representatives to Germany this year ; and about one hundred and thirty men accepted. Among them were the Bishops of Hereford, Salisbury, and Southwark, Bishop Welldon (Dean of Manchester), Bishop Hamilton Baynes, Bishop Taylor Smith (Chaplain-General), the Deans of Westminster, Hereford, and Waterford, and several other clergymen. Sir John Kennaway made up a party of Church laymen, including Sir Mark Stewart, Sir R. White Thomson, Colonel Williams, Mr. James Round, Mr. Victor Buxton, myself, and others. A large number of leading Nonconformists, ministers and M.P.'s, went ; and a party of Roman Catholics. The President of the German Committee, Dr. Spiecker, and some of his brethren, actually came over to Dover to fetch us, and took us all in the fine steam-yacht *Meteor* to Cuxhaven, whence we proceeded to Hamburg and then to Berlin. We were fêted, feasted, driven about to see everything, and addressed in eloquent speeches and sermons ; and we were received by

the Kaiser himself in the palace at Potsdam. The purpose of the visit was to promote peace and goodwill between the two nations ; and I for my part do not hesitate to say that my previous detestation of the journalists and others on both sides who sow suspicion and seem determined to hound us on to war was confirmed and deepened. But the trip had another effect in addition to its proper purpose. It drew together the members of the party themselves, Anglicans, Romans, and Nonconformists, and made our common Christianity a real thing.

CHAPTER XXXI

FURTHER AFIELD

Australia—New Zealand—Ceylon—India—Canada—United States.

I HAD written five chapters on my travels in Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon and India, Canada, and the United States. Although I condensed what I had to say to the utmost, the result was that about sixty pages would have been added to this book. I went through the other chapters, and struck out paragraph after paragraph; but I could not, once they were written, alter the whole scale, and there was nothing for it but to omit these five chapters altogether. I therefore, in this chapter, only give the barest sketch of those journeys and their purpose.

I went to Australia and New Zealand with Robert Stewart (the missionary afterwards killed in the Kucheng massacre in China), in 1892, sailing March 18th. On our way back we went to Ceylon and India, being there from December 6th to March 4th. *En route* home I stayed a fortnight in Egypt; and I arrived in London on April 6th, 1903. In 1895 I went with Percy Grubb, then one of the Home Secretaries of C.M.S., sailing September 21st, and reaching home on Christmas Eve. In 1900 I went to the United States, my companion being the Rev. C. T. Wilson, of Uganda and Palestine, sailing April 11th, and reaching England again on June 28th.

My going to Australia was on this wise. We heard from the Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) of Sydney, Dr. Saumarez Smith, and other friends, that there were Church people out there—clergymen, laymen, and women—whose hearts were set on the mission-field, but there was no organization on the spot to send them out. The Australian Board of Missions, which Bishop Barry had founded, confined its missionary work to the Heathen near at hand, such as the Australian aborigines, the Chinese immigrants, and the natives of New Guinea, promoting also the Melanesian Mission. But there were Churchmen who desired to work in Asia or Africa; and the C.M.S. was urged to set on foot an organization for their behoof. To arrange this was the purpose of our journey.

We were at first looked upon with great suspicion, especially by many of the clergy. Of course, thought they, these fellows have come to get money for the C.M.S. Why should Australians give money to be sent home for a London Committee to use? "All the fat is in the fire," said my old friend Bishop Thornton of Ballarat. One Bishop wrote to me, "I beg you will not come to this diocese: we have already been a prey to English adventurers!"—alluding to an agent of Dr. Barnardo's who had lately been out to the Colonies, and, by exhibiting boys on the platform, had collected no less than £10,000 to carry home to England. The Australians could scarcely believe their ears when we told them we did not want money for the C.M.S., and should decline it even if it were offered to us; but when at length they found we really meant this, it made a great difference to our welcome. In fact, our message was totally different.

What we said, in sermon and in speech, may be thus summarized:—(1) The whole Church is to care for the whole world; (2) You are quite right to put the mission-fields near you in the first place, but the further fields should have a second place; (3) If any among you wish to go to Asia or Africa, there should be facilities for them to go; (4) If they wish to join C.M.S. Missions, they should be able to do so; (5) Australia should not give money to English Societies, but it should support whatever missionaries it sends out; (6) We have come to suggest the formation of C.M.S. Associations which shall select, train, send forth, and support such Australian missionaries as desire to join C.M.S. Missions.

Some said, But this will indirectly help the C.M.S. No, we replied, it will help the C.M.S. Missions, by adding to the staff, but not the C.M.S. as a Society. Financially, it will cost us more money, for we shall supply your missionaries with lodging and medical attendance, and other personal needs in the field; and we shall not send out any less number of English missionaries, for we send all we can get who are suitable for the work.

So, on this basis, Associations were formed, for the Colony of Victoria under the sanction of the Bishops of Melbourne and Ballarat, and for the Colony of New South Wales under the sanction of the Primate. And some £600 a year, which used to be sent to the C.M.S. itself from these two Colonies, *we stopped*, saying, Put that into the funds of your new Associations. It cannot truly be said that all suspicions were allayed and all grumblings checked. It was still a matter of complaint that, even if money were not going to England, interest and sympathy

and personal service were being diverted from the Southern Hemisphere to the Northern. In fact there are Little Australians as well as Little Englanders. But the truth really is that the general sense of responsibility for the evangelization of the non-Christian world, which was confessedly quickened and deepened by our campaign, has helped all Missions, and all Missions have in the issue profited by it.

The Bishops whose dioceses we visited gave me full permission to preach in church, recognizing my Diocesan Readership in London to which Bishop Temple had admitted me only a year before. So we both preached sermons, held meetings, gave lectures, interviewed candidates, attended committees, incessantly. Clergy and churchwardens vied with each other in applying for us as preachers. Why the churchwardens? Because we were taking no collections!—nay, more, the offertories after our sermons were generally above the average—sometimes "records,"—and these always went as usual to local objects! Of course we did not mind that! We did not want the money; we only wanted a hearing, wherever we could get it!

In the Colony of Victoria, the arrangements were made for us by two or three clergymen at Melbourne, of whom the most conspicuous was Mr. Macartney, whom I introduced in Chap. XXIII. In New South Wales, there was a Committee already existing, but the work was almost entirely done by a layman whom I verily believe to be the most energetic worker in the cause of Missions in the world, Mr. C. R. Walsh, then Registrar and now Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Sydney. What we owe

to him it would take a long chapter to state adequately.

From Australia we proceeded to New Zealand. Although its whole population was then not very much bigger than that of the one city of Melbourne, so that it would not have been fair to expect the same co-operation in sending missionaries to the Heathen World that we had gained in the Australian Colonies, we could not entirely pass by so flourishing and vigorous a community. New Zealand comprised six Anglican Dioceses, and from at least two of them we had cordial invitations.

In New Zealand we were on the field of one of the most romantic of C.M.S. Missions; and I took care to remind the congregations and audiences we addressed that this splendid Colony (now Dominion) was the direct result of missionary work. For not until Samuel Marsden had taken his little band of artizans over the one thousand miles of stormy sea between Sydney and Auckland, and the brothers Williams, the true evangelists of the Maori race, had (with others) brought the whole people under Christian instruction, had the British Colony become possible, and the way made clear for the first Bishop —Selwyn—to come and organize the Church. It was interesting indeed to me to see the Maori Christians, eighty of whom have been ordained to the Anglican ministry.

But my mission, of course, was to the white population. To fulfil it, we visited eight towns and cities, Auckland, Gisborne, Napier, Wellington, Nelson, Blenheim, Christchurch, Dunedin. We were exactly a month in New Zealand, from the date of landing at the north end of the North

Island to that of leaving the south end of the South Island.[1] In that time, besides having to take nine voyages between different ports, and some land travel too, we spoke at sixty meetings and services of various kinds, sometimes together, sometimes separately. I preached two or three times in each of the cathedrals of Napier, Nelson, and Christchurch, and spoke at less formal gatherings in the pro-cathedrals of Auckland and Dunedin.

All the six Bishops received us kindly. Bishop Cowie of Auckland had been a chaplain in India, and knew the Missions there well. Bishop Stuart of Waiapu (the second Bishop of that see, coming between the two Williamses, father and son) was an old friend, a C.M.S. missionary in India forty years before. Our visit helped to stir up his pristine missionary ardour, and presently he resigned his bishopric and went to Persia, where he has laboured in his old age ever since. Bishop Hadfield of Wellington was a veteran C.M.S. missionary, who was in New Zealand before Selwyn. Bishop Julius of Christchurch was my old pastor in Islington, of whom I have written before. Bishop Mules of Nelson, although his diocese was the smallest and of least influence, fostered our work nobly, the lay Churchmen at Nelson being the most responsive in the Colony to our message. This little town became the headquarters of the Association set on foot on the same lines as in Australia.

We left Australasia finally on November 23rd, after exactly seven months in the Colonies. Stewart and I had given between us more than five hundred

[1] Or, more strictly, Middle Island, as there is a third one, the small Stewart Island, a little further south.

addresses of various kinds, in churches, halls, school-rooms, drawing-rooms, &c. ; and as we only took part in about eighty meetings together, the total number of meetings and services must have exceeded four hundred. I myself had preached or spoken in seven cathedrals and fifty other churches. But the sermons were a small part of the work. There were ordinary missionary meetings, drawing-room meetings, juvenile meetings, prayer-meetings, Sunday-school gatherings, meetings of teachers and workers, Bible-readings ; addresses to lay readers, lady visitors, divinity students, boys and girls in upper-class schools ; set lectures on particular mission-fields, &c. The work was not all of it part of our own missionary campaign. I spoke at Diocesan meetings for Church Missions generally, and at other meetings on inter-denominational lines. And some of the Bible-readings and other smaller and more private gatherings were on the Christian life. Our counsel and help were sought by all sorts of people, and it was one of the greatest privileges of our tour that we were permitted, as we verily believed, to give a helping hand to many young and immature Christians. So we sailed away with hearts full of thankfulness to God.

But what was the result of our work in regard to missionary recruits? The three Associations, New South Wales, Victoria, and New Zealand, have sent out some eighty missionaries in the seventeen years, most of whom are still in the field, and are supported by their own churches. Not all are working under the C.M.S. The Associations also help local Missions, among the Chinese in Australia, the Maories in New Zealand, and the Melanesian

Islanders. But many are doing admirable work in Asia and Africa.

The visit to Ceylon and India may be regarded as a kind of holiday after our Australasian work, although we were not entirely idle. It was certainly a most enjoyable time. After ten days in Ceylon, we crossed to Tuticorin, the port of Tinnevelly, and were delighted with all we saw of the Missions in that province. We spent Christmas at Madras, and then proceeded to Bombay for the Decennial Missionary Conference. Thence we went northwards, to Agra, Delhi, Amritsar, Lahore, Peshawar, and some Punjab villages; then to Lucknow, Allahabad, Benares, the Santal Mission, the Nadiya district, and Calcutta; sailing finally from Bombay.

To see large native congregations, and to address them through interpreters in different languages; to grasp the hands of individual native Christians of whom I had often read, both clergymen and laymen; to be welcomed again and again by British officers and civilians who, being genuine Christian men, believe in Missions and support them on a much higher scale than we do at home;—these were experiences for a life-time. And what of the missionaries themselves? How could one express one's reverence for the seniors and one's brotherly love for the juniors? Above all, how adequately appraise the noble and self-denying work of the ladies of the Zenana Societies? The C.M.S. itself had then scarcely any single women in India; but the wives—how could I say what I think of the devotion of many of them? Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Rowland Bateman, Shirreff, all veterans of the Punjab; and Miss Charlotte Tucker

(so well known as "A.L.O.E."), the "Fairy Do-as-you-would-be-done-by" among the Batala boys (as Mr. Brook Deedes, the Bishop of Calcutta's chaplain, called her); and Miss Clay at Ajnala, her own village station supported by herself, with no Englishman, but a band of ladies and an old native pastor; and Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, at *their* own village station supported by themselves, in the country where he had been a high Government official; and Davis and Baumann at Benares;—to mention only veterans, and only those either gone to their rest or retired from the field—how can one honour them sufficiently? But their own cry would be, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the praise!"

The visit to Canada was with a similar purpose to that of our Australian campaign; with this difference, that the Canadians had already formed their Association on the Australian pattern, but wished for a visit from a C.M.S. deputation all the same. It is unnecessary to repeat what I have already explained; but it must be added that the Association has since been amalgamated with the official Church organization, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society. It is, however, only just to inform readers that Wycliffe College, Toronto, the chief Evangelical centre of influence, was the first to send out Canadian missionaries to foreign lands.

All the Bishops in whose dioceses we worked received us with kindness, and all gave me preaching licenses. One of them, Sweatman of Toronto (who afterwards became Primate, and as such attended the Pan-Anglican Congress, but died soon after), was an old friend whom I have before mentioned

as an Islington curate and as the founder of the Institute which inspired Quintin Hogg's great schemes. Another, Baldwin, of Huron, was a gifted preacher whom I had met in England. A third, Bond of Montreal, was truly a "grand old man," who afterwards became Primate when about ninety years of age.

My host in Toronto was Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Q.C. (now K.C. and LL.D.), President of the Law School in Toronto University; who may be remembered as a particularly acceptable speaker at the Pan-Anglican Congress. At Montreal I was entertained with exceptional kindness by Professor and Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson. In a previous chapter I have mentioned their marriage in England, and spoken more particularly of her, and of her sister, Irene Petrie of Kashmir. Mr. Ashley Carus-Wilson was Professor of Electricity in the McGill University. His laboratory and plant had been provided by a wealthy citizen of Montreal, and were of the most complete and up-to-date kind. At their house I met several leading people, and among them Sir J. William Dawson, the distinguished scientist, President one year of the British Association. Several clergymen at other places I should like to have mentioned gratefully, had space permitted.

My visit to the United States was on the occasion of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference held at New York in 1900. The White Star liner *Teutonic* took over quite a party of delegates from British Societies. The representatives of the C.M.S. were Bishop Ridley, C. T. Wilson of Uganda and Palestine, and myself. Canon Edmonds of Exeter represented the Bible Society; Mr. G. A. King (my cabin companion) the R.T.S.; Dr. C. F. Harford the

Liquor Traffic Committee and Livingstone College; Miss Irene Barnes (now editor of C.M.S. magazines) the C.E.Z.M.S.; and there were a great many others, including several missionaries.

The Ecumenical Conference was a colossal function. The President throughout was the Hon. Benjamin Harrison, a former President of the United States, who spoke out nobly as a Christian statesman. The President then in office himself, Mr. McKinlay, came from Washington to speak at one meeting; and on the same occasion the Governor of New York State, General Theodore Roosevelt (since so famous as President of the Republic), also gave ungrudging testimony to the value of Missions. But I am not going to describe the Conference. My concern just now is with my own experiences. The paper I had been asked to read was a Review of the Century, not an easy task to perform in about forty minutes! I also spoke at a great Devotional Meeting on Personal Responsibility, and at two overflow meetings on the last night on the Outlook for the Coming Century; besides taking a small part in some of the open sectional discussions.

The hospitality of the American brethren was unbounded. We were all entertained (as we should say) royally—only "royally" is not an appropriate word to use of the great Republic! I myself was singularly fortunate in being quartered with the late Dr. Huntington, Rector of Grace Church. I suppose he was indisputably the most influential clergyman in America, barring perhaps half-a-dozen of the Bishops; and he could have been a Bishop himself more than once if he had not been unwilling. He was the chief mover in the Revision of the Prayer-

Book, the changes in which from the English Book are almost all admirable; he was the great promoter of the cause of Home Reunion; and he was the original author of the famous "Quadrilateral"—the Bible, the two Creeds, the two Sacraments, and the Historic Episcopate—which both the General Convention of the American Church and the Lambeth Conference of 1888 adopted as the basis of union. Grace Church is a very remarkable centre of Church life and work of all kinds, which I wish I had space to describe. Dr. Huntington's recent death is a heavy loss to New York, and to the whole Church in the States.

I had an excellent opportunity of seeing other cities besides New York, as the Secretaries of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the American Church proposed to Mr. C. T. Wilson and myself that they should send us to a few principal centres to preach and speak in behalf of the missionary cause. Of course this had nothing to do with the C.M.S., but was to stir up the members of the American Church to support their own Foreign Missions. They have important Missions in China and Japan; also a Mission in Liberia, West Africa; also work among ignorant Roman Catholics in Mexico, Cuba, and Brazil; also extensive Missions within the States, among Negroes, Red Indians, &c., and in outlying white settlements. The Secretaries, Dr. Lloyd and Mr. John W. Wood, greatly impressed us with their ability.

In pursuance of Mr. Wood's plan for us, Wilson and I visited together Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, and Boston; each of us also going to three or four smaller places.

Everywhere we found a warm welcome ; we came across many interesting people ; and our addresses, in church or school or hall or private house, were received with grateful appreciation. Bishops Potter of New York, Satterlee of Washington, Whitaker of Pennsylvania, Whitehead of Pittsburg, Leonard of Ohio, Lawrence of Massachusetts, MacVicar of Rhode Island, all showed us kindness ; and it was disappointing that we were unable to avail ourselves of Bishop Doane's invitation to Albany. Most kind also were the clergy whose parishes we visited. I must mention in particular Dr. McKim, Rector of the Epiphany Church at Washington, who is what we should call Prolocutor of the Lower House (I really forget the American title) in the General Convention of the Church ; and Mr. Brent, of St. Stephen's, Boston, now well known as the very able Bishop of the Philippines. It was very interesting to visit the two leading Universities, Harvard and Yale ; the former at Cambridge, close to Boston, and the latter at Newhaven in Connecticut ; also three Theological Colleges, at New York, Cambridge, and Alexandria in Virginia.

For my Boston visit I was kindly entertained by a lady, Mrs. Josiah Parsons Cooke, widow of a brilliant Professor of Chemistry at Harvard University, and sister of my New York host, Dr. Huntington. Her house was at Cambridge, which is no mere suburb of Boston, but a self-contained city across the river ; and it was built by Longfellow's son, whose elegant study, with a glass roof like a large conservatory, was allotted to me as my personal sitting-room. Exactly opposite was the poet's own house ; and there I had tea with

his daughter, and sat in an arm-chair made of the wood of the actual "spreading chestnut-tree" under which stood "the village smithy" of the famous "blacksmith."

The American Church interested me, just as the Australian and Canadian Churches had done, and as the Irish Church always does, as a self-governing body totally unconnected with the State. We English Churchmen may value our "establishment," but there are great advantages the other way. For one thing, the laity take a much more lively interest in Church affairs when much of the authority rests with them. For another thing, the American Church can revise its rubrics and make its own regulations without having to submit everything to a Parliament comprising men of all religions or of no religion, and influenced mainly by political motives. But as regards the management of Missions and the like, a visit to the States does not make one enamoured of administration by "the Church in its corporate capacity." Official bodies are slow to move, as I have already said the Secretaries of the Scotch Presbyterian Missions know too well. If the C.M.S. had had to wait for the sanction of Convocation or the Central Board of Missions before planning the Uganda Mission, or if the S.P.G. had had to wait in the same way before advancing into Upper Burma, how soon would these enterprises have been matured?

I must not close without mentioning my visit to Northfield, the home of D. L. Moody, the American Evangelist, and the scene of some of his later labours. My vivid recollections of his great London campaigns of 1875 and 1883–4, of which I have before spoken,

made it impossible for me to be in America without going there. I had always hoped to see him in his own environment, but he had passed to his rest a few months before my visit. His son, however, Mr. W. R. Moody, kindly invited me thither; and it was a touching thing to me, not only to stand by the great preacher's simple grave, but to see something of the splendid work carried on at Northfield. Moody had always a keen sense of his own lack of education, and he and Mr. Sankey devoted large sums accruing to them from the sale of their hymn-book —not a penny of which went into their own pockets —to the purchase of two estates, together 700 acres, on which were built two groups of buildings, four miles apart, on opposite sides of the Connecticut River, for the education of youths and maidens respectively, at half the usual cost. Anything more complete it would be hard to imagine. I was surprised indeed on my first evening, when W. R. Moody took me to a gathering which I expected to find a rather "rough and ready" prayer-meeting, but which proved to be a delightful concert in which four hundred girls in white evening dresses took part. And next day, which happened to be the prize distribution ceremony at the end of term, there was a great hall full of people, and most interesting proceedings. I had the privilege of giving the girls a short address; and I also went across to "Mount Hermon" to speak to the young men and boys on that side. It is good to know that certificates of passing the higher examinations are accepted by the American Universities as equivalent to matriculation.

CHAPTER XXXII

MY LATER YEARS AT C.M.S.

My Absences—Furness Smith—New Secretaries—H. E. Fox—History of C.M.S.—The Second Jubilee—Centenary.

My service in Salisbury Square was four times interrupted by my being sent abroad. In the autumn of 1891, being much strained by years of strenuous work, I was ordered by the Committee—to my surprise, for I had said nothing—to hand over my editorial responsibilities for three months, and go away for a thorough holiday. I went accordingly to Italy, as already recorded; but owing to my illness at Nice, the Committee presently sent me to Australia, on the Mission already noticed. The result was that my editorial work was interrupted for eighteen months altogether. Then, in 1895, being sent to Canada, I was absent four months; and in 1900 my visit to the United States occupied three months. My place was taken every time by my dear and valued friend G. Furness Smith, who also has been my permanent successor. What do I not owe, what does not the Society owe, to his untiring and unselfish labours!

Another interruption ensued when I was commissioned to compile the History of the Society. For nearly three years I again had to hand over the editorial work to my ever-ready colleague. I gave

three whole days each week, as well as almost all the evenings, to my task ; the remaining time being still occupied by committees, meetings, and a thousand and one other things.

In the meanwhile, many changes took place in the *personnel* in Salisbury Square. I need not refer to them all, but I must notice my own department. In 1895, Miss Gollock was transferred from it to take the headship of the new Women's Department. Miss Batty came to me in her stead ; and when she died, much lamented, I was fortunate to secure the services, as Assistant Editorial Secretary, of the Rev. J. D. Mullins. When he became Secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, in 1902, I was thankful to hand the *Gleaner*, which he had edited with marked success, to Miss Irene Barnes, who had been doing excellent work for the C.E.Z.M.S.

But of one great change I must say more. In 1895, the honoured and beloved Honorary Secretary, F. E. Wigram, was obliged by his broken health to retire. Who should succeed him ? I at once said, "There is one man in England suitable, and only one, H. E. Fox." It must be confessed that there were hesitations about his election, because of his singularly incisive Protestant pen. Sir John Kennaway talked about it to Archbishop Benson, who said, "But will it tend to unity?" I nevertheless urged that if Fox came to Salisbury Square, it would be "Christ and His whole Cause first, C.M.S. second, Protestant controversy third." The President, whose activity astonished us, wrote round to thirty or forty friends, confidentially with his own hand, not naming Fox, but asking for suggestions. The majority

replied spontaneously by suggesting Fox! The dates are worth recalling. On July 16th, Wigram resigned. On the 18th, the private Secretarial Sub-Committee met. They decided nothing, but agreed to Sir John inquiring confidentially as above, and were to be called together again in a fortnight. On the 20th, I went to Keswick. Ten days later I heard from Kennaway with the result of his inquiries, and saying that without waiting for the Sub-Committee to meet, he had taken on himself to write to Fox, at Durham, suggesting that he should see me while I was in the North, and talk it over. I wired Fox to come to Rickerby, Mr. MacInnes's place near Carlisle, where I was staying after Keswick. He came over on August 2nd, and we had an hour's walk and talk in the garden; and then he went away to write his acceptance of the Secretaryship, if duly elected. It had not been supposed that this could be done before October, as the August and September Committees, though always held in accordance with the Rules, are scarcely ever used for anything important. But Kennaway directed that the nomination be put on the agenda for the regular meeting on August 13th.

It was an ominous date, remembering that on that day, fifteen years before, Henry Wright was drowned; and, before it arrived, an event occurred which rendered that Committee meeting the most solemn I ever attended; for on August 5th came the terrible cable from China, announcing the Ku-cheng massacre. When the General Committee met on the 13th, there was a full room, members having come to London from all parts of the country; and the two special subjects for consideration were the disaster in China

and the appointment of a new Hon. Secretary. In the certainty of the election being unanimous, Fox had been invited to come to London to be interviewed; and he stayed the night of the 12th at my house. Needless to say, the nomination was joyfully confirmed; and the resolutions on the China question, which I had drafted, were adopted with slight emendations. But we had already arranged to hold a solemn meeting in Exeter Hall, in commemoration of the sainted dead, and to express our feelings on Missions in China; and on that very evening, the 18th, the great Hall, on less than a week's notice in the height of the holiday season, was thronged by sympathizing friends; and there, in those moving circumstances, H. E. Fox was introduced to the public as the new Honorary Secretary. Let me add that, a few days after, an eloquent article appeared in the *Saturday Review*, warmly recognizing the Christian spirit in which the Society had met the great calamity. That article was signed, "W. B. Ripon."

As the epoch of the Centenary approached, preparations naturally occupied a good deal of thought. I need only mention two or three meetings of a public character that were held in anticipation of the commemoration. First, the President and Treasurer desired to bring together some of their fellow-members of Parliament and other men of position and influence. On three Fridays in June, 1898, they received Mr. Burroughs (then C.M.S. Home Secretary) and myself on the Terrace of the House of Commons to consult as to plans—(Friday was not then the off-day in Parliament that it is now); and on Sunday afternoon, July 3rd, a meeting,

summoned by cards of invitation, was held at Grosvenor House, lent by the Duke of Westminster. Some two hundred gentlemen were present; and I had the honour of being one of the speakers.

Then it was arranged to hold the Second Jubilee of the Society separately from the Centenary. The First Jubilee had been held in the *middle* of the fiftieth year, on November 1st and 2nd, 1848; so the plan now was to hold the Second in the *middle* of the Hundredth year, on November 1st, 1898—leaving the Centenary celebration to mark the completion of that year. The speakers were chosen as having some connection, personal or hereditary, with the First Jubilee, and as Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter and I had been actually present at the great meeting in 1848, it was arranged that he should preside, and I speak, in 1898. On October 16th I was struck down by influenza, and lay ill a fortnight, and it seemed doubtful whether I could do it; but I pulled myself together, and managed to get to Exeter Hall and speak for ten minutes—a moving thing indeed to do, and for the power to do it I did thank God. How little the boy of twelve in 1848, sitting away in the far-off seats, could have dreamed that he would be a speaker himself fifty years after! Then, seven days later, on November 7th, in the evening, a Men's Meeting was held, and I again spoke, at greater length.

Of the Centenary itself I need not write. I had my full share in the planning out of that great time; and certainly it surpassed all our expectations. Nor shall I enlarge on the developments of the Society's work at home and abroad. Up to 1899 they are recorded in the History. The subsequent

ten years deserve a new volume to themselves. But I may be allowed, after an experience extending over a longer period than any other Secretary from the first has served, to express my conviction that the administration of the Society has never in my time been so efficient as in these ten years. The Foreign Secretaries have been unchanged: Mr. Baring-Gould having China, Japan, Ceylon, and N.W. Canada as his charge; Mr. Durrant, India and Persia; Mr. Baylis, Africa and Palestine. Of their labours little is understood outside; but it might be remembered that, for instance, if there were a distinct Society for Uganda, it would occupy a Secretary's full time, while Baylis has, in addition, the Dioceses of Mombasa, Sierra Leone, and Western Equatorial Africa, and also the work in Egypt, the Soudan, and Palestine—and that in these Missions alone there are over 250 missionaries to be individually cared for. Then the Home Work has immensely expanded. In the Candidates Department, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Stratton have had on an average two and a half fresh cases every day, each case requiring correspondence with many persons—to say nothing of the supervision of the training of those accepted. The Editorial Department was tolerably hard-worked in my time, and since then has much developed. The Home Organization Department has become, under Bishop Ingham and Dr. Lankester and their able lieutenants, a whole group of departments. The Medical Missions Department, now under Dr. Elliott, alone raises £35,000 a year, and supports all the eighty doctors and fifty nurses and all the hospitals and dispensaries. As for the Women's Department, its widespread influence and the de-

lightful plans it is always forming are a constant cause of thankful satisfaction. And then the Lay Department, which finances and checks all the rest, was never so well organized as it has been under Mr. Marshall Lang and his successor Mr. Maconachie.

All this is a little out of place here, as I have had no share in at least the later developments except that of an enthusiastic sympathizer; but as I have been guilty of much egotism in noticing my own work, I may be excused for this passing reference to what I have only been able to watch and to rejoice in.

For my own official work for the Society came to an end some time ago. In 1902, my doubtful state of health led the Committee spontaneously to release me finally from the charge of the Editorial Department; and Furness Smith, who had so often taken my place temporarily, now became permanently and solely responsible, to the Society's great advantage. I remained a sort of half-time Secretary for four more years; and then, at the end of 1906, I finally closed my service of thirty-three and a half years, a period exceeding by two years that of Henry Venn's Secretaryship, which no other Secretary had previously equalled. It was an unlooked-for honour indeed when the Committee appointed me a Vice-President of the Society; and in that capacity I am still able to attend Committees, and have the privilege of sitting among friends and fellow-workers in the supreme cause of the Evangelization of the World and the Extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK

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CHAPTER XXXIII

SARAH GERALDINA

"Healed by Faith"—Her Death—Her Writings—Letters about her.

My sister Sarah Geraldina had for several years down to 1898 enjoyed much better health than before. She had ceased to go to Bournemouth every winter, and lived altogether with me at Haverstock Hill. She had in fact been "healed by faith." On that subject I have no theory; but I cannot resist the evidence of my own eyes. One day I heard from her from Bournemouth that she had been "anointed for healing" by a lady there. I did not understand, even if it is right to follow the injunctions of St. James, how this lady could be "the elders of the Church"; but let that pass. She came home, as usual, one April. Next morning, to my surprise, she appeared at breakfast, which she had not done for years. Sunday came: she had been accustomed to be drawn to church in a chair, and when I saw her come down dressed I said, "Oh, you've got your man again." "No," she said, "I'm going to walk." Now St. John's Chapel, Downshire Hill, is nearly a mile from my house, most of the way uphill; but she walked there, and back again, which I think she had never done before, for her lung weakness had begun before we moved from Islington. After this, for several years, she was able to go to Exeter Hall meetings, and to Salisbury Square, to give

lectures to lady missionary candidates and East-end slum workers, to be out in the evening as well as in the daytime, to go away for holidays both at home and abroad (three times to Switzerland and Germany), to do a considerable amount of literary work, and generally to live the average life of a not over-strong woman. That the previous ill-health had been no fancy may be gathered from what a leading Bournemouth doctor who had attended her said to me one day when I was there after she had ceased going for the winter. He asked me straight, When had she died? and could scarcely believe me when I told him of her life in London.

All these years she would never see a doctor or take medicine, though she had from time to time the ordinary slight indispositions and once a serious illness. She always said that if she once yielded, and accepted medical aid, she would certainly die. And, strangely enough, so it turned out. In 1898 she and my sister Caroline and I went for our holiday to North Wales. We arrived at Penmaenmawr on August 23rd. On the 26th the old lung trouble suddenly returned in an acute form. She knew the serious responsibility that would lie upon me if she should die without a doctor seeing her, and she spontaneously said I should fetch one. I have no doubt she knew her hour was come, and it would make no difference to her. He came; and on the 29th she entered into rest. We laid the dear remains in the little cemetery at Dwygyfylchi, in the midst of the circle of hills which she had thought so lovely. The Incumbent of our church at Hampstead, Canon R. B. Girdlestone, was staying in the neighbourhood, and he conducted the funeral.

Sarah had not led a useless life. Her Sunday-School Lessons on *Israel in Egypt and the Wilderness* have been widely used and highly valued; but I regret that the Institute has thought it right to revise them, removing much of the spiritual teaching which was her special gift, and inserting phrases which she would never have used. She must not be held responsible for the book in its present form. *Steps to Truth* was planned by us jointly, and while I wrote the directions and hints to teachers, she contributed the more important part, the outline lessons. As I have before said, she succeeded me as the writer of the "English Teacher's Notes" in the American *Sunday-School Journal*, and she also wrote for the S.S. magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church. She wrote many Lesson Notes for the London Sunday-School Union, which appeared in that Society's *Chronicle*. Perhaps her best book was *The Child's Life of our Lord*, written for Marcus Ward & Co., and published by them with German illustrations and also in a cheap form. It has long been out of print, and the owners always refused either to republish it themselves or to allow us to do so through another channel. *Bible Studies in the Old Testament*, also for children, was published by the Sunday-School Institute. *Four Last Words* (*i.e.* key-words in the Book of Revelation) is an excellent little book of Bible exposition; and *Give ye Them to Eat* is a short manual for Sunday-school teachers (out of print). *The Story of Uganda* was, at the time it was written, the only complete account of the Mission, and, as I have said before, it is believed to have helped Lord Rosebery to the knowledge which led him

to insist on England not abandoning Uganda; but it is now superseded by Mr. Mullins's more recent book. She wrote a great deal both about the Uganda Mission and on other topics from time to time in the C.M.S. magazines; and not a little in other periodicals, particularly the *Sunday at Home*.

In particular, she wrote a good deal of poetry for different magazines, and for leaflets and the like; and two volumes were published through J. F. Shaw & Co., *Joy in Sorrow*, which had a considerable sale, and *Life Abundant*. Her missionary and other hymns make quite a long list in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, and he, the greatest authority on the subject, appends to them a line or two of warm commendation. Several have become well known. One, "Lord, Thy ransomed Church is waking," was written for the great London Church Mission of 1874, and printed by me in the *Sunday-School Magazine*. This hymn is equally suitable for both Home and Foreign Missions. Among those more definitely designed for the latter, "O Master, when Thou callest," "A Cry as of pain," and "Let the Song go round the Earth," have perhaps been the most popular. For the last two, and for some others, she wrote the tunes also. Twenty of her hymns appear in the *Church Missionary Hymn Book*. Of that collection, which has had a circulation that has astonished those who projected it, she was one of the editors, the others being Prebendary Fox, Mr. Mullins, and Mr. Sheppard. It was her last service. Her death intervened between the selection being completed and the book being published. Mr. Fox, in the preface he wrote,

said, "Her colleagues gratefully acknowledge how much, under God, they owe to her refined taste, her quick perception of beauty, and her spirit so deeply taught in divine truth."

It was only after her death that we at all realized how widely the influence of her writings had extended. Letters of sympathy and grateful appreciation came from all parts of the world; the great majority of the writers of which never saw her in the flesh. A large pile lies before me now, of those that I have kept. I cannot deny myself the mournful pleasure of giving a very few extracts.

From the Bishop of Ripon.

My dear Friend,—I think I can enter into your sorrow a little, for your loss is of one who was most congenial to you in purpose and thought. Many will miss her words and work. But these are never lost. They form thoughts and wishes in other minds, and so the circle of true and good goes moving on and outward. Meanwhile in another sense the work here is laid down and the work elsewhere in God's great Kingdom is taken up; and light which is denied us is given to those who go into God's nearer presence. We feel for a while the poorer, and yet how much richer for us does the other world grow as time goes on. . . . I like to take up again and again our Lord's words, "All live unto Him." . . . Forgive my writing. It is sympathy only I meant to send. Words are such poor things!—Ever yours, W. B. Ripon.

From the Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Bardsley).

My dear Mr. Stock,—Let me say how truly sorry we all were to learn that your sister had been removed from the Church on earth. In a multitude of ways she has rendered

immense service to the Church of Christ, and her name will long be had in sweet remembrance . . .

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN W. CARLISLE.

From the BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE (DR. JACOB).

MY DEAR MR. STOCK,—One line of truest sympathy with you in your sorrow. Some of your sister's work is well known to me. I feel her death to be a *public* loss . . .

Most sincerely yours,
EDGAR NEWCASTLE.

From DR. HANDLEY MOULE (*now* BISHOP OF DURHAM).

MY DEAR FRIEND,—What shall we say? Words are poor things over such a grief, except *the* word—the name of JESUS. "In the valley of the shadow . . . Thou art with me." Your blessed sister has "outsoar'd the shadow of our night," to be with Him in the "far better" sense. . . .

Only last night, lying awake awhile, I was repeating over "Lord, Thy ransomed Church is waking." The "morn" it so nobly speaks of is drawing on; it will be day soon. He to us, or we to Him; it will be a swift meeting. . . . Ever very affectionately yours in our living and returning Lord,
H. C. G. MOULE.

From BISHOP OLUWOLE.

DEAR MR. STOCK,— . . . "Being dead," she "yet speaketh." As I am writing, there lies on my desk a copy of *Steps to Truth*, the joint work of you and her, which we are proposing to translate into Yoruba for our Church in this country. If God will, she will thereby speak to thousands unknown to her in the flesh.

We bless our ascended Lord for His gifts to the Church,

and let us do so particularly now for His handmaid on whom He bestowed so much grace for the edifying of the Body of Christ.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

I. Oluwole, *Bishop.*

From Bishop Tucker of Uganda.

My dear Mr. Stock,— . . . The news came to us all here with a great shock. We know how she loved Uganda, and how much she did for us, and we sorrow as those who have lost one of themselves. But as we sorrow we praise. As we thank God for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear, we especially praise Him for your dear sister. . . .

Ever yours, in Christ, affectionately,

Alfred R. Tucker,
Bishop E. Eq. Africa.

There were, naturally, many letters from missionaries. One of the most moving came from Miss Allen, the well-known and veteran missionary of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, and afterwards of Bishop Blyth's Palestine Mission. In the course of a long letter she wrote:—

What joy it must be to her now as vista after vista opens out to her of the good her writings have done. When one thinks first of the teachers she has helped by her books and teaching, and then of the taught—by those teachers—and then of those taught and influenced by those same taught ones, one begins to grow dizzy with the thought, and one sees something of the meaning of the promised reward, "Be thou ruler over ten cities." . . . To me the great charm of your sister's Lessons is the spiritual atmosphere that pervades them . . .

Yours ever faithfully,

M. A. H. Allen.

Some of the missionaries who wrote had been students at "The Olives," Mrs. Bannister's Training Home, where Sarah used to give lectures. One of these wrote :—

We "Olive girls" shall miss her so much. We always felt we had a real friend in her. She was always so full of love and sympathy, and seemed to live in heaven, so near to God.—Yours sincerely, NELLIE SCOTT.

The Rev. C. A. Fox, himself both a true sacred poet and a deeply-taught expositor of Scripture, as all attendants at the Keswick Convention in past years well know, sent the following letter ; and the very touching lines that are also subjoined appeared in *The Christian.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . That dear, devoted, beautiful soul, so unique in character and gifts, is indeed a loss to the whole Church. To me it came as a deep personal blow, for though I rarely met her, I felt strangely drawn to her. . . . She has left her soul in her writings, with all its heaven-born inspiration, as a bright stimulus to us all . . .

Yours ever affectionately,

CHARLES A. FOX.

IN MEMORIAM

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK

"Died in the holidays"—with few to linger
Round that sad spot where she made last brief stay—
So passed from earth unheard God's own brave singer
Who led the van of missions with her lay.

That clarion lay so thrilling, deep, and tender,
Bright with the risen brightness of her Lord,
Roused the long-slumbering Church with swift surrender
To buckle on the Spirit's rescuing sword.

Large faith was hers, intensity of aim,
  Sequestered piety of earlier time,
Deep adoration for one glorious Name,
  A chastened passion for all lofty rhyme.

Then a low Voice caught her quick ear alone,
"Wilt thou go with this Man?"—and she was gone!

CHARLES A. FOX.

CHAPTER XXXIV

PERSONAL

Later Years—Marriage—Recent Work.

SARAH'S death was a great personal loss to myself. All our lives we had been almost more than brother and sister. No intellectual intimacy and fellowship could be closer than ours was ; and the identity of our views extended even to political and other public affairs. However, I still had my younger sister Caroline, of whom, as she is happily still spared to me, I will only say that she is the most self-forgetting person I ever met in my life. Latterly she has divided her time between her East End work, in which her whole soul is engaged, and the care of my two sisters-in-law, who (as I have before said) kept my house during the twenty years of my widowerhood, but have become permanent invalids. Of their devoted care of me, and of Sarah while she lived, I shall ever be deeply grateful. But the year 1902 brought a great change in my life. Just as my weakened health—as shown by frequent fainting fits (I was once picked up unconscious in the street)—led to the C.M.S. Committee "dismissing" me from the Editorial Secretaryship, I became engaged to the lady (more than once mentioned before) whom I first met at Harrogate in 1884, and had known also at Bournemouth, Isabella

Fiennes, widow of one of the late Lord Saye and Sele's brothers (that is, an uncle of the present baron). She had been an intimate friend of Sarah, and had felt her loss almost as much as I did. We were married on August 20th. After a winter at Bournemouth and a spring at Blackheath, we took up our residence at Glencairn, Bickley, Kent. I shall not print any of the many most kind letters I received on the announcement of my engagement; but I must give myself the pleasure of inserting one, received some months later, from that venerable saint, Miss Catherine Marsh, written with her own hand at the age (I think) of eighty-four—and it is by no means the last autograph letter received from her :—

DEAR MR. STOCK,—Such a lovely description of your married happiness reached me the other day, that I cannot help writing a line to tell you of my hearty "Thank God!" on your account. You have spent and been spent in His service, and He does enjoy crowning His faithful servants with happiness even in this world. Long may He continue life, health, and happiness to you both. . . .—Yours always very sincerely, CATHERINE MARSH.

It has been a privilege to come into close association and friendship with members of my wife's family, particularly her two daughters—one the wife of J. C. Wright, the new Archbishop of Sydney, and the other a missionary (S.P.G.) of the Cambridge Delhi Mission—and her son, Lieutenant Fiennes of the Royal Horse Artillery. Also of her brother, Captain Ralph Cromwell Gregg, and his three sons, most fearless and untiring of workers for the spiritual good of soldiers and others.

These latter years have not been an idle time, and I have been thankful for renewed health, which has enabled me to live a fairly active life. The C.M.S., the Board of Missions, the Pan-Anglican Congress, the Keswick Movement, and many other Christian enterprises, have claimed shares of my time and thought; and I have done some literary work too. In addition to many magazine articles and some few contributions to newspapers, I wrote in 1904 a *Short Handbook of Missions;* and, after that, *The Story of the Bible*, and *The Story of Church Missions*, for young people. Also for the Board of Missions, the *First Annual Review* of the Church's Work Abroad. Also, *Talks on St. Luke's Gospel*, for teachers and others.

To my work in connection with the Pan-Anglican Congress I owe two high honours, namely, (1) being presented by Archbishop Davidson to the King and Queen, and to the Prince and Princess of Wales, at the Marlborough House garden-party for the Congress; and (2) having the honorary degree of D.C.L. conferred upon me by the University of Durham. The circumstances of this latter ceremony were especially interesting, for the Pan-Anglican party that received the degree together comprised five Archbishops (Sydney, Brisbane, Toronto, Rupertsland, West Indies), five Bishops (Calcutta, Zanzibar, Bishop Awdry of Japan, Bishop Montgomery, and Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts) and one layman, myself!

What more I have to say of myself I reserve for the last chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

In the foregoing chapters I have refrained from either obtruding my religious views or interjecting expressions of Christian experience. I have wished my Recollections to pass lightly "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and personal religion, except for occasional references in a few chapters, has been in the background. But I am anxious not to close the book without a plain statement that it really is in the background; and as I have presumed, at the risk of being not unreasonably charged with egotism, to relate many of the incidents of my life, I now presume to run the same risk by making a personal confession of faith.

"Sensible men," says Disraeli by the mouth of one of the characters in his novels, "have all the same religion," and what it is "sensible men never tell." That is an utterly unworthy sentiment. The so-called "sensible men" are really insensible in more senses than one. If there is a God at all, our relations with Him must of necessity be the most momentous of all questions. To lock up our religion in some secret cupboard, and to ignore it in all our intercourse with others, is really worse even than to blow a trumpet about it at every street corner. I have not in these chapters done the latter, and I am not going to do the former.

All personal religion that is worth anything is based, first, upon an absolute belief in the reality of God and our dependence upon Him, and secondly, upon a profound sense of our own unworthiness of His favour. I say "our," but I mean "my." It is easy to say "Man depends upon God," and "Man is a sinner." That is the language of a creed, true and excellent in itself, but not necessarily indicating any personal religion at all. But "I depend upon God," and "I am a sinner"—this is the two-fold basis of real religion. And this is just what the average man does not feel, and therefore does not say. He may go to church and repeat the General Confession and the responses to the Litany ; but he does not in the least believe that he is a "miserable offender."

But is he? Are not these expressions rather over-statements? Not if our eyes are open to the realities of things. If God is really our Creator and Preserver and Benefactor, then what wrong-doing can compare in heinousness with neglect of Him? In the Book of Daniel the old prophet says to Belshazzar, "The God in Whose Hand thy breath is, and Whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." That is the damning sin. The question is not, Have I been dishonest, or impure, or malicious? Not, Am I worse than my neighbours? But, Have I been ignoring and forgetting God? If I have done that, I am indeed a "miserable offender." And it is not the criminal, the transgressor against human laws, but the upright citizen, the faithful husband, the wise and kind father, who, if he ignores God, is, in a sense, the worst sinner of all ; for God gave him his honourable character, and exempted him from temptations to crime, and yet he has never

set God upon the throne of his heart. Is not this the teaching of the Parable of the Pharisee and Publican? It is worked out with wonderful power in one of Dr. Chalmers' great sermons.

"Conviction of sin," as it is called, may be of two kinds, as Professor Henry Drummond said to me at Oxford (see the 22nd Chapter). There may be a sense of guilt, or a sense of bondage. The one cries out for pardon; the other for deliverance. Or again, there may be little of either, but rather a sense of emptiness, a sense of absence, a sense of the need, not so much of pardon, not so much of deliverance, as *of God*. I for one know something of all three.

How is this conviction produced? To me it seems certain that we are all naturally so alienated from God as to be without the tendency to experience it in any of the three forms I have indicated; and that it is always the effect of God's own merciful interposition. That is to say, in theological language, it is the work of the Holy Ghost. "He shall convict the world of sin," said Jesus Christ.

For a man so awakened there is good news. God Himself has provided a remedy. We call it the Gospel, which simply means Glad Tidings. Those glad tidings are that Jesus Christ is a Saviour from the guilt of sin, from the bondage of sin, from the alienation from God caused by sin. "Christ suffered for sins once," says St. Peter, "the righteous for the unrighteous, *that He might bring us to God*"—that was His aim, that is the effect of His work.

When I inquire what His work was, what He did to produce the effect, I am told that He "died for our sins." That, in fact, is the exact thing which St. Paul says he told the Corinthians "first of all"

(1 Cor. xv. 3), as the essence of the Message from God which he was preaching. Perhaps I am puzzled; men often are; they say, How could a just God inflict the penalty of my sin on a third party? Perhaps I am told it was not "inflicted," but borne voluntarily; and perhaps I rejoin, But does that make it fair? Then I learn what is the real truth, that neither did God lay my sin on a third party, nor did a third party take it of his own accord; but that *God came Himself* and did the thing Himself, thereby drawing my love and devotion, not to a third party, but to Himself. "*God was in Christ*, reconciling the world *unto Himself*."

All sorts of difficulties have been felt about the Atonement; all sorts of controversies have raged around it; men complain of "forensic" explanations of it; they discuss what the "penalty" of sin is, or whether there is any penalty at all, or in what sense Christ bore it, or whether He bore it at all, or what it is that we are redeemed from, or in what the redemption consists, or how it is applied to us, and so on, and so on. I frankly confess that I am content to believe with all my heart, first, that God—that is, God the Son, the Second Person of the Trinity—became Man to save us from sin; secondly, that whatever the "penalty" may in strictness be, He suffered to redeem us from it; thirdly, that whether I understand the exact *modus operandi* or not, the knowledge of the fact has such a moral effect upon me that I am "brought to God" in love and devotion, and sin ceases to have its old dominion over me. Is not that enough? And is it not indeed a Gospel, "glad tidings of great joy"?

Do I argue whether the Incarnation or the Atonement or the Resurrection of Christ is the more im-

portant? Why should I? All three seem to me indispensable, and all hang together. I am told that the Incarnation is the greatest, because, even if there had been no sin, and no need of atonement, God would have become incarnate all the same. Perhaps; but I am content with the fact that there *is* sin, sin in me. Then I am told that God could forgive without an atonement; but I ask, in that case why did Christ die, and die, as He said, in behalf of sinful men? As for the Resurrection, I want, not a dead Saviour, but a living Saviour. The Resurrection is the proof that the Atonement is a finished work, and that it was effected by a Divine Person (Rom. i. 4).

With all this I was familiar from early years. But one might pass a good examination in the doctrine without its influencing one's life. Why is it that A and B may both believe exactly the same things, and yet in A's case they are merely the "views" that he holds intellectually, while in B's case they are the governing principles of his life, the source of his heart's peace, the secret of his power for the service of God? One can only say that B has yielded to the influence of the Holy Spirit, and that A has not. For He alone is the "Giver of Life." What, then, it may be asked, is the relation of our freewill, the power of choice which is inherent in the nature God has given us, to His sovereignty and omnipotence? That is a question to which we can give no answer. The solution is beyond our present powers. Perhaps we shall know more in the next world. Meanwhile, I for one am perfectly certain that my sin, and backsliding, and cold-heartedness, and imperfect service, are all my own, and that every step in the process of my salvation is the work of the Holy Spirit.

In my fourth chapter I briefly noticed my boyish religion, my falling away from it, and my resumed Christian life at the age of twenty-one. My memory recalls various influences which at the time combined to bring about the change. But why did they so combine? Only because Divine grace so ordered it. "By grace have ye been saved" (Eph. ii. 8). The change itself was gradual. There was a deliberate turning round from one kind of life to another in May 1857; yet I did not dare to go to the Holy Communion for more than a year and a half after that, although I had been a communicant for a short time after my confirmation six years before. But on Sunday, January 15th 1859, while I was on my knees in church, during the Litany, it was suddenly borne in upon me that *it was all true*, that is, the redemption wrought out by the Lord Jesus Christ. Of course I knew it was true before, but now it was a real thing to me; and that very day I went humbly to the Table of the Lord.

I do not wish to say anything more on this subject, except to express a deep sense of humiliation at the unworthiness of the life led during the last fifty years, so different from what it might have been and ought to have been. But I know the truth of the words of the 103rd Psalm:—

"The Lord is full of compassion, and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger for ever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.
For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him."

One other word here. It would be good if we all

felt what Moody the American evangelist once said in my hearing:—"I am not ashamed to say I am a converted man: *it's no credit to me!*"

Looking back now over the half century, I do not think that my convictions touching sin and salvation—touching, in fact, the elements of experimental religion—have ever been shaken, or in any important sense modified. The "Gospel" that I received into my mind and heart then is the "Gospel" on which I rest to-day. I could communicate no other "Gospel" to other men, nor could I share in proclaiming any other to the ends of the earth. This is not owing to absolute ignorance of the developments of thought and of belief that have marked these latter years; nor to any innate conservatism or unwillingness to receive new light. I do know a little of modern developments; and my natural tendency is to be even perhaps too ready to yield to their influence. But I am profoundly convinced that the general doctrinal system commonly called Evangelical is the truth of God, the truth revealed in Holy Scripture, the truth received and believed by the Church of Christ in her earliest and best days, and re-affirmed at various epochs in her history. And I am quite sure that the good work done by many men who would disclaim the name of "Evangelical" in the popular and sectional sense is due to the central truths of the Evangelical system having gradually permeated the Church during the nineteenth century. I will venture to mention one example. The influence exercised by the late Bishop G. H. Wilkinson, particularly when he was at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, in promoting real personal religion, was due, under God, not to those elements in his teaching that dif-

ferentiated him from the Evangelical School, but to those far more important elements which were common to both. His teaching on sin, and on the work of the Saviour, and on personal faith in Him, was practically identical with the best Evangelical teaching. It was, in fact, the truth of God, and the Holy Spirit used it to the conversion and edification of souls.

I may be asked, What about the Sacraments, which the Catechism declares to be "generally necessary to salvation"? Yes, certainly. Had I been a Heathen or a Mohammedan when God drew me to Himself, what would have been my first duty? Surely to confess Christ openly in Baptism, and secure the blessings of the Divine Covenant as a member of the Visible Church. But I was already a member. I had been baptized in infancy, in accordance with the whole tenor of Scripture, and I had been confirmed at the age of fifteen. I had therefore only to realize my part in the Covenant and look for the promised blessing. And, as I have already said, the moment my eyes were opened to see the reality of the salvation given to me in Christ, I went straight to His Table, obeyed His command to "do this in remembrance of Him," and fed upon Him in my heart by faith with thanksgiving. Men may dispute about the exact meaning of "regenerate" in the Baptismal Service, and about the Lord's Presence at His Holy Supper, but to me both Sacraments are perfectly simple and immeasurably beautiful.

But while I cleave with my whole heart to the truths which I learned and loved as a boy, and which changed my life as a young man, the half-century has not passed away without teaching me what I did not know then. And this in three directions.

I. I know now that the Christian life need not be, and ought not to be, a continual series of failures. I know that sin, definite sinful tendencies, can be overcome, and ought to be overcome. I know that Christ is a Saviour *from sin;* not merely from its guilt, but also from its power and pollution. And I know that in the Christian life there may be something greater even than victory. Let me state it in the words of my old friend H. B. Macartney:—"When, by the grace of God, you overcome a sinful desire, *that* is not holiness, but victory. But holiness *takes away the want-to.*" It is with a sense of humiliation that I write all this, because my personal experience of what I have indicated is so limited. Still I can and ought to testify to the practical truth of a certain bit of counsel given me five-and-twenty years ago, viz., "When you feel tempted to some fault—perhaps quite a small one, a hasty or censorious or selfish or impatient word—and when you lift up your heart for a moment in prayer against it, do not say, 'Lord, help me to overcome this,' but say 'Lord, Thou hast promised to overcome this for me, and I trust Thee to do it now.'" On the face of it, there is not much difference in the two prayers; yet really there is this difference, that using some such phrase as the latter of the two puts one in the attitude of faith. "Lord, help me" may have in it a note of expectation of failure; "Lord, I trust Thee" expects victory, and therefore gains it.

All this, and much more like it, I learned at Keswick. It was in a sense not new to me, but it came with new power. For one thing, it lent new force to several petitions in the Prayer-book.

For instance, the Third Collect at Morning Prayer, "that *all* our doings may be ordered by Thy governance, to do *always* that is righteous in Thy sight." Or the *Te Deum*, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin." Or, "Make Thy chosen people joyful"—yes, even in Lent!

II. I have learned to think more of the Visible Church as an organised Body; and, at the same time, not to expect men all to think alike on even very important theological and ecclesiastical questions. I have myself no faith at all in the High Church doctrine of Apostolical Succession, involving as it does the denial of a valid ministry and of true sacraments in the separated non-episcopal communions. But I cannot doubt that the ideal of Christendom would be, not necessarily one organised Church, but certainly one great Federation of national or racial Churches in full communion with each other, thus realizing what is meant by One Holy Catholic Church. I am sure that St. Paul would have blamed the Corinthian Christians more severely than he did, if they had not only formed parties but also separated into bodies not worshipping or communicating together. That God has overruled our home divisions to work in some ways for good is no proof that they are right. They are essentially wrong; and the friendly co-operation of the various bodies in philanthropic work, however good in itself, is a poor substitute for organic union. I would advocate every possible remedy, however partial, for all this: even to inter-communion. Yet inter-communion is not reunion, and reunion in one Church for one nation or country would be the only solution really satisfying.

But reunion means one organization, with whatever liberties of varied teaching and worship within the one organization. Now, such an organization in England, a Church that would include all (or nearly all) Christians, must either have Bishops or not have Bishops. There is no middle course. You cannot in one organized Body have a church on one side of a street which is under episcopal rule and a church on the opposite side which is not. Hence one condition of reunion is, naturally and inevitably, the Historic Episcopate, that is the Episcopate which as a matter of history goes back almost, if not quite, to the Apostolic Age. Without this, no reunion. But in default of reunion, which would be the ideal, I would advocate inter-communion, with all its awkwardnesses, rather than go on as we are now. And under inter-communion an Episcopal Church and a non-Episcopal Church could have fellowship on equal terms. Only this would not be Reunion.

Seeing, however, that men's minds are differently constituted, differences in religious opinion are inevitable, and must have wide toleration in any comprehensive Church. I have learned to perceive that, as a matter of fact, God does not constrain all His true servants to think alike. I have a perfect right to maintain my own views of Christian truth, but I must grant the same liberty to others; and assuming a common acceptance of the great fundamentals, men of very varied views should recognize the grace of God in those from whom they differ. I myself have seen the grace of God in High Churchmen and in Nonconformists; and I am bound to recognize it frankly, without at all forfeiting my

right to remain an Evangelical Churchman. For example, I hold a very simple Evangelical view of the Presence of Christ at the Lord's Supper; and on the other hand I hold a very strong opinion of Infant Baptism as an almost essential part of the Gospel. Yet I do not complain of devoted Christian men on the High Church side believing in the eucharistic sacrifice and the localised Presence, nor can I refuse fellowship with a spiritually-minded Baptist; though I myself can see nothing in the New Testament to warrant what is held by the former, and, as to what is held by the latter, it seems to me clean contrary to the Bible.

As to the controversies touching the externals of ritual, I regard them as devices of the great Enemy to hinder the real work of the Church; and I will not here come down to the level necessary for discussing them.

One thing I do long for, and that is that the Church of England would act boldly as a living Church, in dependence upon her Divine Lord and Head. To one who, like myself, has seen the great Colonial Churches, and the American Church, at work—to say nothing of the splendid object-lesson of the Church of Ireland—it is deplorable that we should, even in such things as the minutest revision of rubrics, be at the mercy of a Parliamentary majority which might include any kind of Christians or non-Christians or anti-Christians. I do not undervalue Establishment, but we pay too high a price for it; and our sister and daughter Churches have proved that the loss of it might not involve any loss of influence, and would at least not mean disruption.

III. I have learned to take a very different view of

the Bible from what I did in my younger days. It is dearer to me than ever; it is to me the Word of the living God, the Book, or rather Library of Books, which has brought His messages to mankind. But I have learned to see something of the extraordinary interest attaching to inquiries as to the date, authorship, sources of the several books, and their immediate purpose and meaning in the eyes of their authors and their first readers. If I had been asked by one of the teachers in my Sunday-school forty years ago, "How did St. Luke know that Christ said so-and-so?" my reply would probably have been, "St. Luke did not know, but the Holy Spirit did, and He dictated to St. Luke what to write." I should not have perceived that St. Luke himself gives a totally different account of the way he wrote, or that his "tracing the course of all things accurately from the first" in no way precluded the Holy Spirit's guidance of His inquiries. I have little doubt that the average Bible-reader of those days thought much as I did. Not that we thought about it at all; the question did not arise in our minds. But if we had been asked, I think we should have given the above answer. It was not that we were entirely ignorant or unintelligent. We knew something of the characteristic differences of the Four Gospels. We did not, when David's love of God's Word was mentioned, picture to ourselves a shepherd sitting under a tree with an Oxford Reference Bible in his hands. We did not suppose that the English Bible had come down straight from heaven, as the Mohammedans say the Arabic Koran did. But we failed to recognize, as we do now, the wonderful work of God in choosing out of many records of national and family history, and poetry,

and proverbs, and the exhortations and instructions of holy men by word and by letter, those which should by-and-by convey His Divine messages ; in preserving them when others were lost ; in guiding not only the original writers but the later editors who brought them together, so that they should declare the story of His providence and the doctrine of His grace.

To take a single example, one I am very fond of. It was God's purpose to provide a model of penitential confession and prayer. How did He do it ? He did not dictate a form to a scribe ; but He took the real outpourings of an actual penitent man, caused that they should be written down, and kept, and by-and-by included by the collector of sacred songs in his collection, and then translated into language after language, until now in all parts of the world they are a pattern for the prayer of every penitent sinner, although two or three thousand years old ! For what else is the Fifty-first Psalm ? Talk of inspiration ! What grander inspiration can we have than that ?

I do not doubt that much of modern Biblical criticism is wild and unreasonable. But there is much also that is cautious and reverent, not afraid of the most rigorous inquiry, and yet absolutely loyal to the truth of God. For this latter class of study I am grateful, and from it I seek to learn more and more. I can never forget Galileo. Some of our defenders of the Bible (as they truly desire to be) would undoubtedly in his day have sympathized with the Inquisition, which upheld certain literal interpretations of Scripture (*e.g.*, "He hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved") against the

audacious assertions of the scientist. Yet Galileo was right after all; and has the Bible suffered? So again, when I was a boy, geological science was tabooed, and it was *de rigueur* to believe that God created the universe out of nothing in six literal days; yet has not the wonderful vista of ages revealed by geology enhanced our conceptions of the greatness of God? So it may be again. What is wanted now is, not so much an elaborate exposure of the disagreements of German critics, as a reverent yet fearless inquiry into the facts of the case, in the certain assurance that whatever human interpretations may prove untenable, the Rock of Holy Scripture will remain, as Gladstone said, impregnable.

Finally, just a word touching the great Future. What follows Death? The nearer I come to it, and the more I think of it, the more profoundly do I feel our total ignorance of what the life of the spirit without the body really is. It is enough to be sure of one thing, of which St. Paul was sure of, that "with Christ" is "far better." Only will it be "with Christ"? If that depended upon my goodness, the answer would be No. But thank God, it depends upon nothing so shadowy and unsubstantial. And after that? What of the Second Advent and the Resurrection and the World to Come? I hold in deep respect those who have worked out complete schemes, based upon Scripture, touching the Parousia, the Personal Reign, the Rapture of the Saints, the Restoration of Israel, the Millennium, &c. But I have never been able to accept any one of them as even probably correct. I agree altogether with Frances Ridley Havergal, who said, "When the Lord does come, no one will be able to say to

another, There, I told you so!" No; because the reality, whatever it be, will be infinitely greater than any one can foresee or conceive. Meanwhile, let us with deep confidence and ardent hope believe with our whole souls that the day will come, strictly and literally, when all sin and misery shall be swept away for ever, when the triumph of our Lord and Master shall be complete, when God shall be all in all. Let not our own safety and happiness be our chief thought. Let us rather rejoice because, at last, Jesus Christ shall be

> "Vindicated and enthroned . . .
> Glorified, adored, and owned!"

But if the future completed triumph of Christ is our desire and our aim, what are we doing to bring it about? It is a wonderful thing that we should be able to do anything. But it has pleased God to commit to us the proclamation of the glad tidings through the world. That is the purpose for which the Church exists in the world; and it is a humbling thought that so vast a proportion of members of the Church are content to keep the good news to themselves, and leave the real work to be done in a fragmentary way by a few enthusiasts. That neglect is surely a grievous sin in the sight of God. We need, indeed, a complete revolution in the mind of the whole Church, touching its primary duty. Nevertheless God's "eternal purpose" shall not fail. "The fulness of the times" will come, when He will "sum up all things in Christ, the things in the heavens and the things upon the earth." And He condescends to permit us to be His fellow-workers. What honour or privilege can be compared with that?

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